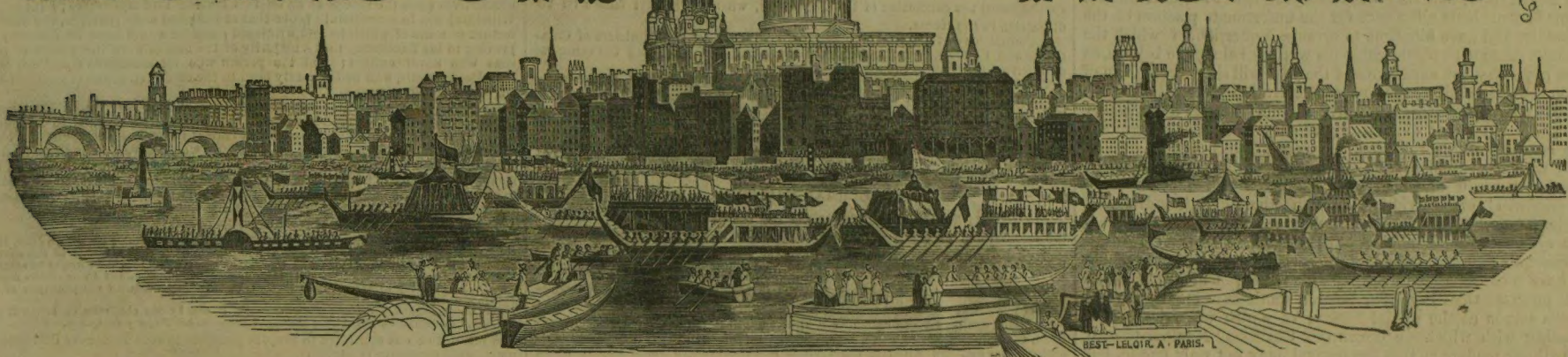


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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CHRISTMAS.

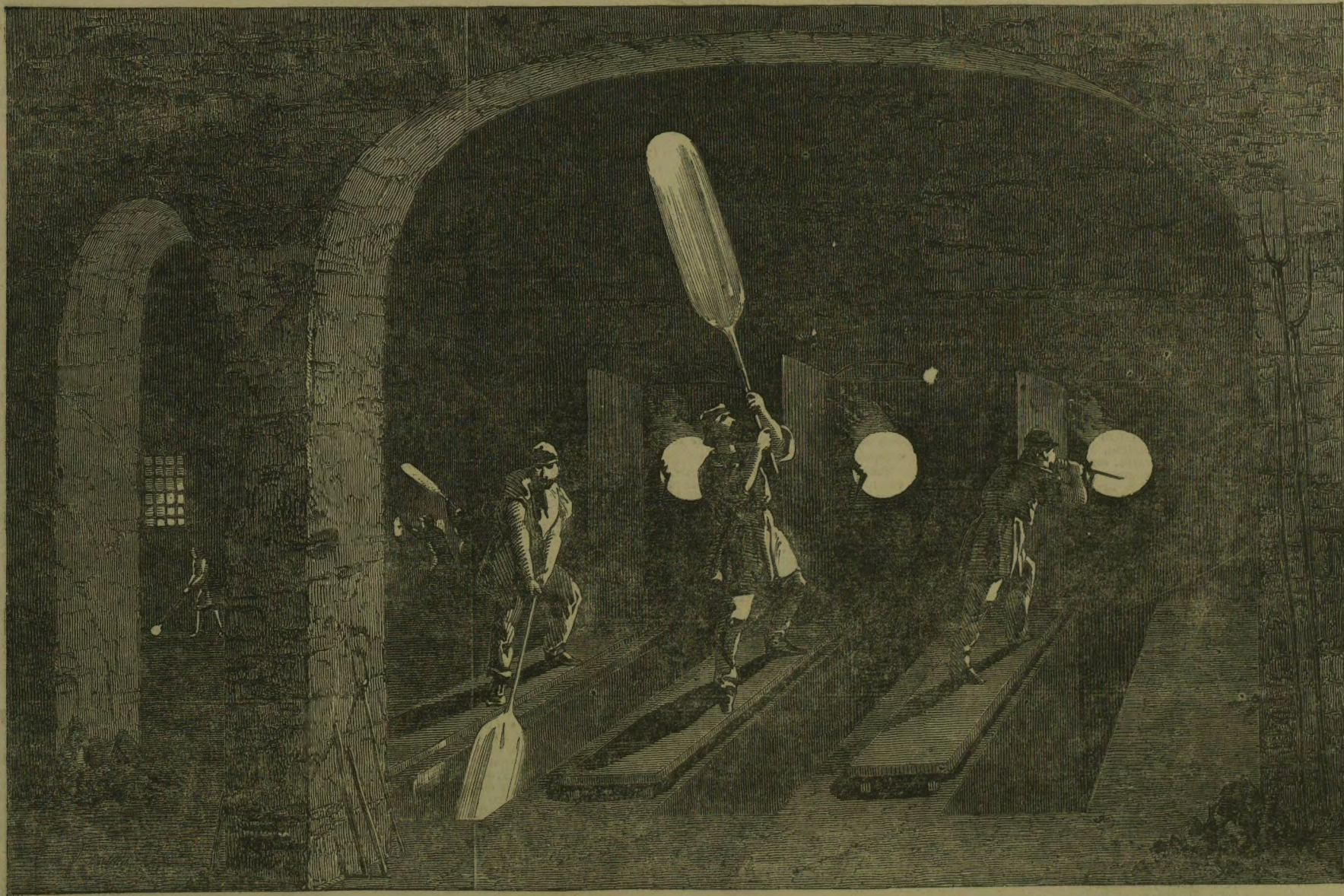
ONCE more the great Christian festival approaches, appealing to the world by the reminiscences of the day for the celebration of which it was founded, in behalf of the great principle of "peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." We seize the occasion, when the minds of all our readers are likely to be predisposed, by the name and character of the day, to the reception and encouragement of sentiments befitting it, to express the desire, that, not alone throughout this mighty empire of Great Britain, but throughout all those portions of the world where Christmas is considered a sacred festival, it may this year be celebrated amid the feelings that are most suitable to it—feelings of mutual toleration and goodwill; feelings of humility for past shortcomings; of gratitude for past and present benefits; and of hope for the future, both of individuals and of humanity.

It is true, that, if we look back on the history of the Year, of the close of which the approaching Christmas is the immediate forerunner, and test its character by the rigid application to it of the great idea of practical Christianity, we might, if disposed to take a gloomy view of things, find that it had little to boast of. A man of too ardent a temperament, expecting too much of his fellows—attributing too much power to reason, and too little to habit, to supposed self-interest, to passion, and to prejudice, and being too impatient to wait for the slow realisation of his theories of improvement, might be disappointed by the history of 1850. He might draw a dark-coloured, and yet not a very greatly exaggerated, picture of Christendom, and allege but too many reasons for doubting whether our boasted triumphs of art, of science, and of literature were of much practical value in humanising the race; and whether, amid all our civilisation, we were not, in many essential respects, quite as barbarous as our forefathers. If he looked to the Continental portion of Europe, he might assert that the flower

and vigour of the population were drawn from the pursuits of their peaceful industry, to bedizen themselves in the accoutrements of war, to strut with muskets on their shoulders, or swords in their hands; leaving their fields untilled, or only tilled by women (unfitted for the task), or deserting their looms and anvils, to devote their whole time and thoughts to the destruction of their fellow-citizens. He might ask if this was in the year of grace 1850? and blush to own that during that time about 2,500,000 men in the principal countries of this portion of the world, countries claiming to be the "very head and front" of civilisation, had become wealth-wasters, instead of wealth-producers—had mortgaged their future resources, and sown the seeds of many future troubles and perplexities in pursuit of their own chimera, or that of their Kings and rulers.

If, leaving the Germans, the Russians, and the French to their actual warfare, or to their equally costly and ruinous preparation for it, he should turn his attention to the American continent, he might find some cogent reasons for denying the progress of the race, when he recalled to memory the fact, that the greatest confederation of free states which the world ever saw had, during the whole year, been engaged in a bitter strife, threatening disintegration and internecine war upon the apparently simple question whether one man had any property in the blood and bones of another—whether a fellow-Christian the colour of whose skin was black, or even slightly tinted with that colour, might or might not be made a chattel like an ox, or be bought and sold in the open market, like a yard of broadcloth or any other piece of merchandise. If coming still nearer home, and asking what progress Great Britain had made in the interval, he might, if hypercritical as well as enthusiastic, allege his doubt whether the theological animosities of the year were not more fitting for the sixteenth than the nineteenth century, and feelingly deplore that such bitterness had been aroused in the desecrated name of Christianity.

But the wiser and cooler-headed observers of events—the men who make allowances for prejudice, passion, and self-interest, and who do not expect the great truths of social science and of religion to advance among mankind with much rapidity until men are better prepared by education to receive them than they are at present, or are likely to be for some generations hence—will draw a more hopeful picture of the events of 1850. Reasoning upon them with the charity and forbearance inspired by the kindly festivities of Christmas, they will find reason to believe that our retrogressions have been more, apparent than real; and that the folly and suffering of 1850 have been caused by the impatience of the well-meaning few, rather than by the wickedness of the unreasoning many. If Central Europe have been transformed into one vast camp, and Eastern and Western Europe have prepared themselves to take part in a possible and but too probable quarrel, it has been mainly owing to the fermentation of an idea of progress, and not of retrogression—a reconstruction of political relationship between kindred nations, based upon true liberty, and on the well-being of the industrious masses. To set right an antiquated wrong is always a troublesome process even in private affairs, but still more so in public ones; and Central Europe cannot be expected to become a congeries of free constitutional states without undergoing a long period of probation and suffering, extending from themselves to their more immediate neighbours. So, in America, the inopportune agitation of the Slavery question, by men who have more zeal than discretion—more love of a principle than knowledge of the best means to give it effect, though it may have led to controversies and conflicts, which might more advantageously have been avoided, is in effect a proof of love of justice and of practical Christianity, which knows no difference of race or colour. So, in Great Britain, the theological strife of the latter portion of this fast-expiring year is evidence, after all, of a



MANUFACTURE OF GLASS FOR "THE CRYSTAL PALACE," AT MESSRS. CHANCE'S WORKS, SPON-LANE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sincere love of truth amongst the people in whose minds it has been excited; and of a steady independence of character, from which none but the best results can be anticipated.

We see reason to believe, therefore, that 1850 will be a year of salutary experience to all the Christian nations; that it will teach the Continental states the beauty as well as the duty of peace; and that it will teach philanthropists, who lecture and preach upon the rights of the slave, that they would succeed better in the crusade if they made some little allowance for the unfortunate position of the slaveholder, and gave him time to arrange a question, of which the immediate settlement would cause his worldly ruin. We believe, as well as hope, that the experience of the year will show every form of religion that it is a mistake to confound toleration of a rival with submission to a rival's doctrine, and convince the aggressive that equality before the law does not warrant any attempt to enforce superiority.

We have all much to learn, as well as to unlearn—nations equally with individuals. The "peace on earth," which is to be the ultimate result of Christianity in this world, depends upon the "goodwill" of individuals to each other. Until individuals are tolerant and forbearing—until they see not alone the mote in the eye of their neighbours, but the beam in their own—until they cease to expect from others a perfection of character which they have not themselves attained—so long will truth make slower progress than it might. These sentiments are uppermost in men's minds at the genial festival of which we write. The concluding wish which we desire our Christmas Number to convey to all our readers is, that the festival may not only excite, but prolong these feelings, till they become a rule of life to the highest and the lowest; and that each and all may, in the ordinary language of the people at this season, enjoy "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Our readers are doubtless aware that the whole of the Glass manufactured for Mr. Paxton's building is produced at the extensive Glass-Works of Messrs. Chance and Co. This establishment is situated in Spon-lane, near Birmingham, within two miles of the works of Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the contractors for the building. Messrs. Chance's Glass-Works is said to be one of the largest in the world, and is devoted entirely to the manufacture of plate and crown glass, and glass shades. At the present time the Messrs. Chance employ about 1200 men, including a few Belgians and Frenchmen in the plate glass department. The works cover a large space of ground, and are conducted upon a principle which seems in the highest degree advantageous to the social condition and moral improvement of the whole of the workpeople, young as well as old, and which reflects much credit upon the enlightened philanthropy of the proprietors. Our present purpose is not, however, to describe the means which the Messrs. Chance have taken to secure the physical comfort, and to improve the moral and intellectual condition of their colony, or town of glassmakers, at Spon-lane, but to give a few details of the manufacture of the immense quantity of plate glass required for the "Crystal" Palace. The quantity of glass to be supplied by the Messrs. Chance will amount to nearly 400 tons; requiring about 600 tons of fine sand and other materials for its manufacture, besides the combustion of about 3000 tons of coals. Owing to the injurious operation of the Excise duty upon glass—happily abolished by the lamented Sir Robert Peel—the English manufacture was long inferior to the French for plate glass, and to the Bohemians for coloured and ornamental glass. Since the excise was released from his attendance at the glass-house—to the satisfaction of the manufacturer, and to the immense benefit of the country—the English have been gradually improving themselves in the manufacture of every variety of this beautiful article, and adopting processes new to England, but which had been long in use in other countries, where the manufacturer was not impeded by the operation of impolitic laws. Among these new processes, that of the manufacture of plate glass, in the mode represented in our Illustration, is one of the most interesting. When the Messrs. Chance took the contract for the supply of this large quantity, they found it necessary to import a few foreign workmen, in consequence of a scarcity of English hands sufficiently skilled and experienced to complete the order within the time specified. The greater portion of the glass is, however, made by Englishmen; they becoming such proficient in this branch of the manufacture, as to justify the assertion, that, if they do not surpass the French and Belgians, they fully equal them. The process represented by the Artist is very simple and beautiful, but requires a steady and practised hand. When the requisite weight of "metal" is taken from the furnace by the blower, it is blown into a spherical form in the ordinary manner. It is then, after being re-heated in the furnace, swung in the manner represented, above the head and below the feet of the workman, until it assumes the form of a cylinder. The workman stands upon a stage opposite the mouth of the furnace, with a pit or well beneath his feet, six or seven feet in depth. He swings and balances the molten metal—firmly affixed to a knob of glass at the end of a long iron bar, or blowing tube—first above and then beneath him, until it gradually expands to the size which the original quantity of "metal" was estimated to produce. The slightest miscalculation of his power of swinging it, or deviation from the proper course, might dash the hot glass either against the side or end of the pit or well, or against the wall of the furnace—or, worse than all, against the body of a fellow workman or of a spectator. No such accidents ever happen, though the stranger unaccustomed to the sight is for a while in momentary dread of some such a result, or of the dispersion of a scalding shower of liquid glass into his eyes. There is no possibility of the least calamity, as the glass is not sufficiently liquid for dispersion. When swung to the proper length, the cylinder is about four feet long, and twelve inches in diameter. The next operations are to convert it into a tube, by disconnecting it from the blowing-iron, and removing the bag-like extremity. These processes are performed by boys, with strings of red-hot glass, which easily cut through the yielding "metal." The boys then take the tubes from their arms, and remove them to another part of the building, where they stand on end, like chimney-pots, to await the operation which shall convert them into flat sheets of glass. This is also very simple. The tube is cut down the middle, and in this state placed in the "flattening kiln," where the moderate application of heat, aided by a gentle touch from the attendant workman, brings it flat upon a slab or stone. It is then gently rubbed, or smoothed, with a wooden implement, and passed into a cooler part of the kiln, where it soon hardens. It is then tilted on edge, and the manufacture is complete. It is afterwards cut in the ordinary way to the required size.

Such is the whole process, which we trust the Illustration will enable the non-professional reader to understand. We should state, in conclusion, that these Glass-Works are not open for the inspection of sight-seers and strangers in general, as visitors interfere too much with business to be welcome; and that we are, therefore, all the more indebted to the courtesy of the Messrs. Chance in making an exception in our favour, an exception which they doubtless made all the more readily on account of the natural interest excited in the public mind by all that relates to the rise and progress of the great Palace of Industry in Hyde Park.

AN AMERICAN TORNADO.—A destructive tornado took place on the Mississippi river and the adjacent country on the 30th ult., causing more damage than has occurred on the great Western Valley from a similar cause for many years. In the town of Cape Girardeau, Mobile, just below St. Louis, seventy or eighty buildings were destroyed, comprising some of the largest warehouses in the place. A Catholic convent and the Baptist and Catholic churches were levelled to the ground. Two large electric telegraph masts were snapped off like pipe stems. The loss of life is not yet ascertained, but it is supposed to be very large, as numbers must have been buried beneath the ruins of the fallen buildings. Many were injured and had narrow escapes of their lives.

AMERICAN STEAM-BOATS.—Three of the largest western steam-boats have been sunk on their passage from Cincinnati to New Orleans. A steamer was burned at the mouth of the Potomac, on the 28th ult., and eight persons, including the captain and the mate, perished in the flames.

FATAL WRECK.—The *Helena Sloman* steam-ship, which left Southampton on the 1st ult., was totally lost on her voyage to New York. She had been beating about in great distress for eight days, when she was discovered by Captain Hovey, of the American packet *Devonshire*, who, with his crew, rendered every possible assistance to those on board, which consisted of 180 persons, 175 of whom he removed to his own vessel in perfect safety. Five, however, of the passengers were unfortunately drowned; and we grieve to add that four of the crew of the *Devonshire*, in their humane endeavours to save their fellow-creatures from a watery grave, met, unhappily, with that sad fate themselves.

During the past week, the Cornish fishery drift-boats have been taking from 1000 to 5000 pilchards mixed with herrings. The catches of hake have exceeded in quantity any during the last twenty years. As many as 15 to 20 burn per boat have been taken; they sell at 3s. 6d. per twenty-one. The last-purchased pilchards, 55s. per hhd.—*Cornwall Gazette*.

THE LATE LORD LEIGH.—The will of the Right Hon. Chandos, Baron Leigh, bears date 6th of July, 1838; and though raised to the peerage on the 2d of May, 1839, his Lordship did not in any way alter his will, but it stands in his private name, "Chandos Leigh." He was an only child, and has added considerably to the property he inherited from his father. The estates extend over the counties of Chester, Bedford, Buckingham, Gloucester, Leicester, Warwick, and Stafford; from which a provision is made for younger children, his eldest son succeeding to the title, and being appointed the residuary legatee. The personal estate (exclusive of freeholds) was valued for probate duty at £180,000, and was administered to by his widow the Dowager Baroness Leigh, and his cousin the Hon. Edward Turner Boyd Twissleton, the executors. His Lordship was a Roman Catholic, and died at Bonn, in Germany, on the 27th of Sept. last, in his 60th year, leaving a large family.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

From Paris, this week, there is not the slightest intelligence of interest. The committee of the National Assembly, to whom the subject had been referred, reported, on Monday, against a discussion at present on the electoral law, which was approved by the Assembly, and the House passed to the order of the day. Fourteen members of the left, however, have inscribed their names to speak against the conclusion of the Committee, when the report comes on for discussion in the House.

A Committee of the Assembly has been appointed by the Ministers of Commerce and Finance, to inquire into the depreciation of gold, and the causes of so much disturbance in the exchanges.

Trade in Paris is exceedingly brisk at the present moment; and, from the general peaceful aspect of Continental affairs, it is confidently expected that it will long continue so.

The *Evenement* has been fined 21,495 francs, for printing some supplementary copies without the printer's name.

The *Voix du Proscrit* has published another manifesto from the political exiles in London, with the view of extending their revolutionary principles.

GERMAN STATES.

The advices from the various capitals of the German Confederation show that the preservation of peace between Austria and Prussia is now as completely assured as if no misunderstanding whatever had taken place between those Powers. In Prussia, the national militia, or *Landwehr*, which had been called out, has been dismissed, without any of the disturbances or unpleasant consequences which it was feared might result from the militia feeling that they had been trifled with, in being called away in the depth of winter from their avocations, their homes and families, for no other purpose than to serve the ends of a diplomatic ruse. In Austria, the various army corps are being reduced, and dispersed amongst their former places of location in the different provinces of the empire.

The Free Conferences at Dresden will commence on the 23rd inst.; and there, it is expected, all the details of the measures agreed to at Olmütz will be satisfactorily adjusted. The Berlin Journals of the 16th inst. contain a letter addressed to the German Governments, to send their plenipotentiaries, with full instructions, so that they may proceed, by free and mature consultations, to revise and improve the fundamental laws of the Germanic Confederation.

DENMARK AND SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

From the Duchies we learn that the new Generalissimo, Von der Horst, is likely to commence hostilities against the Danes within a short period, this being the desire of the Staatshalterschaft, who deem the opposite line of conduct of the late Commander-in-Chief, General Willisen, to have been an injury to the cause. Several officers, among whom Von Gager is mentioned, have testified their opposition to the newly-adopted policy by sending in their resignations. General Willisen has retired to Magdeburg, and not to Kothen, as stated in some papers.

It is stated that the King of Denmark has put aside his recently-adapted wife (who was formerly a milliner in Copenhagen), for the purpose of marrying the Princess Louisa of Hesse, according to a proposition of the Emperor of Russia.

UNITED STATES.

The accounts from New York this week are to the 6th inst., and they bring intelligence of the meeting of the new Congress (the thirty-first of the Republic) on the 2nd inst., and of the delivery of President Fillmore's Message. This state document displays much more than ordinary ability, and is of the customary fullness and great length to which Presidential Messages habitually extend.

Mr. Fillmore commences by avowing that the constitution will be his guide, and that, in questions of doubt, he will look for the solution of them in the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. If any act should pass both Houses of Congress which should appear to him unconstitutional, or an encroachment on the just rights of other departments, or which shall contain provisions hastily adopted and likely to produce consequences injurious and unforeseen, he will consider it his duty to apply the *veto* power confided to him by the constitution, and arrest it. He administers an admonition to the conflicting parties in the State in reference to the slave question, and declares that both Congress and the country may be assured that, to the utmost of his ability, and to the extent of the power vested in him, he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed. In doing so, he shall shrink from no responsibility, and shall endeavour to meet events as they may arise, with firmness, as well as with prudence and discretion. He announces that a treaty has been ratified by the United States and Great Britain for facilitating and constructing a ship canal, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, through the territory of Nicaragua, and that but two objects in connexion with it remain to be accomplished, viz. the designation and establishment of a free port at each end of the canal, and fixing a distance from each shore within which belligerent operations shall not be carried on.

Mr. Fillmore is of opinion that the federal revenue should be raised mainly by import duties; that these duties should be, as far as possible, specific *ad valorem* rates; when unavoidable, being estimated on the home instead of the foreign valuation; and that those rates should be so levied as to benefit incidentally home industry, by shielding it from destructive foreign competition, thus favouring a recurrence to a system of protective duties.

He recommends the establishment of a mint in California, and the formation of an agricultural bureau of the Government. He recommends protection to the American commerce in Asia, and advises a reduction of postage to an uniform rate of three cents for prepaid letters and five cents for unpaid letters, whatever the distance that they are conveyed. He suggests the revision of the Republic's naval code, rendered necessary by the recent abolition of flogging; the establishment of lighthouses and improvement of harbours; and the appointment of a tribunal to adjudicate all claims upon Government; also, the creation of a pension fund for the army and navy, and houses of refuge for those who have served their country; and concludes by saying, "The series of measures to which I have alluded are regarded by me as a settlement in principle and substance—a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace."

The heads of the several "departments" of the Government have also rendered their customary "reports" to Congress; but they contain nothing exceeding local interest.

Nothing important had yet been done in Congress. The Governor of Virginia, in his message, says:—"Virginia, and I think all slave-holding states, can and ought, calmly but explicitly, to declare that the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill, or any essential modification of it, is a virtual repeal of the Union." And the same sentiment has been very generally expressed by the Southern States.

By the establishment of a new line of steamers, under the direction of the Messrs. Cunard, New York is now placed in regular communication with the West Indies, *via* St. Thomas and Bermuda.

AUSTRALIA.

Accounts of considerable interest to the latter end of August have been received from this remote but most important dependency. They are replete with evidence that the mismanagement and overbearing blundering of the Office, and its Colonial representative, the Governor of New South Wales, are doing their utmost to bring about a feeling of irritation, disgust, and contempt amongst the colonists for their connexion with, and government by, the mother country, completely analogous to that which effected the separation of the American colonies (now the United States) from the British Empire in the last century; and which, if wiser councils do not prevail in Downing-street, will, most assuredly, speedily produce similar results in the case of our Australian colonies.

The occasion on which the displeasure of the colonists, and their determination to right their own wrongs themselves, and to take into their own hands the remedy of their grievances, was unmistakably and boldly expressed, was at a public meeting held in Sydney, on August 12, to take into consideration the Governor's despatch on the anti-convict meetings in June, last year, when the aversion of the colonists to the renewal of transportation was palpably indicated. The meeting, which numbered about 4000 persons, took place on the open ground adjacent to the Circular Wharf, and was the result of a spontaneous feeling of indignation which prevailed throughout the city on the publication of Sir Charles Fitzroy's despatch. Robert Campbell, Esq., presided. The Governor's obnoxious despatch having been read by Dr. Aaron, the chairman observed that the two great principles which they were called upon to decide were civil freedom and the maintenance of truth; in defence of the latter he was sure some discord would necessarily ensue. The charges of the Governor were false; but the question involved must be settled, and not left open to invite collisions between the Government and the people, or between the different classes and interests of the colony. He reiterated the charge of discourtesy of which they had accused the Governor. "The deputation, sent from a peaceable and orderly meeting, went down peaceably to his Excellency's gates, where they were met by soldiers and loaded muskets; the gates were closed against them; the kitchens, stables, and out-houses of Government-house were garrisoned with military, and the guns of the ships-of-war in the harbour were pointed at the meeting; the deputation were refused admission as a body, and were treated with a marked discourtesy." The Governor had stated that the meeting in June was composed of the mob of Sydney, and that few respectable persons were present; but the resolutions having all been moved by members of council, proved that it was no mob meeting. After some further observations from the chairman, the first resolution was proposed and agreed to as follows:—

That this meeting, having had under its consideration a despatch from his Excellency Sir Charles A. Fitzroy, dated June 30, 1849, transmitting to Earl Grey the great protest of the inhabitants of Sydney, in public meeting assembled, against the renewal of transportation, hereby declares, that, in that despatch, his Excellency has, in a case of the utmost importance to the general welfare of the colony, grossly misrepresented a series of facts of public notoriety, traduced the character of a large majority of the colonists of all classes, and in all parts of the territory, and betrayed the interests of the colony into the hands of its enemies.

The second resolution was as follows:—

That this meeting, aware of the insidious efforts of an interested and numerically insignificant section of the colonists to re-establish transportation to this colony, and apprehensive of

the partial success of these efforts, when treacherously commended to her Majesty's advisers by the local government, feels bound to declare its deliberate opinion that no faith can be placed in the promises of the Secretary of State for the Colonies on this momentous question, and therefore it solemnly demands the immediate and final revocation of the Order in Council making New South Wales a penal settlement.

Mr. J. R. Willshire, J.P., moved the third resolution.

That this meeting declares its opinion that the despatch of Sir Charles A. Fitzroy testifies his incapacity for, and unworthiness of, the responsible office of governor of this colony, and earnestly prays from her Majesty his instant removal therefrom.

The proposer was of opinion that the Governor had betrayed the interests of the colony, and the sooner they were rid of him the better. The Governor had laid great stress upon the receipt of an address bearing 1800 signatures; but he (Mr. Willshire) was in a position to prove that at least 500 were spurious; the manufacture of some of which he had witnessed; and he would have no difficulty in proving to his Excellency that a majority of the names were the names of persons who never existed; and the person who manufactured them was William Henry Wells, who had formerly been in the official situation of assistant city surveyor. (Great sensation.)

Mr. J. M. Grant seconded the resolution in a lengthy address, in the course of which he remarked, that if the people had been really incited to rebellion, as the Governor would have it thought—to resort to physical force—neither himself nor the handful of soldiers at his command would have deterred them—they would not have been able to hold the city five minutes. Had they determined on resisting the landing of the convicts by force, and a contest had ensued which had led to the shedding of blood, it was not the people who would have been to blame, but Earl Grey, and his contemptible agent, the Governor of the colony.

The other resolutions passed were as follow:—

That, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the public meeting of the 18th June, 1849, this meeting reiterates its opinion, "That it is indispensable to the well-being of this colony, and to the satisfactory conduct of its affairs, that its government should no longer be administered by the remote, ill-informed, and irresponsible Colonial-office, but by Ministers chosen from, and responsible to, the colonists themselves, in accordance with the principles of the British constitution."

That a memorial, embodying these resolutions, signed by the chairman on behalf of this meeting, be transmitted through the local government to her Majesty the Queen.

A committee was appointed to prepare petitions to both Houses of Parliament, embodying the above resolutions.

WEST INDIES.

We have advices *via* New York from Jamaica to the 14th ult. The cholera, which had been raging with increasing virulence for more than a month, was still carrying off its victims at the rate of from 150 to 200 per day. Coffins could not be prepared fast enough for the dead, and many bodies were left upon the surface of the ground, to poison the air, for the want of necessary help to dig pits to receive them. A month has already elapsed since it was announced that the physicians were all broken down with fatigue, and unable to attend half the cases to which they were called; that the stock of medicines was exhausted, and unless a supply was received from abroad, the island was threatened with depopulation. The citizens of New York propose to send some relief to the suffering inhabitants.

INDIA.

Despatches were received in town during the week in anticipation of the usual advices from India. The dates are—Calcutta, Nov. 7; Bombay, Nov. 16. The news is of no interest, all being uninterruptedly tranquil at present.

The late rumour of the Affreeds having made a descent upon the salt-mines on the Kohat frontier remained without confirmation.

The Governor-General was preparing to proceed to Lahore and the Peshawar frontier.

The Nepanese Ambassador arrived at Bombay on the 6th ult., from Suez.

The *Nimrod* Government iron steamer has been wrecked. Piracies were of frequent occurrence in the waters of the Indian Archipelago. Java is tranquil.

The Chinese on the western coast of Borneo have discontinued their resistance against the Dutch.

At Hong-Kong the fever has declined among the troops.

The gangs of Chinese robbers in the province of Kwangsee are gradually dispersing.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ORDNANCE APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Boate, Deputy Ordnance Storekeeper in the Gun-wharf, at Portsmouth, has been appointed Storekeeper at Athlone, vice Lamb, deceased; and Mr. Stokes, Deputy Storekeeper at Berberie, succeeds to the vacated appointment at Portsmouth. The situation of Ordnance Storekeeper at Berberie will be abolished on the removal of Mr. Stokes.

THE TROOPS IN JAMAICA.—Major-General Bunbury, commanding the troops in Jamaica, has issued an order that the several military medical officers shall afford such medical assistance as may be in their power to persons residing in the vicinity of each military station who may be attacked with cholera. In consequence of the cholera having attacked the troops stationed at Port Royal, the General has removed them into barracks at Stony-hill.

NEW PATTERNS OF SUMMER TROUSERS.—A circular memorandum has just been issued by the authorities at the Horse Guards respecting the summer trousers lately worn by the infantry. As complaints of the delicate and fugitive nature of the dye of the light grey trousers have frequently been made, it is directed in this memorandum, that, in future, manufacturers are to exclude the lavender shade altogether from the fabric, and, so as to secure duration both of colour and wear, to substitute for the lavender shade a pure indigo blue. The blue thread or yarn used in the manufacture must be wool-dyed, of a fast woaded indigo shade without adulteration. An approved pattern of this improved manufacture was last week sealed and deposited at the office for military boards for the regulation of all future supplies.

THE ARMY IN IRELAND.—This month the forces in Ireland consist of nine regiments of cavalry, twenty-four of infantry, and five infantry *dépôts*, or 24,600 men.

HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.—A regimental order has recently been issued, commanding the drills, which have been so long suspended, to be resumed. The present Court will assist, it is believed, in every way in advancing the military improvement of the corps.

CONVICTS FOR WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—The *Mermaid*, Mr. Alex. Kilroy, Surgeon Superintendent, and Mr. J. P. Anderson, Master, has arrived at the moorings opposite the Royal Arsenal, to take on board male convicts for Western Australia, and will call at Cowes, on her passage out, it is supposed to take juveniles from Parkhurst Prison for the same destination, where they will have free tickets granted them.

MURDER OF A PRIZE CREW ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—The *Morning Herald* states, that a letter has been received from the *Phoenix* screw sloop, Commander Wodehouse, on the coast, acquainting an old man in Hampshire with the death of his son, under the following circumstances:—"About six weeks previous to the 3rd of October (the date of the letter), a boat belonging to the *Phoenix* captured a small craft, with forty slaves on board, in the river Congo. The gunner and three men (one of whom was the old man's son) were put on board to take the slave to the *Phoenix*, then lying off the mouth of the river. On the same night the slave's crew rose on them, killed them all, and threw them into the river, the vessel then making her escape. The account does not say how many of the slave's crew were left on board, or whether their arms had been taken away, or whether the four men were properly armed."

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF SMITH O'BRIEN.—Amongst the intelligence received from Van Diemen's Land this week, is an account of a rumoured attempt to escape by Mr. Smith O'Brien to California, which was generally credited. The following particulars of the event are taken from the Colonial Journals:—"On Sunday and Monday, the *Victoria* cutter, commanded by a man named Ellis, was observed hovering about the island, the wind being light until evening, when it fell calm. Shortly before sundown, Mr. S. O'Brien, who, notwithstanding his avowed intention of escaping, should an opportunity offer, has considerable liberty allowed him, went down to a sandy cove, one of the few places where boats generally land, and just as he reached the shore a boat with three men put in, and he rushed up to his middle to meet it. A constable on duty, who was a witness of the act, covered him with his piece and called to him to forbear, seconding this by rushing at the boat and knocking a hole in her bottom with his carbine. He then pointed out to all four the folly of resistance, and required them to submit quietly, which they did. The officer in charge, meantime, having missed his prisoner, came rushing down the beach, and secured him while still in the water. He was then conducted to his house, and the three men confined for transmission to Hobart Town. A whale boat, with six hands, was sent on board the cutter, seized her, and brought her in. She, too, with the parties on board, will be sent up immediately. It has not been thought necessary to impose any restraint on Mr. S. O'Brien greater than that to which he was previously subjected."

BLOWING UP A PORTUGUESE 32-GUN SHIP.—Intelligence from Hong-Kong and Macao state that, at the latter place, on the 29th of Oct., the anniversary of the birth of the Portuguese Queen's cousin, Don Fernando, Captain d'Assis e Silva made arrangements to give a party on board his ship, the *Donna Maria II.*, of 32 guns. A number of civilians from Macao, and the officers of the United States sloop *Marion* were invited. At noon the *Donna Maria II.* fired a Royal salute, shortly after which several of the invited civilians went off to the vessel, which was then lying at anchor in the Typa. At half-past 2 P.M., the ship blew up with a fearful explosion, entirely destroying the vessel, and all on board, except the captain's son and some twelve or thirteen men, who were taken out of the water by the boats of the United States sloop of war. The crew consisted chiefly of Lascars, natives of Goa, with European marines; the number on board at the time of the catastrophe could not have been far short of 300 souls. The American officers, it is believed, escaped, as they were about to quit their own vessel when the explosion took place.

THE CENSUS.—Official notice has been sent to the 2200 District Registrars of England and Wales, that they are forthwith to prepare, and transmit before the 6th of January, a list of the names of enumerators, which, in the gross, will amount to about 60,000 persons, whom they are authorised to engage for the 31st of March; each enumerator being paid for his services on that day the minimum of 18s., but which, in some crowded neighbourhoods, may reach to 25s. The necessary qualifications are "intelligence, activity, and respectability, and from the age of 18 to 65."

The *Hoscomson Journal* says that a Scotchman in a neighbouring town put a placard in his shop window, stating that he "wanted a boy," and the next morning on opening his door was surprised to find a basket lying outside, which, on opening, he found to contain a male child, with a label attached, having on it "Here he is."

PAPAL AGGRESSION.
MEETINGS.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY MEETING, on Saturday last, called in consequence of a requisition; signed by 800 persons, was numerously attended, and included a number of Roman Catholics. The High Sheriff (Mr. J. G. Watkins) having opened the proceedings, read letters from Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Foley, M.P., and Sir Thomas Winnington, expressing concurrence in the objects of the meeting. Mr. James Taylor having moved an address to the Queen, Sir Edward Blount, Roman Catholic, moved, amidst mingled hisses and cheers, an amendment, which, after expressing loyalty and attachment, declared there was no necessity for any legislative interference with the appointment of the Romish Hierarchy. On the subject, he said, of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of England, they had been greatly misled. There had been no aggression. The Protestants had found fault with the Pope's appointment of vicars in England—persons whom the Pope could remove at pleasure. Why, it was asked, did they not appoint Roman Catholic Bishops? That recommendation had been adopted, and now they heard of nothing but the assumption of power by the Pope. Both the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Beaumont, he declared, were held in little estimation. His amendment was seconded by Mr. R. Berkeley, junior, a Catholic gentleman of property, residing at Spetchley, near Worcester; but the original address was carried by a large majority. On the motion of Lord Lyttelton, an address to the Lord Bishop of the diocese, admitting the principle of religious toleration, and of desire not to interfere with it, but expressing an opinion that this Bull did not come within the spirit of toleration; with an addition to it, moved by Mr. Curtler, condemning the introduction, at services of the Established Church, by some of the clergy, of principles and practices of the Church of Rome, was voted by a large majority. Three cheers were given for the Queen, and three groans for the Pope.

THE NORFOLK COUNTY MEETING took place on Saturday, at Norwich; E. R. Pratt, Esq., High Sheriff, in the chair. Lord Leicester, Lord Sondes, Lord Walsingham, Lord Colborne, Lord C. Townshend, Sir John Boileau, Bart., Sir W. B. Procter, Bart., the Hon. D. Astley, Mr. E. Wodehouse, M.P., Mr. S. M. Peto, M.P., &c., were present. Letters from Lord Wodehouse and Mr. A. Fountaine expressed their sympathy with the purpose of the meeting. Lord Leicester, amid considerable cheering, moved a resolution, protesting against the recent unparalleled attempt of the Pope, and expressing a deep sense of the value of the principles of the Protestant Church. His Lordship complained of the members of the Church whose doctrines had encouraged the aggression, and said they would not "be allowed to receive the revenues of a Church whose simple truths they despised and whose doctrines they subverted;" a statement which the meeting heartily applauded. The resolution was carried unanimously, as was also one condemning the approximation of part of the clergy to the Romish Church. In supporting this resolution, Mr. A. Hammond denied that the conciliatory tone adopted by Government to the Catholics had been the cause of the Papal aggression. He asked certain clergymen, "Why eat Protestant bread, and receive Protestant pay, and, at the same time, sell us to the enemy?" (Applause.) If their young men had monkish instructors at the universities, with Popish ceremonies, they would very naturally become Puseyite priests. (Great applause.) His advice was, to put down priestcraft in whatever shape it might come; and they might then leave Cardinal Wiseman and the Pope to Punch. (Loud and continued applause.) A loyal address to her Majesty, on the motion of Lord Colborne, was unanimously adopted.

THE COUNTY OF SURREY met at Epsom on Tuesday, convened by the High Sheriff, in compliance with several requisitions, each numerously signed, from different parts of the county. The gentlemen present resident in the county were numerous; but the general public, from the unfavourable state of the weather, did not exceed five hundred. Mr. J. W. Freshfield, the High Sheriff, presided. The principal speakers were Sir Edward Sugden (who then, at an advanced age, attended a county meeting for the first time in his life, and moved the first resolution, contending at great length that the act of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman was illegal), Sir John Easthope, Mr. Alcock, M.P., the Hon. J. Locke King, M.P., Mr. H. T. Hope, M.P., Mr. R. D. Mangles, M.P., &c. A characteristic letter from H. Drummond, Esq., M.P., denouncing the Popish priests, was read. Resolutions expressing indignation at the conduct of the Pope, describing it as ingratitude—expressing satisfaction at her Majesty's declaration to uphold her supremacy, and grief and alarm at the prevalence of Popish practices in the Church—were adopted; and an address in conformity with them, as well as petitions to both Houses of Parliament, were agreed to, and ordered to be presented.

A MEETING at NOTTINGHAM, on Tuesday, headed by the Mayor and many of the principal inhabitants, and very numerously attended, was conspicuous for the great excitement manifested against the Puseyite party in the Church, and for an amendment to the address, declaring that the Wesleyan Conference had contributed, like that party, to invite the Papal aggression. But the address, without the addition, was adopted by the meeting, which displayed great abhorrence of the Pope and great loyalty towards her Majesty.

THE BIRKENHEAD MEETING came off on Friday last, without further disturbance, and there have been meetings at Doncaster, Workop, Croydon, Lewisham, and Maidstone.

AT CAMBRIDGE, on Wednesday, there was a numerous meeting of the inhabitants, under the presidency of the Mayor. The usual resolutions and an address were carried; but the meeting is noticeable on account of the opposition manifested. At the commencement there was great interruption, and vociferous calls for "No Church-rates," "No Bishops," "No State Church;" and it was some time before order was sufficiently established to allow of the business proceeding. Then an amendment was moved by an Independent minister, Mr. Babier, condemning any interference with the religious opinions, discipline, or ecclesiastical arrangements of any class of her Majesty's subjects, as a violation of the rights of conscience and the principles of civil and religious liberty. The amendment was respectfully supported; but, on being put to the meeting, the original resolution, to express indignation at the Papal rescript, was carried by a large majority.

EVENTS.

It seems, from a letter written by Lord Colchester to the *Daily News*, that Mr. Bennett had established a convent in connexion with his chapels of St. Paul and St. Barnabas. Of this establishment a daughter of the late Recorder, the Hon. Mr. Law, was the chief. She accepted the office contrary to her father's wishes; but she had, after much solicitation, wrung from him, shortly before his death, a reluctant assent. Mr. Law complained that Mr. Bennett did not second his endeavours to make his daughter give up the project, and he so disposed of his property by will that she should not give it to the establishment.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, on Sunday, in the second of his series of lectures on the "Roman Catholic Hierarchy," complimented his Roman Catholic brethren on their forbearance, and referred to the Queen's answer to the addresses—firm yet gentle, moderate, and wise—as a proof that the storm by which the Roman Catholics had been assailed was blowing over. He again affirmed that the Pope's Bull concerned only the Catholic community, and that the Catholics were incited to wish for a hierarchy here by seeing a Romish Archbishop in Australia and a Romish Hierarchy in the United States. He referred to the differences in the three drafts of addresses to the Queen by the prelates, and to the Bishop of Exeter's denial of her Majesty's supremacy, as a proof that the Catholics could not be said to have insulted her Majesty by not acknowledging what the prelates doubted and Dr. Phillpotts denied. He concluded by affirming that it was from misunderstanding a word in his own pastoral letter, that the Pope was accused of having spoken of England as a heathen land restored to the communion of the Church after an interval of 300 years. The Pope had used no such language, and what he (the Cardinal) meant was, the Roman Catholic Church of England, and not the Protestant Church or the Protestant nation.

DOCUMENTS.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE LAITY.—The Archbishop having been applied to by a body of laymen for advice as to their conduct with reference to the Papal aggression, especially with regard to the prevalence of objectionable practices in some churches, and whether it is the duty of the parishioners to leave their church; or, whether they should continue to worship in a church, to the ceremonies of which they have an objection; and also, whether it is the duty of those who have votes for boroughs or counties to withhold their suffrages from such candidates as decline to give a pledge, to do all in their power to obtain a re-imposition of such portions of the Catholic Disabilities Act as may check any future aggression on the Established Church of this country by the See of Rome? his Grace returned the following reply:—

ADDINGTON, Dec. 11.

Sir,—You will excuse me if, in a time of such engagement, I answer your questions more briefly than perhaps you expect; but I will, in few words, give it as my opinion:—
1. That only great unfaithfulness, and very objectionable practices in his parish church, should induce a layman to leave it for another; but that, when salvation is concerned, order is a secondary consideration.
2. I do not think that the occasion is such as to justify the demand of a pledge from a member of Parliament to any particular measure.
3. Men's minds are at present in so excited a state, that any alteration of the Prayer-book or Act of Uniformity is further removed than ever. Those who object to any part of the Liturgy should be reminded that it treats of subjects on which there always has been difference of opinion among members of the Church.
The principal duty of the laity, at present, is to promote the teaching and preaching of the Protestant faith wherever an opening for it appears.

J. B. CANTUAR.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER having had a similar application made to him, has referred the applicants to the Archbishop's letter.

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S (Dr. Thirlwall) has stated, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the reasons why he could not sign the conjoint address of the prelates. They are in substance as follows:—"The reference to the Act of Elizabeth appears to me in every respect most undesirable. My own opinion would have been, that the provision cited from it has been virtually repealed by the Roman Catholic Relief Act. But at all events the quotation seems to me to prove, if any thing, far too much; for the law of Elizabeth has not been violated for the first time by the recent Bull. It was equally set at defiance, by the appointment of Vicars Apostolic, who have so long exercised their functions without complaint or molestation, and it seems unreasonable to charge the Pope with defying a law which has been so long permitted to sleep. But a still weightier objection in my mind is, that those who refer in such a manner to the statute of Elizabeth must be considered as expressing a wish to see it again put in force, which it seems to me would involve the repeal of the Relief Act. I cannot consent to make myself responsible for language which, directly or indirectly, indicates such an object. I think it needlessly harsh—to say the least—to treat the Pope's 'anticipation' of our return to his communion, which he must consider as the greatest of all blessings to us, as an 'unwarrantable insult.' And I am still afraid that the concluding petition for protection to the labours of the clergy will be interpreted, not without an appearance of justice, as a wish to see the Roman Catholic proselytisers silenced by Act of Parliament. These last objections, however, I might consent to waive in deference to your Grace's judg-

ment, and for the sake of unanimity. But that which relates to the Act of Elizabeth appears to me to involve principles which I may not sacrifice to any other consideration."

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, AND ETON.—The Provost of Eton College, the Head-Master of Eton, the Mayor of Windsor, Sir East Clayton East, the Rev. J. Gossett, and a large number of clergy and laity, having addressed the Bishop of Oxford, expressing, amongst other things, their thankful and unshaken confidence in their position as members of a true branch of the Holy Church Universal, his Lordship made a long reply, of which the following sentences are the peculiarities:—"Our first duty now is to resist this aggression of the Pope. But if we would be safe, we must be on our guard against other dangers also. On the one hand, there is among some of us a leaning towards the Church of Rome, which is wholly alien from the tone and temper of our own Church, and which, step by step, has led too many to join that corrupt communion. Upon this evil all eyes are now fixed, and I dare not undervalue its enormity or the insidious progress with which it saps the faith of those who yield ever so little to its first temptations. There is another and a no less fearful peril. Stirred up by the Pope's indecent aggression, the stream of common opinion is now running with the violence of a flood against Rome. It is the nature of a flood to be muddy and turbulent, and to overwhelm all ordinary barriers with its violence; and so it is among us. Uncharitable thoughts, hard words, and unproved imputations abound. Those who fear the spiritual domination, and those who hate the spiritual corruptions of Rome, and those who hate all assertion of spiritual authority anywhere, and even those who hate all belief in spiritual realities, are for the time united together. Our very walls are inscribed by the same hand with the legends of 'No Popery,' 'No priestcraft,' 'No religion.' In such a time even good men become the subjects and the victims of fierce mutual suspicions, and the common enemy alone triumphs. Such a time must be full of danger to the calm and peaceable and loving temper which should possess our own souls, and to the maintenance of our common church: against these evils, then, we must guard with as much vigilance as against external Popery."

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

OXFORD.

SEIZURE OF COLLEGE PLATE FOR POOR-RATES.—In consequence of a distress warrant having been issued against the Rev. Dr. Wellesley, principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, by the city magistrates, for a poor-rate for the parish of St. Peter-le-Bailey, amounting to £3 19s., and 7s. expenses, the inspector of the Oxford police, on Saturday last, carried the same into effect by seizing half a dozen silver forks from the lodgings of the principal. The question respecting the liability of the different colleges to contribute towards the relief of the poor of Oxford has long been in agitation. Some few years ago a similar seizure of plate for poor-rates was made by the officers of St. Michael's parish at Exeter College, which led to a trial before Serjeant Atcherly, when the parish officers were beaten, owing to a technical point. The principal of New Inn Hall has redeemed the plate by paying the amount of the poor-rate and expenses. An action will, it is understood, be brought against the parish officers for an illegal seizure, when the question as to the liability of the colleges and halls to pay poor-rates will be tried upon its merits. Similar proceedings will shortly be taken against Pembroke College, for the payment of poor-rates to the parish of St. Aldate.

ORDINATIONS.—The following ordinations are fixed for the present month: On the 21st, being the feast of St. Thomas, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Addington; the Archbishop of York, at Bishopsthorpe; the Bishop of Rochester, at the cathedral; and the Bishop of Lichfield, at Eccleshall. On Sunday, the 22nd instant, by the Bishop of Winchester; the Bishop of Lincoln, at the cathedral; the Bishop of Bath and Wells, at the cathedral church of Wells; the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, at the cathedral church of Bristol; the Bishop of Ripon, at Ripon; the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Chichester, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Hereford, and the Bishop of Llandaff, in their cathedrals. The Bishops of Worcester and Chester have fixed their ordinations for the 16th of March, 1851.

PREFERRMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—*Archdeaconry:* The Rev. T. Finch Hobday Bridge, Rector of St. John's, Newfoundland, to be First Archdeacon of Newfoundland and Labrador. *Honorary Canonry:* The Rev. Robert Mosley Masters, Incumbent of Burnley, and the Rev. William Hornby, Vicar of St. Michael's-on-Wyre, in the Cathedral Church of Manchester; the Rev. E. James Moor to the Cathedral Church of Norwich. *Rectories:* The Rev. Charles Compton Denville, to Nettleton, Wilts; the Rev. William Edward Pooley, to Chillesford, Suffolk; the Rev. David Jeffrey, Curate of Neath, with Llanbedr tre Newydd (Newborough), in the Isle of Anglesea; the Rev. Francis Augustus Weekes, to Aston-upon-Trent, with Shardlow, Derbyshire. *Vicarages:* The Rev. John Ambrose Cook, to South Benfleet; the Rev. William Braithwaite, to Aine, Yorkshire; the Rev. David Mapleton, to Meanwood; the Rev. Charles Orland Kenyon, to Great-Ness, Salop; the Rev. Charles Darby Reade, to Stow-Bedon; the Rev. M. Butt, to Wingrave-cum-Rowsham, Bucks.

VACANCIES.—*Rectories:* Ashwellthorpe, with Wreningham Rectory, Norfolk, dio. Norwich; value £648, with residence; patron, Lord Berners; Hon. and Rev. R. Wilson, deceased. Rudham East, with West Rudham V., Norfolk, dio. Norwich; value, £403, with residence; patron, Lord C. Townsend; Rev. T. Bland, deceased. Witham, South, county and dio. Lincoln; value, £120, with residence; patron, Earl of Dysart; Rev. J. H. William, resigned. *Vicarage:* Toft-Trees, Norfolk, dio. Norwich; value, £168; patron, Lord C. Townsend; Rev. T. Bland, deceased. *Mastership:* Cavendish Grammar School, Suffolk; Rev. W. M. Cox, promoted.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.—The Bishop of London has licensed the following gentlemen to appointments within his diocese:—The Rev. H. W. Madcock, M.A., vicar of Kingston, Herefordshire, to the incumbency of All Saints' Church, St. John's Wood; the Rev. H. T. Rees, M.A., late curate of Runcorn, Cheshire, to the incumbency of St. Mary's Church, Spital-square; the Rev. R. J. H. Thomas, M.A., to the curacy of St. Peter's Church, Hammersmith; the Rev. W. Garrett, M.A., to the incumbency of Trinity Church, St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; the Rev. R. P. Clemenger, M.A., to the curacy of old St. Pancras Church.

TESTIMONIALS.—The following clergymen have lately received testimonials of esteem and affection:—The Rev. J. W. Middleton, Incumbent of Durston, near Taunton, from the congregation; the Rev. John Eaton, late Curate of St. Alkmund's Church, Derby, from the teachers of the Boys' Sunday School; the Rev. C. H. P. Linton, Curate, from the congregation of Holy Trinity Church, Birkenhead; the Rev. Edward Rudge, on his retirement from the Curacy of St. Luke's, Chelsea; the Rev. William Woodhouse Robinson, of Christ Church, Chelsea; the Rev. Taylor White, of Norton Cuckney, Notts; the Rev. G. Harrison, of New Brentford, Middlesex; the Rev. James M'Connell Hussey, of St. James's Episcopal Chapel, Kennington; the Rev. C. P. J. Dreake, late of Yelling, Hunts; the Rev. W. V. Jones, of Frisbury-on-the-Wreke, Leicester; the Rev. F. Randall, late of Eccleshill, Bradford, Yorkshire; the Rev. John Garrett, from the inhabitants of the hamlet of Wheatley, in the parish of Cuddesdon, diocese of Oxford, on his leaving.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its second meeting for the season on Monday last; the Lord Bishop of London in the chair. Grants were made in aid of the erection of churches at Aberdare, Glamorgan-shire; North Horton, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire; and the Filles of St. Gregory, an extra-parochial district, in the city of Canterbury. Also, towards re-arranging the seats in the parish churches of Mildenhall, Suffolk; Probosc, near Truro; and St. Alban, Worcester; and towards the enlargement of the churches at Golborne, near Warrington, and Moulsham, near Chelmsford, which were originally built with assistance from the society.

St. Barnabas Church (Pimlico) was closed last Sunday, to the great disappointment of a numerous body of persons, who found notices on the church doors stating that, in consequence of the difficulty experienced at the present time in performing Divine service, the church will remain closed until further notice, by order of the churchwardens.

The Rev. George Ainslie, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, assistant-secretary to the Additional Curates' Society, and formerly minister of St. Peter's, Walworth, has been presented to the incumbency of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, on the resignation of the Rev. Thomas Watson.

THE METROPOLITAN SEWERS COMMISSION.—On Tuesday evening an adjourned meeting of delegates and representatives of the various metropolitan parishes took place at the Marylebone Court-house, for the purpose of taking further steps for securing from the Government or Parliament a measure for the abolition of the present Sewers Commission, and to make it a representative body. All the principal parishes were represented by deputations. The result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee to draw up a bill for the deputation to present to Government, embracing the views of the meeting.

The estates of the following distinguished persons, lately deceased have paid probate duty on personal and funded property as follows:—The Right Hon. Sir W. H. Fremantle, £90,000; the Right Hon. C. Arbuthnot, £5000; Lord Middleton, £35,000; Sir C. Blois, £25,000; and Sir P. Pole, £50,000. The late wealthy and honourable member for St. Albans, Alexander Raphael, Esq., has left in personal property alone £250,000; and having died without a will, and a bachelor, administration of his effects has been granted to his brother, Lewis Raphael, Esq. By his decease, the Government will be in receipt of nearly £11,000; £4500 duty being paid on the administration, and between £6000 and £7000 to the Legacy-duty Office: had he left a will, the probate duty would have been £3000.

We are requested to explain that the Mass performed at the recent enthronization of Cardinal Wiseman was not by Haydn, as stated in the report; two pieces only being by Haydn, and the rest from a mass composed by Meyer Lutz, organist to St. George's Cathedral, the whole of which was not performed, from its not having been fully rehearsed.

The electric telegraph wires are brought down to the Brighton terminus, and the electric telegraph will, it is expected, be in full operation in a few days from the present date.

The counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire consume annually about 4000 tons of coekles, which are collected at a small place called Hest Bank, six miles north of Lancaster. The establishment of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway has increased the consumption ten times at least.

The measles, in a mild form, is said to be prevalent in almost every school in the kingdom; and in the neighbourhood of Bristol a large school had been entirely broken up in consequence of all those who were living in it having been attacked by this malady.

COUNTRY NEWS.

OPENING OF THE LIVERPOOL SAILORS' HOME.—On Monday, this magnificent building was opened for the transaction of business, hitherto conducted in the temporary offices, Bath-street. Shortly after one o'clock, James Aikin, Esq., chairman of the committee; Messrs. Tomlinson, Clint, Rankin, Bold, Andrew, Worrall, Cotesworth, Grant, Tinne, and other gentlemen, were in attendance at the "Home," and the flag, indicative of the establishment being opened, was hoisted by Mr. Aikin, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of a large crowd assembled in Canning-place. When the flag had been run up, three hearty cheers were given by the tars assembled in front of the building, for the Sailors' Home and the gentlemen through whose instrumentality it has been raised. The new offices are very spacious, well lighted, and admirably arranged. Ample accommodation is afforded for the transaction of business, and the large hall will be used as a waiting-room. Some time, however, will elapse before the building can be so far completed as to permit seamen to be boarded in it.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A prime fat ox has been presented to the weavers of Messrs. Bridgett and Co., Derby, now on strike, by the ribbon-weavers of Congleton, Macclesfield, &c.

PEEL MONUMENT AT PRESTON.—At a meeting of the local Peel Monument Committee, held at the Town-hall, Preston, on Monday last, it was agreed that the monument should be erected in Winckley-square, at the west end of Cross-street, in case Mr. Cross, the owner of the land, would give the same for a site; also that Mr. Duckett's offer to erect a statue, 8 feet in height, including plinth, on a pedestal 10 feet 6 inches high, in Westmorland marble, for £700, be accepted. The execution of the statue is to be under the direction of a sub-committee.

THE COLLECTION OF THE 1848 HOP DUTY.—The Board of Inland Revenue has, during the past week, issued writs of *scire-facias* against a large number of the planters of Kent, who have not yet paid the last moiety of the 1848 hop duty; and we learn, from undoubted authority, that similar proceedings will be at once commenced against all defaulters.

THUNDERSTORM, AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY LIGHTNING.—On Sunday morning last, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of Abingdon were suddenly roused from their slumbers by a thunderstorm which burst immediately over the town. The alarm it produced was considerable, there being no indication during the previous evening of so unseasonable a visitation. The thunder completely shook the houses, while the lightning was of the most vivid intensity, and the hail, snow, and rain completely deluged the streets. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed from the first terrific peal when a messenger on horseback rode at full speed into the town with the alarm of fire, the electric fluid having struck a lone barn on Wick Farm, in the occupation of Mr. Badcock, about a mile off. Many of the townspeople hastened immediately with the engines to the scene of conflagration, despite the pelting of the storm; but, on arriving there, they at once saw that an attempt to save any portion of the property would be perfectly useless. The roof of the barn had already fallen in, and its valuable contents were one burning mass; and the wind, which had been blowing almost a hurricane, had communicated the fire to a large wheat and bean rick a short distance from the barn, both of which soon fell a prey to the destroying element. The building was insured in the County Fire-office; and the farming stock, which consisted of upwards of 150 quarters of barley, the produce of twenty-four acres of beans, ten acres of wheat, a variety of agricultural implements and utensils, the whole of which were destroyed, were fully insured in the Royal Exchange. The total damage is estimated at £1000.

SMUGGLING IN THE PORT OF BRISTOL.—On Monday the Custom-house officers at Bristol succeeded in apprehending three seamen belonging to the crew of a Pomeranian vessel, upon a charge of smuggling spirits and tobacco. The men, upon being conveyed before the justices, set up a plea that they had been ill-used by the officers, and said they wished to complain to the Prussian Consul, and the magistrates remanded them, to give them an opportunity of doing so. On Tuesday they were again brought before the justices, when H. Viger, Esq., the vice-consul for the port, attended to hear their complaint; but, as it turned out that they had nothing to allege except that while locked up for three hours by the revenue officers no food was given to them, the magistrates convicted them in penalties, under the Customs Laws, and in default committed them to gaol.

EFFECTS OF MASKING.—Two CHILDREN TERRIFIED TO DEATH.—About three weeks since, two children, belonging to a man named Brown, formerly a waiter at the Globe Hotel, Exmouth, the one four and the other a few years older, were sent by the mother, who keeps a mangle, after a basket of clothes, and were met on the way by some boys, one of whom had on a most hideous-looking mask. The boy, seeing the children frightened, ran after them, repeating some gibberish, which frightened them more; and having followed them until they turned the corner of the street, transferred the mask to another boy, who managed again to come in contact with the poor children, who returned home instantly, when their parents, seeing them so pale and trembling very much, inquired what the matter was, which they explained as well as they could. The shock, however, was so great that they never recovered it: their health declined daily. The one died three weeks after, and the other died on Wednesday week. Each of them in his illness often exclaimed "He is coming," "I see him," "There he is," with other like expressions. The father and mother have been most unfortunate, having had one son, who was a great assistance to them, drowned, and themselves so afflicted as latterly to be almost dependant on the parish for support.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.—About two o'clock on Saturday morning last, the family of Mr. Joshua Hopkinson, of Bond-street, Arnold (Nottingham), were startled from their slumbers by a tremendous explosion. On running downstairs to see what was the matter, he found scarcely a whole pane left in the house and shop windows, the door and window frames forced out of their places, two of the doors split, and much other damage done. It appeared, on investigation, that some wicked person had put a sort of hand-grenade through a hole in the window, and lighted it by means of a fuse, in revenge for Mr. Hopkinson's having declined to become a member of the Framework-knitters' Union.

EXTENSIVE PLATE ROBBERY AT NOTTINGHAM.—On Friday morning week, at six o'clock, Mr. J. Sulley, of Albert-street, in Nottingham, discovered, on proceeding down-stairs, that his shop had been broken into the night previous, and property removed, consisting of gold and silver watches, gold brooches, gold signet and other rings, Albert gold and silver watch-guards, silver spoons of all descriptions, a great number of ancient coins, and other valuable articles. The back premises connected with the shop enter into the burial-ground of the Castle-gate meeting-house, and the thieves entered through a window looking into the graveyard. It is not known precisely at what time the robbery occurred. Everything was safe at twelve o'clock, and no noise was heard during the night. The value of the property stolen has been estimated at more than £300. Nothing has transpired to lead to the apprehension of any of the robbers.

THE TURN-OUT SYSTEM.—The following are some of the results of the recent turn-out at Brynbo, in North Wales. Up to the present time the men have lost in wages £2000, and this loss will continue for some time to come, from the blow given to the coal trade during the strike. The Shrewsbury and Chester Railway Company lost in tonnage near £600; and this is also continuing. The loss to the various tradesmen is very considerable, and it will take six months to repair the injury done to the trade of the various agents who sell for the company. One family has lost a son, who, when in drink, enlisted. In another family the right arm of one of the chief members has been, by a blow, crippled perhaps for life. Three of the men are still receiving medical attendance from the results of a drunken fight during the strike. Thus it is evident that this system has been productive only of evil to all concerned.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH TO HOLYHEAD.—The following memorial to the Liverpool Dock Committee has been lying on the desk of the Exchange News-room, and received numerous signatures:—"To the chairman and members of the Dock Committee.—Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned merchants, shipowners, brokers, and others, having observed that a proposal has been made to substitute, in communicating between Holyhead and Liverpool, the electric telegraph for the present antiquated and uncertain method, respectfully urge upon your consideration the propriety of the change, which, if carried out, cannot fail to benefit this commercial community, and the trade of the port in general."

CUNNING FRAUD.—At the Bristol Police-court, on Wednesday, two men, named William Rowlands and Robert Andrews, were committed to gaol with hard labour attached for periods of two months and one month respectively, for frauds upon the public, and breaches of the revenue laws. The prisoners, who were brought before the justices by the collector of excise and his officers, had been practising upon the public by pretending to be smugglers, and selling a common description of spirit, coloured to resemble cognac, as the veritable French spirit. When apprehended, they had in their possession three large bladders of the spurious stuff, and a bottle of colouring stuff used by them to darken the spirit.

IPSWICH MUSEUM.—The magnificent case of feline animals presented to the Ipswich Museum by the Marquis of Bristol, was exhibited, for the first time, at the anniversary meeting, on Thursday morning week. The case is 24 feet long and 10 feet high, containing lion and lioness, and cubs; tiger and tigress; leopard and leopardess, and cubs; two panthers, two puma lions, and a black leopard. The back of the case is beautifully painted by Smith, with an extensive view of African scenery, and the foreground fitted up with caverns and rock-work, on which are placed the animals, in natural attitudes. The front is glazed with three enormous sheets of plate-glass. The Ipswich Museum, we should add, is a free institution to the working-classes.

Mr. Cooke on Thursday week devoted the receipts at the Royal Circus, Bristol, to the funds of the Exhibition of Industry, and has, we hear, handed over to the financial officer the sum of £50. The performance was under the patronage of the Mayor and Corporation.

Within a few days, two fine steamers have been nearly lost between Scotland and Ireland, in consequence of the number of cattle carried on deck, which, from stress of weather or accident, were unable to maintain their position on the deck, and were huddled to one side, when their weight threw the vessels on their beam ends, and a total loss, in each case, was only averted by something little short of a miracle.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson has been appointed chairman of the sectional committee for the examination of surgical instruments at the forthcoming display of the industry of all nations.

Three convicts, named John Bradrick, John Thompson, and Charles Webster, escaped from the Dartmoor prison early on Thursday morning week.

THE CROW-BOY; OR, THE CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY PHIZ.

ALL sorts and conditions of life, in-door and out-door, find their appropriate consolation in the Christmas season. The day of itself, fine or dreary, seems, as if by virtue of its associations, to induce happy feelings. There is an influence in the time which forbids even the wretched to be miserable. The pauper dreams, though wide awake, that he is rich; and the beggar feels as potent as a King. His rags, indeed, are the true robes of royalty; and frequently, in their unexpected combinations, are so picturesque as to excite the admiration of the aesthetic. Even the rude worker in the fields, to whom no Christmas dinner is a probability, has his share in the common enjoyment, though, as it would appear, of a most mysterious sort. But, of all these special idealists, the CROW-BOY on CHRISTMAS DAY, engaged in the open corn-field, strikes us with the most wonder. He is a psychological curiosity, as profound a mystic as Böhme, and a better poet than Bloomfield.

Our Artist has hit the character in the specific situation to a nicety. The actual about the Boy is as cold and hard as are Nature's dealings in general with her unsophisticated children, who have not acquired the skill to subdue their parent to their own mood. The wintry cloud, the cheerless snow, the chill blast—these are his only companions in his solitary occupation. But there is an Idea, that somehow or other has grown up in his mind: "It is Christmas Day!" By virtue of this idea, he is a metaphysician of the first water—an ideologist—a philosopher as intensely absent as Newton. He feels no more the cloud, the snow, and the wind, than the unparalleled mathematician himself, while wrapt in his sublime speculations, felt the want of the dinner which he habitually neglected. With that needful article, however, our Crow-Boy is supplied. He has had it in his wallet all the morning—an extra store of bread, bacon, and cheese; for this is Christmas Day!

And this frugal meal is, to our Crow-Boy's imagination, a feast far exceeding the Lord Mayor's, a banquet equal to a Bishop's, a revel not to be matched by a Lord Cardinal. Observe him while engaged in its mastication. His cheek is stuffed with the wholesome and savoury morsel; while his dog, with his lips overflowing with slaver, looks up expectantly into his face; and his gun lies idly by the hedge. You may note by his sidelong leer that he well enough perceives the crows at their work of depredation. But it is Christmas Day, and festival tide with him. Care may sleep at such a season; therefore let them feast on. His gun for this day, at any rate, shall sound no alarm.

The season, too, makes the Boy charitable to the poor crows. Out of the treasury of his happiness he can afford to impart a blessing to them. They shall also have their Christmas Day; for though, by convention they are his victims, by Creation they are his fellow-creatures. Nature made the field for them as well as for him and his master. Nay, she gave to them a special privilege in the air. Man can only walk; they can fly. Herein they are more like the angels than their tyrant. The Boy thinks, perhaps, on this—in however rude a guise—and, seized with a poetic wonder, feels the weight of the unintelligible universe, and confesses himself as great a fool as the wisest. But he, thus life-and-food-enjoy-



THE CROW-BOY'S CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON.—DRAWN BY PHIZ.

ing in his Christmas solitude (solitude save for those crows, who on this day dine with him, perhaps not uninformed guests),—he himself is, after all, the greatest mystery.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

The immemorial usage which prescribes the performance of a Latin Play at Christmas by the scholars of Westminster, was honoured, on Saturday evening, by a most spirited and successful enactment. The Play was the

hope of the proximate advent of universal peace, and, as if to make conviction doubly sure, his wife makes her appearance in the person of Mr. Andrews, who tells him that a sheriff's officer is below, and that, whilst he is attending to the public affairs, the private suppellex is being removed. He is then tauntingly told, *te bello domestica terrent*. The squib went off with infinite humour, and was wound up with a short epilogue, delivered by Mr. Bennett.

Advices from St. Domingo city to November 2nd state that, through the intervention of the English and French, a treaty of peace has been concluded between the Dominicans and Haytiens.

"Andria" of Terence: the cast is as follows:

Simo	W. H. Bennett.
Sosia	W. G. Henderson.
Davus	H. Blagden.
Pamphilus ..	W. G. Armitstead.
Mysis	S. A. draws.
Charinus ..	W. H. Horne.
Byrrhina ..	S. Madan.
Lesbia	C. F. Ingram.
Chremes ..	H. Barnes.
Crito	E. T. Chamberlayne.
Dromo	F. W. Oliver.
Servus	W. Madan.
Simonis ..	W. Hawthorn.

Mr. Blagden (the captain of the school), as *Davus*, acted with a subtlety and energy which satisfactorily attested his correct appreciation of the salient points in the character of the slave, with whom deceit is second nature, and whose natural fertility of invention has been made inexhaustible by oppression: the performance was marked by great propriety of declamation, and a considerable infusion of genuine histrionic fire. Mr. Armitstead's *Pamphilus* had many points of excellence, especially in the tender passages. His indignant repudiation of *Mysis's* apprehension that he might prove unfaithful, was very striking. Mr. Bennett, as old *Simonis*, was cautious, apprehensive, wary—just as he ought to be. Mr. Barnes, as *Chremes*, acquitted himself very creditably; and Mr. Horne, as *Charinus*, was the picture of a pensive lover. Mr. Chamberlayne, as *Crito*, and Mr. Oliver, as *Dromo*, were equally worthy of commendation; and Mr. Madan is especially deserving of honourable mention for the drollery with which he impersonated *Byrrhina*. Mr. Andrews, being fortunately gifted *vultu adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nihil supra*, made an admirable representative of *Mysis*, and excited the admiration of all the ladies by the feminine graces which he contrived to throw around the character. Mr. Henderson's *Sosia* was also very amusing. Altogether, the play went off famously. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded; and the dormitory, in which, as usual, the stage was erected, was crowded to excess.

On Tuesday, the "Andria" was repeated before a great number of visitors, including, among others, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord de Ros, Viscount Courtenay; M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, and his son; Mr. Baron Parke, Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Sir David Dundas, the Dean of St. Paul's, General Fox, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Plowden, M.P. As is usual on the second night of representation, the play was prefaced with a Latin prologue, which was spoken by Mr. Blagden, the captain of the school, and was received with such applause as to be repeated. To the "Andria" succeeded that sort of Atellan nondescript which it is customary to represent on these occasions, and in which some prominent topic of the day is subjected to a little festive ridicule in doggerel Latin. In the present instance, the Peace Congress was the object selected. The *alumni* assemble in meeting—a chairman is chosen, who addresses the "pacificators." The first resolution, proposed by a representative of the medical profession is *toto ut cessent bello mundo*. Mr. Armitstead, who represents the lawyer or "causidicus," suggests at the conclusion of his address, *ut omnia discidia ad causidicorum judicium referantur*. The motion is opposed by Mr. Horne, an officer in the army, and Mr. Blagden, who represents a worker in lead and steel. The latter so effectually lays it on our peacemaking doctor, that he can hardly be restrained from having recourse to personal violence, and at length challenges him to a meeting at a distance of ten paces. On this the lawyer breaks forth into an ejaculation which plainly indicates that he has no



WESTMINSTER PLAY.—SCENE FROM THE "ANDRIA" OF TERENCE.



FROZEN-OUT GARDENERS.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.

FROZEN-OUT GARDENERS AND SNOW
CLEARERS.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FOSTER.

"We've got no work to do—oo—oo."—*Street Melodies.*

There are few but what have heard this miserable chorus, bawled out by half a dozen wretched-looking fellows, bearing bunches of frozen greens on the tops of long poles, as they paraded the streets of London in winter—looking as much like real gardeners as a St. Giles's sailor looks like a real British tar. You can readily enough imagine that they are frozen-out vegetarians, weary of cold turnip tarts and cabbage curries; that they would fain have a change from potato patties and celery custards, and have found out that a rump-steak is far more savoury than a pie made of onions and flavoured with sage. But beyond failing in the vegetarian cookshop-way, and taking in some half-

score greengrocers, you know at a glance this is the nearest approach they ever made to gardening.

Your real "Frozen-out Gardeners" are generally fine-looking fellows, wearing a tinge of the summer sun on their cheeks, like a red winter-apple. They are generally round-shouldered men, and a little bent, through hard digging, and look about as much at home in our streets as we might imagine wild hares or rabbits would be, picking up a living in Covent Garden Market. They bring with them pleasant associations, turning the memory to spring flowers, which are as sure to come as the last were to wither and die; and, while you look at them, you remember the hundreds of sweet spots which you have passed in your suburban rambles, and the delight which their labours have afforded you, and you give them what few pence you can spare, with a "God bless you."

They look not up at the windows and down at the areas, like your hardened and common beggars, but on the ground, as if reproaching it for being so "hard" as to prevent them from earning a livelihood. They tried the earth with their spades, and it rang like the iron tongue

a harsh overseer, who refuses to give the applicant either labour or bread; so they come like the frozen-out robins and little wrens, to seek a few crumbs at our City doors.

Tall, taper lettuces, and crisp Savoy cabbages, and early greens, of every description, are pretty enough to look at in the shops at Christmas, and very pleasant to the palate. But go and gather them! On a bitter winter's morning they are great globes of hoar-frost, gigantic balls of ice, candied with chilling Wenham, glittering with freezing showers and frozen snow—colder than steel that has lain out all night—cutting sharper than a knife, if you once handle them, and seeming to freeze into your very bones. Yet amid these the poor Gardeners labour from morning to night, handling them when their hands have no feeling, stooping amid them when the wind comes cutting at their ears like a scythe, and piling them in carts, and bringing them to our very doors, without murmuring, only too thankful that they are, by such hard means, able to obtain bread.

It is when a bleak, black, biting frost comes suddenly upon them like



SNOW SWEEPERS.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.

a "thief in the night," and seeming, as it were, to "burn" up every green thing, that Hope deserts them, and Despair drives them into our streets. When the earth is like iron, and the sky dim and cold as ice, while the clouds seem frozen together, and the bare branches of the trees are brittle as glass, then it is that bird and beast subdue their wild nature, and draw towards the habitation of man, as if they had a claim on his protection; and with them come our fellow-men, the "Frozen-out Gardeners."

You know when they are genuine, not so much by their heavy boots and blue aprons, as by the manner in which they accost you: it is so like "Would you have this plant set here, or these there, please sir?" Those peas want rodding, and that grape-vine must be pruned." They come not to you with the beggar's whine, but like men who feel that they have a fellow claim, since the elements have warred against them; as an arctic voyager might come upon a Laplander's snow shed, when he had eaten his last strip of rein-deer's hide, and solicit a share of his meal. But still, like *Leary*, they

Tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.

Be kind to them, fellow-citizens. Their occupation is such as our first parents followed in the Garden of Eden, when long-haired Eve trailed the thick blowing roses, and Adam gathered the fruit which they banqueted upon. Through them we have the works of God brought to our City homes in spring and summer—sweet flowers, telling us how Nature progresses, and bringing visions of green spots where the banded birds are antheing, and the bee going round and saying something soothing to the blossoms; while the butterflies, like children who have nothing to do but play, sit swinging on the flowers. For such pleasures as these we are indebted to the poor "Frozen-out Gardeners." How little do we think that the mountains and forests covered with fan-like ferns, the pointed avalanches, and deep abysses into which they seem toppling, and all the twisted and entangled roots, and the thousands of fantastic forms which we admire so much in the frostwork on the glass—that the same element which created these prevents thousands of our fellow-creatures from following their occupations and earning bread. The plough stands useless, the ditcher cannot work, the brick-layer's mortar freezes, the brickmaker cannot mould, the joiner's glue sets too soon, the ropemaker's hemp breaks, the glazier's glass is more brittle, and scores of others are thrown out of employment, like the Frozen-out Gardeners.

"Clear your snow away, marn? do it for a penny," is another cry which assails our ears; and looking out of the window, we see two little urchins with their shoulders up, and one bearing a broom worn to the stump, the other a broken shovel, and both ready to go to work at a moment's notice for the smallest consideration. Others there are, who mount the roofs of houses, and without saying so much as "by your leave," pitch down whole spadefulls of snow upon the unsuspecting passengers, which either settle in the nape of the neck or get imbedded in the front of the waistcoat, and then, like Wordsworth's river—

Glide at their own sweet will,

and make you, against your own, a thawing machine.

The old woman with her little shovel comes out, and goes scrat-scrat on the pavement, like a hen on a cinder-heap. It gives the shop-boy an excuse for throwing a few shovel-fuls of snow on the passers-by, and having a snow war with the butcher-lad next door. Nanny and Betty, while clearing it away, find an opportunity of retailing all the abuse their "missesses" have heaped upon each other, and a good deal more to it. While the cressing-sweeper runs on before you with his broom, gives half-a-dozen strokes, then takes off his hat by the kerb-stone, and looks as if he would have you believe that he had given the road an extra "brush" solely that you might step clean and spotless across it. If he has any spite against the shopkeeper opposite, he sweeps a slanting path up to the door of another neighbour who is in the same line of business.

What transformations snow undergoes in London: from white it changes to a kind of coarse, brown, dirty-looking sugar; then it gets trampled into cold wet cakes, clinging to your feet at every step, as if hoping to be carried away where it would not be so much trodden upon; then it sinks into dirty slush, as if it cared not what happened to it, and is glad to escape in that shape either into the gutter or the street-contractor's cart.

There is something very solemn in the appearance of a country covered with snow on a cloudy day, especially if you look over some point of it that is uninhabited; for there are none of those sounds or rural objects either heard or seen, which give such life to the same scene in summer. The birds are generally silent, or hidden somewhere for shelter and warmth; the cattle are driven from the fields; you miss the figures that dotted the landscape—their out-of-door employment is gone; the woods are silent; the hills without an echo. Children no longer go singing through the lanes. The grass and flowers are all buried beneath a winding-sheet of snow. The river is the only moving object in the landscape; and, as it rolls along, you watch the snow fall into it and melt; flake after flake is seen for a moment, until it touches the water, and then is "gone for ever." Sometimes two flakes cling together as they fall, and, so united, perish; and while you gaze, images of Love and Hope cross the mind and shape themselves into strange forms—of Love that died before its time, and Hope whose dreams were never fulfilled; and you picture her with her broken anchor,

Half-buried in the drifted snow,
Sleeping upon the frozen ground,
Unheeding how the wild winds blow,
Bitter and bleak on all around;

for such images will float before the eye, even at the merry and holy time of Christmas, when you are alone with Nature.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 22.—4th Sunday in Advent.
MONDAY, 23.—Sun rises 8h. 6m., sets 3h. 51m.
TUESDAY, 24.—Christmas Eve.
WEDNESDAY, 25.—Christmas Day.
THURSDAY, 26.—St. Stephen.
FRIDAY, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
SATURDAY, 28.—Innocents.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23, 1850.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
3 59	4 25	4 45	5 10	5 35	6 10	6 35
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. JAMES ANDERSON.—The Public is respectfully informed, that the NATIONAL THEATRE will OPEN, for the Performance of the LEGITIMATE DRAMA, on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1850, when will be presented Shakespeare's Play of THE WINTER'S TALE. After which, a New Original COMIC PANTOMIME, entitled HARLEQUIN and HUMPTY DUMPTY; or, Big-Bellied Ben and the First Lord Mayor of London.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, will be performed the play of the "STRANGER." The Stranger, Mr. C. Keen; Mrs. Haller, Mrs. C. Keen; after which a New Comic CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, called ALONZO the BRAVE, and the FAIR IMogene; or, Harlequin and the Baron all covered with Jewels and Gold. Clown, Mr. Flexmore; Harlequin, Mr. Cornack; Pantaloon, Mr. Paulo; and Columbine, Miss Charlotte Leclerc. FRIDAY, TWELFTH NIGHT, and the PANTOMIME. SATURDAY, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE and the PANTOMIME.

THEATRE ROYAL MARYLEBONE, and LONDON ENGLISH OPERA.—On THURSDAY next (Boxing Night), will be produced a New and Original Grand, Historical, MUSICAL PANTOMIME, by the Author of "Bluff King Hall," entitled HARLEQUIN ALFRED the GREAT; or, The Magic Banjo and the Mystic Raven. Columbine, Mlle. Louise Blanche; Clown, Mr. Tom Matthews.—Boxes, 2s; Pit, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Box-office open daily.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—MONDAY and TUESDAY, DEC. 23 and 24, Sir Walter Scott's Grand Historical Spectacle of KENILWORTH; or, the Golden Days of Queen Elizabeth. After which, BATTY'S popular SCENES of the CIRCLE. The whole concluding with TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK. On THURSDAY, DEC. 26, will be produced the New GRAND EQUESTRIAN COMIC PANTOMIME.—The only Theatre open.—Box-office open from 11 to 4.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—BOXING NIGHT, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26th, and following Evenings, will be produced the New Grand Spectacle of KENILWORTH; or, the Golden Days of Queen Elizabeth, with a variety of novelties in the Circle. The whole concluding for the first time with an entire New and Splendid Comic EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME, entitled HARLEQUIN and O'DONOGHUE; or, the White Horse of Killarney.—Box-office open from 11 to 4.—Stage-Manager, Mr. T. THOMPSON.

EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.—CHRISTMAS TICKETS.—Return Tickets issued on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th instant, will be available for the return journey any day up to and including Sunday the 29th. The Trains will run on Christmas Day as on Sundays. By Order, C. P. RONEY, Secretary, Bishopsgate Station, December 6th, 1850.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—On MONDAY next, 23rd of DECEMBER, Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Vocalists—Misses Birch, E. Birch, Doby, M. Williams; Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Phillips, &c., with Orchestra (including sixteen double-basses) of 700 performers. Tickets, 3s; Reserved Seats in Area or Gallery, 5s; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s 6d each, at the Society's Office, 6, in Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing-cross. The Subscription is One, Two, or Three Guineas per Annum. Subscribers now entering will be entitled to two Tickets for the above performance.

MR. ALBERT SMITH in LONDON, being the 100th representation of his highly popular Entertainment THE OVERLAND MAIL, at the Music Hall, Store-street, on MONDAY EVENING, December 30.—Stalls, 4s.; reserved seats, 2s.; back seats, 1s.; to be had at CHAPPEL'S, 50, New Bond-street; CRAMER'S, 201, Regent-street; DUFF'S, 45, Oxford-street; and at the Hall.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT, MUSIC HALL, STORE-STREET, BEDFORD-SQUARE.—Mr. JOHN PARRY will give his NOTES, VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL, at the above Hall, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, commencing at Half-past Eight. Tickets and Programmes to be had of Messrs. C. and R. OLLIVIER, 41 and 42, New Bond-street, and at the Hall. The Entertainment will be repeated on TUESDAY Evening, January 7th, being Mr. JOHN PARRY'S last performance in London until Easter.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.—Mr. DISTIN and his SONS will perform on the SAX-HORNS at the following places:—Monday, December 23, Rochester; 26, Beaumont Institution. Vocalist, Miss O'Connor; Pianiste, M. Normand. All tickets to be addressed to Henry Distin's Sax-horn and Patent Cornet Depot, 31, Cranborne-street, Leicester-square, London.

PHILLIPS'S LITERARY, VOCAL, and SCENIC ENTERTAINMENT, including a Magnificent DIORAMA of CORK HARBOUR, COVE of CORK, GONGANE BARRA, GLENGARIFF, BANTRY BAY, VALLEY of the BLACK-WATER, INISFALLEN, CROMWELL'S BRIDGE, ROSS CASTLE, and the far-famed LAKES of KILLARNEY. Open Daily, at the APOLLONICON ROOMS, St. Martin's-lane, at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s.

THE GREAT PANORAMA of the NILE, owing to its immense attractiveness, will be exhibited three times daily during the holidays. It is a vivid realization of the scenery of Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia, and affords a cheap and eligible mode of performing a journey through those interesting countries, and of becoming acquainted with their many wonders. It is put in motion daily, at Twelve, Three, and Eight.—Admission, 1s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; Stalls, 2s.

INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.—GALLERY of ILLUSTRATIONS, 14, Regent-street.—The MOVING DIORAMA of the OVERLAND MAIL to India, from Southampton to Madras and Calcutta, is NOW OPEN Daily: Mornings at 12, Afternoons at 3, Evenings at 8.—Admission, 1s; Stalls, 2s 6d; Reserved Seats, 3s. Doors open half-an-hour before each representation.—The New Diorama of our Native Land will shortly be produced, in addition to the above. The Diorama of the Life of his Grace the Duke of Wellington has also been some time in progress.

THE PORTLAND GALLERY, 316, REGENT-STREET, Langham-place (opposite the Polytechnic Institution), will OPEN on MONDAY, the 9th of DECEMBER, 1850, with a GRAND MOVING DIORAMA of the GANGES, with Calcutta and Juggernaut. The entire Diorama invented and painted by Mr. F. C. DIBDIN, from Sketches by J. Ferguson, Esq., made on the spot during his residence in India.—Doors to open at Half-past Two and Half-past Seven P.M. The Overture to commence at Three and Eight P.M.—Admission, 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s 6d.

OVERLAND ROUTE to CALIFORNIA, across the ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Now Exhibiting at the EGYPTIAN HALL, a Grand MOVING DIORAMA, illustrating the OVERLAND ROUTE to OREGON, TEXAS, and CALIFORNIA.—In consequence of the great concourse of persons who crowd to the Hall in the evening to witness the above Panorama, there will be an extra Exhibition each day, at 12 o'clock, during the Christmas Holidays—commencing on the 6th of December. Mornings, 12; Afternoons, 3; Evenings, quarter to 8. Open half-an-hour before each Exhibition. Admission, 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—LECTURE by Dr. BACHHOFFNER on VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY, in which will be exhibited ALLMAN'S PATENT ELECTRIC LIGHT. LECTURE by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., on the history and uses of the ELECTRICITY. NEW LECTURE by Mr. GEORGE BARKER, entitled an ENGLISH CHRISTMAS, illustrated by appropriate Ballads.—OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.—ENTIRELY NEW SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS.—DIVER and DIVING-BELL, &c., &c. Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.—Open daily, from Eleven till Five o'clock, and every Evening (except Saturday) from Seven till Half-past Ten.

APOLLONICON.—The largest and most perfect Work of MUSICAL MECHANISM in the World. Five Performers at the same time. THURSDAY, 26th, and FOLLOWING DAYS, until further notice, at TWO PRECISELY. Second Part at THREE. Royal Music Hall, Adelaide-street, Strand, adjoining Lowther Arcade. Programme: Part I. Overture "Sémiramis"; Rossini. Air, "I love her" (Solo). Auber. Movement 7th Symphony, "Beethoven." "Harmonious Blacksmith" (variations, Solo). Handel. Grand March, "Prophète," Meyerbeer. Part II.—Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. Air, "Where the Bee Sucks," Arne. Selection, "Lucrèce Borgia," Donizetti. Recitative, "Orythia," and air, "The Pilgrim of Love." Bishop. Overture, "Zampa," Herold. Mozart's overture, "Figaro," or Weber's overture, "Der Freyschütz," by the extraordinary mechanical power. Admission, 1s; Reserved Seats, 1s 6d; Carriages may be ordered at Four.

CHESSE SOIRE.—HERR HARWITZ, the celebrated Chess-player, will contest THREE GAMES SIMULTANEOUSLY, BLINDFOLDED, AGAINST THREE of the MEMBERS of the WESTMINSTER CLUB, on MONDAY the 23rd of DECEMBER, 1850, at the Club-house. The rooms will be thrown open at Eight o'clock. Non-members can obtain cards of admission, at 2s 6d, on application in the Secretary's office. Club-house, Arundel-street, Strand. WILLIAM STRUDWICKE, Secretary.

EXHIBITION of MODERN BRITISH ART.—This Exhibition is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, 5, Pall-mall East, Daily, from 10 till dusk.—Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. SAMUEL STEPNEY, Secretary.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The GARDENS of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY in the REGENT'S PARK will be open to Visitors on payment of SIXPENCE each, EVERY DAY, except Sunday, from CHRISTMAS EVE to JANUARY 6th, inclusive. The HIPPOPOTAMUS is exhibited from Eleven till Four o'clock.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS

SPLENDID PRESENT

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

In preparation,

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE VAST BUILDING

DESIGNED BY MR. PAXTON

FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN 1851.

This View will be Engraved in a very superior style, and printed on a large sheet of fine paper: it will be published at the time of the opening of the Great Exhibition. The Print will be given to all Regular Subscribers to the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Also in preparation,

A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE INTERIOR

OF

THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.

* * Further particulars of these Prints, together with other Engravings in preparation connected with the Great Exhibition, will be duly announced. 198, Strand, September, 1850.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD AND CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, and S.P.G.—We are not aware of the hon. member's Intentions as to the Marriage Bill. WOOLMOOLLOO.—Air-belt life-preservers were invented some thirty years since by J. M. R. North Shields—Apply to Mr. Evans, printer, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

A SUBSCRIBER, *γυιος*—The Secretary of the Orthopedic Hospital is Mr. B. Maskell, 7, Bloomsbury-square. R.T.W.—There are six distinct varieties of the farthing of Queen Anne; indeed, there may be said to be seven; but one sort alone was *only rarely in circulation*, which has a seated figure of Britannia, and the date 1714 in the exergue. It is worth from 7s to 14s. The very rare variety has Britannia standing, with an olive branch in her right hand, and a spear in her left; legend, "Bello et Pace." In the British Museum are all the varieties.—(See "Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated.")

A SUBSCRIBER, Rochester.—The husband of the daughter of an heiress (which heiress has left sons and daughters) may impale with his own arms those of his wife's father, quartered with the coat of that lady's maternal grandfather.

J.D.N., Dublin.—The impressions received are from a copper coin of Elizabeth, struck for Ireland, and very common.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Lambeth.—The "Magic Lantern" was illustrated in our Christmas Number.

EDGAR DE HAVILLAND, Bridgewater.—An Exhibition of Studies from the Old Masters has just been opened at the British Institution, in Pall-mall.

PARATA is recommended to apply to the office of the asylum.

CLERICUS, D.C.L.—The present entrance-money to the Royal Society is £10, the annual subscription £4; members are elected by ballot, upon the nomination of six or more fellows.

W.W.—M. Chausard enumerates upwards of 400 works expressly devoted to the life of Joan of Arc, or her history. That of M. Lebrun des Chantemes is the fullest biography.

J.E.R., Newgate-street.—Apply for the "Channel Islands Guide" to Mr. Cruchley, Fleet-street.

G.A.R., Lexington.—The proceeds should be proportionably divided between the freeholder and leaseholder, according to their respective interests.

A SINGLE MAN.—It is a popular error to suppose that the wife of a man's selling his wife is legal; for it is directly punishable by law. (See "Popular Errors Explained," p. 249.)

M.H.—The cost of investigating and arranging quarterings entirely depends on the amount of research and labour involved. The city of York is the only place in England where the Chief Magistrate is entitled to the appellation of "the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor."

NECROPOLIS.—The style is "The Lord Mayor of the City of London."

I.H.S., Wyndham Club.—Received.

J.L., Cork.—The white cravat has disappeared.

J.B., Burwood-place, is thanked.

J.B.—Apply to Ackermann and Co, Strand.

JEANIE DEANS.—We think not.

QUIDAM, Gillingham.—Thanks.

T.G.V., Bury.—The lines will not suit.

T.W.B. ("Essex") is thanked.

* * Numerous Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED DURING THE WEEK.

The Mirror of Maidens.—The Island of Calypso.—Jack and the Giants, illustrated by Richard Doyle.—Monk and Washington.—Hints for Happy Homes.—Across the Atlantic.—The Kiebleyours on the Rhine.

THE CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS will be continued next week, with an Engraving of the Royal Kitchen in Windsor Castle; and Scenes from the Christmas Entertainments at the Theatres.

The promised Picture of the Presentation of the Addresses to her Majesty at Windsor Castle is unavoidably deferred till next week.

The Illustrations of the Great Exhibition Building will be resumed next week.

The continuation of "Fred Holdersworth" in our next.

WITH THE PRESENT NUMBER

IS PUBLISHED

A CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

Price of the Two Numbers, One Shilling.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1850.

THE German "difficulty," compared with which the "Irish difficulty," which has so long puzzled the wisest heads in Great Britain, is but a trifle, has, since the conclusion of the negotiations of Olmütz, assumed a new shape and a new name. The idea of the "unity" of Germany having produced no other effect than to make its hopeless "disunity" more painfully apparent, a middle course has been suggested, by which the rival pretensions of Austria and Prussia may be satisfied, and peace restored to the German nations. As there cannot be a "unity," it is proposed that there shall be a "duality;" in other words, that the states of Germany, instead of being concentrated under one head, shall form what astronomers call a binary system, in which the two sons of Austria and Prussia shall revolve around and sustain each other, co-existent and co-equal. The learned professors of the universities, who occupy the high places, both of government and of journalism, are debating upon the wisdom and practicability of a reconstruction of Germany on this basis; but at present the idea does not appear to afford much satisfaction to either of the high belligerents, who, for the last two years, have kept central Europe on the war-footing. By such an arrangement, Austria would lose the undivided headship of Germany, which she has long nominally enjoyed; and Prussia would be obliged to abate the high pretensions which the King and her people have alike put forth. Neither seems in the humour to make the sacrifice of honour and dignity which this would involve; and the "duality" of Germany threatens to be as difficult a matter to bring about as its "unity." Since the subject was first broached, the partisans of the four Kings of Germany, namely, those of Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, who consider it by no means necessary that their potentates should be extinguished, either in the unity or in the duality of the Fatherland, have suggested another arrangement. "It is likely," says a recent letter from Munich, "that Bavaria and Wurtemberg will join, not precisely in opposing Prussia and Austria, but in endeavouring to diminish the apprehended evil of the dual supremacy, by seeking to obtain a share of it, or rather to divide the power into thirds, and thus convert the dualism into what is termed a 'trios'; the third portion to be composed of the four kingdoms." So many are the difficulties which the ambition of the King of Prussia has called into existence, that any arrangement seems equally impracticable. In the meantime, it is matter for rejoicing that the two great rivals have begun to disarm. Both states have issued orders for a general reduction of troops to the effective numbers previous to the last war-panic, when Prussia called out her *landwehr*; and Prussia has ordered the disbanding of the second class of the *landwehr* to be completed by the 23rd instant, when the disbanding of the first class will commence. Before New Year's Day, it is anticipated that nearly the whole of this formidable militia will have returned to their homes. The Free Conferences, which open at Dresden on Monday next, and which, in all probability, unless some unforeseen accident bring them prematurely to a close, will continue for several months, will thus be carried on under better auspices than if each of the disputants had his armies on the war-footing. This is the most hopeful feature of the present state of the German controversy, and proves so considerable an abatement of former jealousies and mistrust of the rival powers, as to encourage the expectation, that Kings and people, being alike weary of this long and suicidal contest, will ultimately agree to some practicable scheme by which they may live together in harmony.

Mr. FILLMORE's first message to Congress has excited much attention, both with a view to ascertain the character of the man and the nature of his policy. We regret to say that our conclusions, after a diligent examination, are unfavourable on both points. His foreign policy is to preserve peace and maintain the dignity of the United States, and his language and conduct on this point are worthy of our respect. But there is a quality in the speech, which, probably, recommends it to his countrymen, that is derogatory to his dignity and character. Placed by the accident of General Taylor's death in his present exalted position, he has sought to recommend himself to his countrymen by a great variety of small bribes to particular interests. To the Fugitive Slave Bill he adheres with more pertinacity than justice, to gratify the South; and he recommends an increase and an alteration of import duties, to please the North. He is a professed friend to the labourers in California, where he proposes to protect them against capitalists; and he is to tax them throughout the Union on their clothing, their tools, and their luxuries, to enrich the other class. To compensate the farmers, apparently, for the duties he proposes to lay on them, in order to promote manufactures, he is to procure guano from Peru at a cheap rate, and to provide them a chemical lecturer and an office of instruction to teach them how to improve their cultivation. For the commercial classes, he is to make canals and harbours; and for every class, not trusting them to their own exertions, the Government is to do something to promote their prosperity. This astounds us, as much for its violation of just principles, as its application to a people renowned for the electric telegraph and steam navigation. For petty and minute expedients, intended, apparently, to propitiate the several interests of the State, and gain popularity, it is the most remarkable Message that ever proceeded from one of Washington's successors. It makes us conclude that Mr. Fillmore is a far better lawyer than a politician. He has certainly not mastered the great social problem of the day; and his adoption of the worn-out system of Protection is alike derogatory to his capacity as a man and a ruler.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday last being the day to which Parliament stood prorogued, the House met at three o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack, in the House of Lords, accompanied by Lord Montague and Lord Stanley of Alderley, the other commissioners appointed for the occasion. The House of Commons having been summoned in the usual form, and being in attendance by their officers, the commission was read by Mr. Rose, one of the clerks of the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor then read the Royal proclamation, declaring Parliament to be further prorogued to Tuesday, the 4th February, when both Houses will meet for the despatch of business.

POSTSCRIPT.

PAPAL AGGRESSION.

THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY MEETING was held on Wednesday, at Carlisle. 2000 persons were present. The High Sheriff, Thomas Salkeld, Esq., presided. Mr. Hasell, of Dalemain, moved an address to the Queen. Mr. Brisco seconded. Mr. P. H. Howard, M.P., a Roman Catholic, moved an amendment:—"That full religious liberty is the birthright of every Englishman, and that any legislative interference with the spiritual government of an unendowed church, which claims nothing from the State but toleration, is alike impolitic and unjust." Mr. Howard defended the Catholics from the imputation of being the foes of civil and religious liberty. Mr. Gibbon, manufacturer, seconded the amendment, which, after some discussion, was supported by about 100 hands, and the original motion was carried by a large majority.

A large meeting of inhabitants of St. Luke's, Chelsea, which was held on Thursday night, adopted an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the Bishop of London; and a permanent committee was appointed to act in co-operation with the metropolitan committee, so as to render the power of the laity more effective in preserving the purity of our Protestant religion.

One of the largest in-door meetings ever held in Bath took place on Thursday at the Upper Assembly-Rooms in that city, under the presidency of Lord Ashley, M.P. It was composed exclusively of laymen of the Church of England, in imitation of the great metropolitan lay meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Lord Ashley, who was greatly applauded, impressed upon the meeting the necessity of their not allowing the excitement and indignation which had been created to evaporate. The laity should always remember that it was they who had invariably reformed the Church. Already their efforts had been unsuccessful, since they had resulted in the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Bennett, and the quietude of a prelate well known in the west of England, to whom he would not allude by name. The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen, and resolutions were passed unanimously condemning the Papal aggression and Tractarianism, and memorials to her Majesty and to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury were adopted by acclamation.

A MEETING OF THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM, on the Papal aggression, has been convened for the 2nd of January.

MONMOUTH COUNTY MEETING was held at Usk on Wednesday. There was a very large attendance of the leading persons residing in the neighbourhood; and resolutions and addresses, similar in spirit to most of those recently adopted at various meetings throughout the country, were agreed to.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says:—"Last Sabbath, the officer in command of the Roman Catholic soldiers of the 1st Royals, at Rathkeale, was obliged, for the fifth time, to withdraw the military from the chapel, in consequence of the political nature of the observations made by the priest."

PLATE ROBBERY IN THE STRAND.—At the Central Criminal Court, yesterday (Friday), Charles Clinton, aged 17; Daniel John Shew, aged 34; James Badcock, aged 19; John Gardener, aged 25; and George Buncher, were put upon trial, before Mr. Justice Wightman, for burglariously entering into, and stealing out of, the premises of Mr. Thomas Clapham and another, in the Strand, plate to the amount of £1500; and Mary Ann Buncher and Mary Ann Cheveneau were charged with harbouring the prisoners Buncher and Gardener, after they had committed the robbery. Clinton pleaded Guilty. The same evidence was given as that adduced before the police-magistrate a few weeks ago, and which we noticed at the time. The learned Judge, in summing up, referred to the evidence, and observed, that although, undoubtedly, there was a good deal of suspicion in the matter, it appeared to him that the legal evidence was not sufficient to justify a conviction. If the Jury entertained the same opinion, it would be unnecessary to proceed further with the matter.—The Jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."—The prisoner Clinton, who had pleaded guilty, was sentenced to be transported for twenty years.

This day (Saturday) being St. Thomas's Day, the election for common-councilmen in the City takes place, according to annual custom.

ESTABLISHMENT OF STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH BRAZIL.—Her Majesty's Government have concluded a contract with the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company for the conveyance, by steam-packets, of the mails between this country and Brazil. The first packet under this contract will leave Southampton on the 9th January next, after the arrival at that place of the day mail from London, and the service will thenceforward be continued by packets sailing from Southampton monthly, and calling at Lisbon, Madeira, Tenerife, St. Vincent (Cape de Verdes), Pernambuco, and Bahia, on the route to Rio de Janeiro. A branch steam-packet will proceed, on the arrival at Rio de Janeiro of the packet from England, to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. The mails for Brazil and the other places mentioned will be made up in London on the morning of the 9th of each month, except when the 9th happens to fall on a Sunday, when the mails will be made up and despatched from London on the morning of the following day.

MUNIFICENT DONATIONS.—On Thursday, at the Court of Common Council, the Lord Mayor announced that Mr. Henry Beaufoy, who had already acted with unparalleled liberality to the great institution of the City of London School, had invested another sum of money, amounting to upwards of £1000, for the establishment of prizes. The Common Council also granted 200 guineas to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

The accounts of yesterday (Friday) from Paris are taken up chiefly with a speech made by the President of the Republic, on Wednesday evening, at a dinner given by M. Dupin, the President of the Legislative Assembly, in which Louis Napoleon took occasion to administer a reproof to M. Dupin and his friends, for the disunion that prevails amongst them, and their opposition to the Government. It is generally considered that Louis Napoleon was quite justified in alluding to the want of union with the Executive, considering that M. Dupin had been so very earnest against him in the Permanent Committee. All the Ministers and Foreign Ambassadors were present, as well as several members of the representative body, on the occasion.

A new Legitimist Committee of twelve has been formed (in the room of the five chosen at Wisbead), who are actively engaged in promoting the interests of the Duke of Bordeaux. The Orleansists are much displeased at this political movement, and contemplate the appointment of a committee of their own selection, by way of counteracting the influence of the former.

In consequence of a commission having been appointed to examine all matters bearing upon the metallic currency, it was generally believed that the Government would withdraw gold from circulation.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—The fifteenth annual meeting of this society was held at the London Tavern, on Monday; Mr. S. H. Lucas in the chair. Mr. Marsh, the secretary, read the report of the directors, which says, "During the past year 1549 policies have been issued, the annual premiums on which amount to the sum of £22,845 3s. 4d.; 138 additional proposals for assurance have been declined as ineligible. Large as is the number of policies issued in the past year, it will be seen that it is about 180 short of the number effected in the year preceding; but there is no doubt that the great excess of assurance, in 1849, over every former year, was materially contributed to by the alarm on the public mind which the fatal effects of the cholera produced during several months of that period. The number of deaths since the last report has been 73; and the amount of claims, including bonuses thereon, £37,413 12s. 5d.; the former being 28 fewer, and the latter less by £8661 11s. 3d. than last year. The total amount paid to families of deceased members, since the commencement of the institution, including bonuses, is £194,823 6s. The annual income of the institution is now £172,500 16s. 9d. The accounts for the year ending the 29th of November last have been duly audited. The balance of receipts over the disbursements is £106,626 7s. 6d., increasing the capital stock of the institution at that date to the sum of £623,869 14s. 7d., which is invested in real and Government securities. After a short conversation, the report was adopted; and the formal business of appointing auditors, &c., for the ensuing year having been transacted, the meeting separated.

ROYAL NAVAL FEMALE SCHOOL.—The examination of the pupils of this institution, previous to the Christmas vacation, took place at the school on Richmond-green, on Tuesday. There was a numerous attendance of the friends of the pupils, and other persons interested in the welfare of the school, amongst whom were Lady W. Fitzroy and the Misses Fitzroy, Lady Young, Lady Bryant and the Misses Bryant, Mrs. D. B. Chapman, Mrs. C. Baring Young, &c. The pupils were examined in the various branches of education taught at the school, including Scripture, geography, music (with thorough bass), French, drawing, singing, Roman history, arithmetic, chronology, astronomy, &c.; and never on any former occasion did they exhibit more gratifying proof of the sound religious principles inculcated, and of the progress made by the pupils generally in every branch of secular knowledge. The examination was in all respects most satisfactory, and gave equal evidence of capacity in the teachers, as of ability and industry on the part of the pupils. Amongst other charitable bequests, the late Miss Kennett, of Montpellier-square, Knightsbridge, has left £50 to the Royal Naval Female School.

AID TO THE INDIGENT IN ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.—A meeting of gentlemen connected with this parish was held on Monday evening, at the inquest-room, St. Andrew's-court, for the purpose of establishing a Parochial Visiting Society, having for its object the relief of the necessities of the poor and the improvement of their social, moral, and religious condition. The Rev. J. J. Toogood presided. The minutes of the preliminary meeting having been read, the chairman opened the proceedings by expressing the anxiety he felt to obtain the co-operation of his parishioners in visiting and assisting the poor inhabitants of that populous parish. He proposed that a society should be formed, to be conducted in accordance with the rules of the Metropolitan District Society, the managers and visitors being lay members of the Church of England, but relief being administered to all, without reference to religious persuasion. Messrs. Aired, Elder, Grover, J. R. Taylor, and other gentlemen expressed their hearty approbation of the objects contemplated by the proposed society, and a committee was appointed and subscriptions entered into for the purpose of carrying them into effect.

ROMANISING PRACTICES IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—On Thursday evening a very numerous meeting of the lay inhabitants of St. Luke's, Chelsea, was held in the Commercial Hall, King's-road, and addresses to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, deprecating of Romanising ceremonies, as recently introduced in some of the churches and chapels in the service of the Church of England, were unanimously adopted.

ORIENTAL BANK.—On Thursday, the annual meeting of the shareholders in this bank was held at the Banking-house, in Walbrook; H. G. Gordon, Esq., in the chair; when a dividend of 7 per cent. was declared, and £4000 carried to the reserve fund, which now amounts to £112,000, in addition to about £2000 contingent fund. Resolutions were also carried for amalgamating the Royal Ceylon Bank with this company.

REPEAL OF THE WINDOW TAX.—A meeting of deputations from the various metropolitan parishes was held at the Court-house, Marylebone, on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of organizing measures for a general agitation to obtain a total and immediate repeal of the window tax.—Mr. J. A. Nicholson presiding—when resolutions to the following effect were unanimously carried:—"That, in accordance with the resolution carried unanimously, December 4, 1850, this meeting do pledge itself to use every possible means to obtain a total and immediate repeal of the window duty, a tax not only oppressive and unfair, but degrading to the morals and sanitary condition of the people generally; and that it is desirable that the deputation from each of the metropolitan parishes do wait upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer as soon as possible after Christmas, to urge the total and unconditional repeal of the tax."

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.—A special meeting of the Society for Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, in connexion with the Established Church, was held in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday; the Duke of Manchester in the chair. The area of the large hall was densely crowded on the occasion, chiefly by ladies. The principal speakers were the Rev. A. R. C. Dallas, the Rev. John Greig, of Trinity Church, Dublin; and the Rev. Dr. McNeill, of Liverpool. The two former speakers detailed the results of their observations on a tour they had made to the Society's missions in Connemara, first in the course of last summer, and again a few weeks ago; from which it appeared that nearly 3000 persons now admitted the visits of the Scripture readers, who before would not hold any communication with them. The speech of Dr. McNeill was chiefly directed to the question of the Papal aggression, and he proposed, amidst the cheers of the meeting, as a means of meeting the Pope's bull, that the College of Maynooth should be instantly disendowed, and all money grants withdrawn from the Romish Church in the colonies and elsewhere; and that a total abjuration of the Pope of Rome ought to be a *sine qua non* for election to any office of trust or power under the Crown of England. A liberal collection followed at the close of the meeting.

SOCIETY FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE INSANE.—The first meeting for the season of this society took place on the 4th instant, at the residence of the treasurer, 26, Cavendish-square; when a paper was read detailing a remarkable case of cure of insanity, caused by tapeworm, by the use of koussou. The society awards annual prizes for the best essays on subjects named by them, and also premiums to the attendants on the insane for longest residence and best conduct. The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury is president, and Sir Alexander Morison, M.D., treasurer.

SMITHFIELD MARKET.—On Wednesday night, a meeting of butchers and others connected with the trade of Smithfield Market took place at Farringdon Hall, Snow-hill, to take into consideration the proposed toll which the Corporation have intimated their intention to inflict upon cattle on their egress from the market of Smithfield when enlarged according to the corporate plan. Mr. C. Pearson, with Deputies Bedford, Hicks, and several Common Councilmen, were present. After a few preliminary remarks from the chairman, he introduced Mr. C. Pearson, who said he felt the greatest interest in the proposed extension of the market by the Corporation, who were desirous to do all they could to meet the wants and wishes of the public, and with respect to which he felt that those who objected to the existing market had not fairly considered such propositions. As to the sanitary part of the question, he thought that would be improved in the proposed alterations. Better arrangements were proposed for the management of the market, for increased space, and getting rid of the alleged cruelties. In conclusion, he expressed his opinion that nothing could be better than the proposed enlarged market for the sale of live and dead cattle. Other gentlemen addressed the meeting, and thanks having been given to Mr. Pearson, and also to the chairman, the meeting separated.

POSTAGE OF LETTERS.—A very large number of letters are collected all over the kingdom by the country postmen on their route from village receiving-houses, with letter-bags to the chief post-offices in towns. These letters are collected from houses, and small hamlets, and villages, situated at a distance from any letter-receiving-office; and by a late regulation all such collected letters were to be pre-paid by stamps. This regulation has been found so inconvenient to the public who live at a distance from where stamps are sold, that the Postmaster-General has just issued instructions that the country postmen shall, if required, take the postage of such letters in money.

DEPARTURE OF FEMALE EMIGRANTS.—On Tuesday, forty-six young females, whose ages varied from sixteen to twenty-six, left the Emigrants' Home, in Hatton-garden, where they had been domiciled for some weeks past, since their selection from a great number of females who had presented themselves as candidates for emigration to the committee of the "Female Emigration Fund," for which object, it will be in the recollection of our readers, public subscriptions were, a few months since (on the plan suggested by the Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P.), raised to a considerable amount. The number above alluded to were embarked on board the *Gentoo*, lying in the basin of the London Docks, which will immediately sail for the Cape of Good Hope, where the committee have made every arrangement for their favourable reception on their arrival.

SUICIDE OF MR. GEORGE SPENCE, Q.C., OF THE CHANCERY BAR.—On Monday, Mr. Wakley, M.P., coroner for Middlesex, and a jury of highly-respectable inhabitants of the parish of Paddington, assembled at the residence of the late Mr. George Spence, Q.C., No. 42, Hyde Park-square, for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances attending the death of that gentleman. The deceased, who was 63 years of age, had been in a desponding, low state of mind for some time past. Dr. F. W. Mackenzie said, shortly after two o'clock on the previous Tuesday morning he found the unfortunate gentleman in a state of collapse, with wounds of an incised character on both sides of the neck, on the thigh, and on both wrists. The chief hemorrhage was from the wounds in the neck. The deceased was rational and collected when witness saw him. He said he had been in a very desponding state previously, and had inflicted the wounds upon himself while in a fit of despondency. He added that it was useless to adopt any means to save him, as he felt his life could not be preserved. Witness did all that was necessary, and remained with the deceased until Mr. Squibb arrived. Mr. George James Squibb, surgeon, said he saw the deceased between three and four o'clock on Tuesday morning. He was then in a state of extreme depression, arising from excessive hemorrhage. On seeing witness, the deceased said, "You see what a dreadful thing I have done. I am pleased I have been punished in this world, and I hope I shall escape hereafter." The deceased never rallied, and died on Thursday from exhaustion and loss of blood. The jury returned a verdict to the following effect:—"That the death of the said George Spence was caused by exhaustion arising from loss of blood, by and from certain wounds in his neck and divers parts of his body; and that the said wounds were inflicted by himself while in an unsound state of mind." The deceased was very much respected at the bar and in his private circle. He has left two sons.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Shortly after eleven o'clock on Monday morning, the neighbourhood of Great Scotland-yard, Hoxford-market, was the scene of an accident, attended with the loss of two lives. For some time, a new sewer has been constructing, which opens in Middle Scotland-yard, and extends some distance into the river Thames, near Northumberland Wharf. At the usual hour in the morning the various men went to their work, and continued at their several departments until the above-named time, when suddenly the water from the river washed away the mainstay at the end of the sewer, and almost instantaneously the subterranean passage became filled with water. One poor fellow was driven by the force of the water to the mouth of the shaft leading into the sewer. He was taken out almost exhausted, and conveyed to the hospital, but no fatal injury is apprehended. Three or four other persons, on hearing the rush of water into the sewer, and who were standing near a ladder, succeeded in making a retreat just in time to avoid being drowned. The whole of the men were actively engaged during Monday afternoon in pumping the water out of the sewer, and between four and five o'clock they succeeded in clearing the immense subterranean passage of the principal portion of its contents, when they beheld the lifeless bodies of two poor fellows who had been engaged in forming the brickwork of the structure. Their names were Edward Gorman and Frederick Country Elliott. The former was a bricklayer, who resided in Fox-court, Gray's-inn-lane; and the latter a labourer. One has left a widow and three children totally unprovided for; and the other, it is understood, has left a widow and four children equally penniless. The two bodies were removed to St. Martin's Workhouse, to await a coroner's inquest. The formation of this sewer has been for some weeks in operation, and when the accident occurred was nearly completed. A steam-engine of considerable power was erected on the bank of the river for the purpose of pumping out the sewage water coming down the drains, so as to prevent it from interfering with the works; and in order to get away the water so pumped out, a canal was made from the high water to the low water mark, and up that canal the tide flowed, as a matter of course, the dam which was to connect two canals as usual after breakfast to execute the dam which was to connect two sewers, and to receive the contents of both when they could not otherwise be carried off; and while so employed, about eleven o'clock, they suddenly found the tide rushing in upon them at a rapid rate. The works are carried on by Messrs. Humphrey and Thirsk, the contractors, under the Board of Works, and are constructed for the purpose of connecting two sewers, one coming from Parliament-street, and the other from Whitehall, through Great Scotland-yard. The object of constructing those sewers, and making them meet at the river's edge at the bottom of Northumberland-street, was to prevent the Westminster sewers, at the bottom of Northumberland-street, in the vicinity of the New Houses of Parliament (and so heretofore discharged in the vicinity of the last two sessions), from contaminating the atmosphere in and around the New Palace; and to do this it was necessary to reconstruct the sewer coming down Whitehall and Parliament-street, and discharging itself in the Westminster main sewer, and make it meet at a point at the bottom of Northumberland-street, where the new Westminster sewer was intended to discharge itself. Respecting the origin of the disaster, it has been ascertained that it was owing entirely to the spring tides, which frequently occur at this season of the year. Every precaution had, it appeared, been taken to guard against such a catastrophe; extra banks had been made at the end of the sewer to keep the water out, but, notwithstanding, the tide rose so high as to flood the entire arch.

MURDEROUS ATTACK AND STREET ROBBERY.

At Marlborough-street, on Thursday, William Thompson, who described himself as a cabman, was brought before Mr. Bingham, charged with the following daring street robbery.

The prosecutor, Mr. Adolphus Dubois, dentist, 65, Prince's-street, Leicester-square, deposed that on the previous night, about nine o'clock, he was proceeding along Upper Norton-street, when suddenly from a door-way three men, one of whom was the prisoner, rushed upon him; and the prisoner came in front of him, and passed some kind of an instrument round his neck, and twisted it. Witness then called out, and the prisoner twisted it tighter, the other men at the time calling out, "Give it him." The prisoner suddenly let go his hold, and he (witness) called out "Murder" and "Police." The other two men, who are not in custody, then came forward and held his hands down, while the prisoner forcibly tore his coat open, and snatched his watch and chain from his waistcoat pocket. The two men then ran away, and the prisoner gave the instrument another twist, and witness became unconscious. When prosecutor came to himself, he found his coat torn and his watch and chain gone. The watch and chain produced were his property. Witness added, that he was still suffering from the effects of the injuries that he had experienced, and his throat was much swollen in consequence.

Mr. John Tanning, 23, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, stated that about a quarter-past nine last night he was in Upper Norton-street with a friend, when he noticed opposite to where he was walking three or four individuals, and almost immediately after he heard a cry of "Murder" and "Police," and then saw two men run down the street, and the prisoner crossed over towards where he was standing. Witness's friend then called out "Here is one of them," and witness caught hold of him by the collar. Witness held the prisoner till a constable came and took him into custody. They then walked over to the prosecutor, who was about forty yards from them; and he (prosecutor), on seeing him (prisoner), recognised him as the man who had attempted to strangle him. A female then came from No. 38, nearly opposite to where the occurrence took place, and handed to the constable the watch and chain produced, which she said she had picked up in the area of her house, close to where the prisoner was stopped.

Matilda Currell said, she lived at 38, Upper Norton-street. About 9 o'clock she and her family were at supper in the parlour, when she heard the cries of "Murder" and "Police." She ran to the door, and on the step of the next house she saw three men, who were holding the prosecutor, and she heard one say, "Give it him," "Do for him." She then saw the prisoner put his hand through the railing of the area, and she heard something drop on the stones. She went into the area to see what it was, and on the stones she found the watch and chain produced.

White, 33 E, stated that he was in Norton-street, when he heard the cries of "Murder" and "Police," and on proceeding to the spot he saw the prosecutor standing against the railings of No. 38, in a state of great excitement. On speaking to him, he complained that he had been robbed and almost murdered. Witness then crossed over to where the second witness was standing, and took the prisoner into custody.

The prisoner, who is supposed to belong to the gang who attacked Mr. Cureton, said he was perfectly innocent of the offence, and was remanded until Monday next.

ENCOUNTER WITH BURGLARS.—On Thursday morning, a communication, the full particulars of which are not allowed at present, for obvious reasons, to transpire, was received by the Commissioners of Police at Scotland-yard, of a rencontre between the police and some desperate burglars. It appears that the police had received intelligence of an intended burglary in Kent, and two officers were placed in the vicinity of Lewisham and Blackheath, and early in the morning perceived four men in a light chaise cart. The officers challenged the parties to surrender, and stopped the horse; on which two of the men presented pistols at the officers, who, not being adequately armed, were of course obliged to allow the thieves to escape, but kept possession of the cart, which contained housebreaking implements of the best description. It is said that the thieves form part of what is termed the "Surrey gang."

SUNDAY DELIVERY OF LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS IN THE COUNTRY.—Several complaints having been made to the Postmaster-General by certain parties against an early delivery of letters and newspapers in the country at their residences on a Sunday morning, the Marquis of Clanricarde issued a notice on Saturday to the different post-masters, sub-post-masters, and letter receivers throughout the United Kingdom, that those persons who do not wish to receive their correspondence or newspapers on a Sunday morning, must give to the postmasters, &c., in the locality, notice to the effect that they are to be delivered in the former way on the Monday. Any party giving such notice, which is to stand imperative for three months, cannot, under any emergency, obtain their letters and newspapers till the regular delivery on the Monday.

FIRE AT BERMONDSEY.—On Wednesday, between five and six o'clock, a fire broke out in the Rose and Crown Tavern, Salisbury-lane, Bermondsey-wall, which was attended with a serious destruction of property. The premises belonged to Mr. Ladd, a licensed victualler, and, owing to the inflammable character of the stock in trade, the flames travelled with such rapidity, that the various inmates had the greatest difficulty in effecting a safe retreat. The engines promptly attended, but not before the flames had seized upon every part of the premises. The engines were worked with full vigour for some hours, but the flames were not subdued until nearly everything on the premises was destroyed, and the building gutted. The total loss, it is believed, will exceed £1000. The sufferer was insured in the Monarch fire-office.

FALLING OF A PORTION OF THE KING'S-CROSS TUNNEL.—On Monday afternoon, shortly after three o'clock, an accident of a fatal character occurred at the terminus of the Great Northern Railway, at King's-cross. A large body of miners and other workmen have been for some time past engaged in excavating a tunnel, which is to pass from the eastern side of Maiden-lane-bridge, under the Regent's Canal, into the permanent station on the sites of the late London Fever and Small-pox Hospitals, at King's-cross. These men were in the employ of Mr. Hodge, the sub-contractor to Messrs. Jay, the contractors for the terminus, and at the time mentioned the miners had returned from their dinner about an hour, and were at work in groups in various parts of the tunnel. One group of miners, headed by a man named Abel Wynne, were at work in the tunnel about forty yards from its mouth, and were engaged in making ready for what is technically termed the "cill," a portion of timber used in supporting tunnels before the brickwork is introduced. He had just exclaimed, "Come, my men, we must pitch into this work, and get 'the cill' in," and had made one or two strokes with his pick, in conjunction with a man named Samuel Edwards, when a large quantity of earth gave way, and fell upon them and other workmen. An alarm was instantly raised, and after some delay the men were dug out, when it was found that the poor man Wynne had his head crushed in a frightful manner. He was conveyed to Randall's Cottages, near Randall's tile kilns, in Maiden-lane, but life was quite extinct. The other men were but slightly injured. No cause can be assigned for the falling of the earth.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—Births registered in the week ending Saturday, December 14—males, 728; females, 706; total, 1434. Deaths during the same period—males, 543; females, 547; total, 1090. This return shows that the mortality of London, which in the last week of November declined to 861 deaths, and in the subsequent week rose to 1004, has further increased; the number of deaths registered being 1090, greater than that of any corresponding week in the ten years 1840-9, with four exceptions—namely, in 1844 when a week of unusually low temperature (the mean not exceeding 28 deg.), was fatal to 1201 persons; in 1846, when the deaths were 1163, that week being also marked by low temperature; 1847, when the deaths rose to 2416, at that time influenza being epidemic; and in 1848, when they were 1130, fever then prevailing to some extent, and cholera having appeared. Last week has carried off an unusual number of aged persons (those of sixty years and upwards); and the increase over the previous return is principally caused by bronchitis and pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs. In the last three weeks the increase of bronchitis appears from the numbers returned as follows:—64, 88, 114; that of pneumonia is shown by 67, 86, 133, whilst the mortality from phthisis in the same periods has been more uniform—namely, 96, 113, and 116 deaths. The greater activity of small-pox, lately, has been noticed; in the present return it numbers 24 fatal cases (nearly the same as in the preceding), of which four occurred to persons above twenty years of age. Lisson Grove, in Marylebone, is still distinguished by its ravages; five additional cases (all except one being described as "variola, natural") were registered in the week. With reference to a case in St. Clement Danes, the Registrar remarks, that "the father of the deceased objects to vaccination, but can offer no reason for his opinion;" and reports from other districts prove that the person here referred to is not singular in his prejudice. Other important epidemics are measles, which numbers 20 cases, scarlatina 29, whooping-cough 42, croup 12, and typhus 37. From diarrhoea there were only 10 deaths; two, caused by cholera, are recorded thus:—In St. Giles, at 13, Clark's-buildings, on the 6th December, the daughter of a costermonger, aged 3 years, died of "bilious cholera (24 hours), convulsions (2 hours)." In West London, at 16, Dean-street, St. Andrew's, on 9th December, the daughter of a lapidary, aged 16 years, died of "English cholera (50 hours)." As described by the registrar, "the street is narrow and not very clean." In connexion with various deaths from scarlatina and typhus, the registrars are careful to mention nuisances to which the sufferers have been exposed: in one instance, a large cesspool oozing through the floor, which the inmates of the house find it necessary to cover with sawdust; in another, "an open sewer behind the house;" in a third, "offensive effluvia from cesspools;" and in a fourth, a drain "offensive in the extreme"—indeed so bad, that the persons who live there cannot suffer the door to remain open, and frequently the head of the family is seized with vomiting before leaving for his work in the morning.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—The mean daily reading of the barometer at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was highest on Sunday, when it was 30.232 in.; it was also above 30 in. on the two following days. The mean of the week was 29.935 in. The temperature was lowest on Tuesday, when the daily mean was 32.8°, which is less by 6° than the average of the same day in seven years. It rose on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, when the mean was about 46°, or 6° deg. above the average. The mean of the whole week was 40.1 deg. The wind was, for the most part, in the south-east on the first four days, and in the south-west for the rest of the week.



COUNTRY ROAD SCENE IN WINTER.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.

BARE the branches of the trees,
Save the snow that serves for leaves;
In the wind they seem to freeze,
But appearance still deceives.
They rejoice in their capotes,
Warm as white are their great coats.

Warm as is the coachman's there,
Who, on coach-box mounted high,
Wields the reins with ease and cheer,
And unto the town hard by
Speeds his steeds, that gaily go,
Caring nor for wind nor snow.

Less care they who crowd the roof—
Happy schoolboys, overglad;
To the weather Christmas-proof;
Laughing, shouting, almost mad!
Thoughts of home and merry times
Sing within their hearts, like chimes.

Hears their shout, with answering joy,
Carrier, looking from his cart;
Once he was himself a boy,
And is yet one in his heart.

Willing, then, he turns aside—
They may pass him in their pride.

Dull to them the railway train,
Sloping bank and tunnel dim;
Now are they set free again,
And in air their senses swim.
Each upon his coach-top throne;
Each a king, yet not alone.

Social monarchs! friendly crew!
What he gives, that each receives;
When shall men such love renew,
Free from all that now aggrieves,
And restore the old and sage,
Childhood's ever golden age?

H.

THE CHRISTMAS PARCELS TRAIN.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY DUNCAN.

BLESS the railways—what a bustle!
Why such faces—wild yet cheerful?
Wherefore do the people tuzzle—
Strive the hopeful with the fearful?

Has the Parcels Train arrived?
—Have you Michaelmas survived?
See you not it has? What else
The traffic and the strife compels?
What brings these oysters row on row,
That marvellous pile, that wondrous show,
Those countless scores of ducks and geese,
Those pheasants, turkeys—prophecies
Of coming hospitalities?
That Train, like a chest, so titanic in size,
Is a shrine that holds Gifts for both simple and wise.

It took them, to give them; that greatest and least,
The absent and present, might join in the feast.
From the top of the train, box, band-box, and hamper
Tumble down, toss about; while with scramble and scamper,
Here and there, he and she seize on, as they may,
This parcel or that, and with haste bear away.

O Christmas! O Christmas! thy votaries here
Are jocund, yet anxious,—and curious, I fear.
Each daughter of Eve with wonder would guess
Each parcel's worth from its heaviness;

What it holds, forthwith on the spot she would know
But wait she must, and home must go—
There box and bandbox, and hamper and all,
Will be rummaged, I trow, by big and by small—
By Peter and Thomas, by Philip and Paul;
By Grace of the parlour, and Bet of the hall.
And father and mother, grandpa and grandma,
Great aunt and kind cousin, et cetera—
The donors of all sorts of Christmas cheer—
Be named with a blessing, perhaps with a tear,
For all the good things these packets contain,
To the station now brought by the Parcels Train.

On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day,
Both after dinner and before;
And on, on, on to New Year's Day,
And on to Twelfth Night; o'er and o'er,
Those sacred names of kindred, friend,
And old acquaintance drunk shall be,
As those who from afar did send
Their offerings to Festivity—
The banquets of this happy tide!
Thereat their spirits shall preside;
And ever as the cup they drain,
The guests shall thank the *Parcels Train*.

D.



ARRIVAL OF CHRISTMAS TRAIN, EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.—DRAWN BY DUNCAN.

GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The attractions of the Great Crystal Palace increase as its advance towards a complete and perfect structure becomes more evident. The whole of the transept ribs having been fixed (our readers may remember that the first pair was elevated on the 4th instant, and the last pair was safely adjusted by the 12th instant), the work at the north-eastern and western sides has lately been wonderfully progressed with. Upwards of 160,000 square feet of glazing has been set within the last ten days; and the whole roof, as far as it stands, would have been covered, but for certain interruptions, over which the contractors had no controul. The western end, indeed, may be said to be complete save in the glazing and face work. The frame-work and flooring of the galleries has been expeditiously proceeded with, as also the cross galleries which traverse the building in several parts; wrought-iron tie-rods are inserted diagonally between the columns supporting the galleries, as an additional strength.

The ornamentation of the interior is left entirely to the taste and judgment of Mr. Owen Jones; and our readers may be enabled to judge from his clear and ably written paper, from which we have extracted that gentleman's arguments for the colours he has adopted, the ability and knowledge which are attached to his present arrangements. Mr. Owen Jones read his paper on the proposed decorations for the building on Monday night, to a very full meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He cited the ancient employment of colours in most of the great architectural monuments, and especially alluded to the development of Gothic architecture by their aid. Simple tints were totally inapplicable to the vast building in Hyde Park; and parti-colouring was alone capable of bringing the interior and its contents into one perfect harmony.

The prevailing colours used in decoration by the ancients were the "primaries," blue, red, and yellow; the "secondaries" appearing very sparingly. This principle is found in the remains of Nineveh, Central America, Egypt, and Greece. In the early manuscripts, and stained glass of the middle ages, the primaries were chiefly used; and the periods marked by the introduction of the secondaries, purple, green, and brown, were those of the decline of art and the incapacity of the artist. The lecturer continued thus:—"In the decoration of the Exhibition Building, I therefore propose to use the colours blue, red, and yellow, in such relative quantities as to neutralize or destroy each other: thus no one colour will be dominant, or fatigue the eye, and all the exhibited objects will assist and be assisted by the colours of the Building itself." And after accounting for the introduction of white, which disperses the harsh antagonism of the "primaries," he observed:—"As one of the objects of decorating a building is to increase the effect of light and shade, the best means of using blue, red, and yellow, is to place blue, which relieves, on the concave surface; yellow, which advances, on the convex; and red, the colour of the middle distance, on the horizontal planes; the neutral white on the vertical planes. Following out this principle on the building before us, we have red for the undersides of the girders, yellow on the round portions of the columns, blue in the hollows of the capitals. Now it is necessary not only to put the several colours in the right places, but they must also be used in their due proportions to each other: and an examination of the most perfect specimens of harmonious colouring of the ancients will show that the proportion of eight, five, and three has generally obtained—that is to say, that there has been as much blue as the yellow and red put together. Thus the light and the shade are made to balance each other." After other remarks in support of his arrangements, Mr. Jones concluded his very interesting paper with an appeal to his brother architects for a patient and fair appreciation of his efforts, which he confidently hoped, from a long experience, would not disappoint public expectation or prove unworthy of this great occasion.

The French exhibitors ask for a prolongation of time for the delivery at Paris of their contributions. M. Dumas postponed the arrangements till the 20th of Jan., which period is still asserted to be insufficient. At present the Paris manufacturers are busy in executing orders for New Year's Day; and those of the other districts, employed in fancy and delicate wares, object that the freshness and bloom of their productions would be lost if they are to be sent months before the opening of the Exhibition. This objection is earnestly made by the silk, ribbon-dyeing, and print trades of Lyons, St. Etienne, Mulhausen, Rouen, Le-dan, &c. Similar requisitions have been made in Switzerland and Germany. As we have previously stated, great apprehension exists respecting the necessity of a sufficient protection for new inventions, and some distinct understanding must be speedily arrived at, or the loss will be great to the Exhibition, from the refusal of various eminent firms to forward specimens of their art and skill. The Central Commission has been deliberating on the incidental expenses of the transport, agency dues, &c., of the articles forwarded from France, together with a required sum of £5000 for the purchase of samples of manufactures, machinery, &c., for the public collections of France. The various modes of transport are under consideration, and the ware-rooms at the stations of the French Northern and Havre lines have been officially inspected to ascertain their amount of accommodation.

The official circular respecting the reception of foreign articles at the Building requires them to be delivered at the south side, marked with the name of the country of which they are the produce, &c. Two lists of invoices in the English language of every article to be mentioned in the Catalogue are to be appended. Productions of each country must be brought into one spot for the Custom-house officers' examination, and for the officers of the Commission to ascertain their bulk, &c. Agents, &c. must unpack and arrange all articles, and must remove packing-cases at notice from the Executive Committee within six days. Every agent, &c. will be provided with a pass-ticket.

The Custom-house regulations require all goods, &c. for the Exhibition to be marked "Goods for the Great Exhibition only," and to be entered separately by a warehousing bill at sight. Packages can only be landed by permission from the Registrar, after seeing the bill of lading, with a certificate from the central authority of the country, or the English Executive Committee. The goods may then be forwarded to Hyde-Park. Duplicate notes of the weight or measures of goods will be taken by the Registrar, and the conveyance to Hyde-Park. On the arrival of the goods, the note accompanying the conveyance will be returned to the Registrar, who will compare the marks and numbers thereon with the warehousing bill of lading: if found correct, the latter document is to be forwarded to the Comptroller of Warehousing Accounts, Hyde-Park, and the receipt attached to the landing-book as a discharge.

In the official memoranda relative to the catalogue, the instructions for facilitating its compilation require exhibitors to fill up blank forms, obtainable from the local committees, with particulars of exhibitors' name, surname, address, and capacity in which each one appears, whether as producer, designer, or proprietor, &c., with the name and description of articles exhibited. It is also intimated that information as to the uses, consumption, excellence, price, and locality of the raw materials and processes, and as to the economy, importance, novelty, use, superior execution, or other particular features in machinery, and manufactures, and fine arts would be desirable, as naturally increasing the value and practical utility of the catalogue. Two English copies of the exhibitor's descriptions are to be forwarded to Mr. D. Wyatt, on or before Jan. 31. Illustrations of articles may be inserted in the large catalogue, at the expense of exhibitors, after approval by the Executive Committee. Communication with Mr. Wyatt, at the Hyde-Park Building, must in these cases be immediately made. Exhibitors desirous that the description, &c. of their contributions should appear in the French and German editions, must append a French and German description, made out as above declared.

Application is to be made to the Commissioners for the admission of wines, the produce of Portugal, to the Exhibition. It will certainly, we presume, be refused. A Central Committee has at last been appointed, of manufacturers, agriculturists, and others.

The Spanish Central Committee has been zealously assisted by the Government in their endeavours to procure a full representation of Spanish produce, especially in woollen and leathern manufactures.

Registration of designs to be exhibited may be, as we have announced, effected at the Building in Hyde-Park, on and after the 1st February, gratis. Designs for ornamenting articles of metal, wood, glass, earthenware, ivory, paper, maché, paper-hangings, carpets, floor-cloths, shawls, yarn, thread or warp, woven fabrics, and lace, &c.; designs for shape, &c., having reference to some purpose of utility, are here included. The right of the proprietor is protected by a penalty of from £5 to £30 for each offence, to be recovered in the Superior Courts, or by summary proceeding before two magistrates. Copies of the designs or actual specimen of manufacture, as in woven fabrics, must be prepared according to rules obtainable from the Designs Office, at Somerset-place, Somerset House, or from the Executive Committee of the Exhibition.

The Metropolitan Committee of the Chairmen of Sections, at their last meeting, arranged the vouchers for space into the thirty sections recommended by the Executive Committee to the General Local Committees throughout the kingdom. The amount of space, after considerable discussion, which each section should receive, was also determined. It now remains to pass judgment on the claims of exhibitors organised under the thirty sections, and to allot the amount of space to each exhibitor.

Lord Ashburton took the chair, and the Committee were assisted by Dr. Lyon Playfair and Lieut-Colonel Lloyd.

The four great sections are divided into thirty minor classes, by the arrangement issued from the Executive Committee:—

Raw Materials.—1. Mining, Quarrying, Metallurgy and Mineral products. 2. Chemical and Pharmaceutical processes and products generally. 3. Substances used as food. 4. Vegetable and Animal Substances used in manufactures, implements, or for ornament. 5. Machinery—5. Machines for direct use. 6. Manufacturing Machines and Tools. 7. Mechanical, Civil Engineering, Architectural, and Building Contrivances. 8. Military Engineering and Naval Architecture, Structure, &c., Armour, and Accoutrements. 9. Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements. 10. Philosophical Instruments and Miscellaneous Contrivances, including processes depending upon their use, Musical and Acoustical Instruments.

Manufactures.—11. Cotton. 12. Woollen. 13. Silk and Velvet. 14. Linen. 15. Mixed Fabrics. 16. Leather, including Saddlery, Skins, Fur, and Hair. 17. Paper, Printing, and Bookbinding. 18. Printing and Dyeing of woven, spun, felted, and laid fabrics. 19. Tapestry, including Carpets and Floor-Cloth, Lace and Embroidery, Fancy and Industrial Works. 20. Articles of Clothing for immediate, personal, or domestic use. 21. Cutlery, Edge-Tools, and Surgical Instruments. 22. General Hardware. 23. Working in Precious Metals, Jewellery, and all articles of luxury not included in the other jurisdictions. 24. Glass. 25. Ceramic Manufacture—China, Porcelain, Earthenware, &c. 26. Decoration, Furniture, and Upholstery. 27. Manufactures in Mineral Substances, used for building or decorations, as in Marble, Slate, Porphyries, Comets, Artificial Stones, &c. 28. Manufactures from Animal and Vegetable Substances, not being woven, felted, or laid. 29. Miscellaneous Manufactures and Small Wares.

Sculpture.—30. Models and Plastic Art.

Local Committees are requested to mark in red ink on the top of each voucher which of the thirty divisions the exhibitor wishes his productions to be placed in. Silk throwing machinery has been offered by the Derby committee, as silk throwing is said to have been first established in Derby.

The recommendation from the Leeds committee, that the district productions should be classed in primary groups of particular kinds or distinct textures, and then subdivided into secondary groups, or colours, appears to be discreet. A

pattern will be attached to each bundle of woollen goods, to prevent all unnecessary or injurious handling, or unpacking.

Two mechanics of Bolton, one a handloom-weaver, and the other a millwright, have obtained a prize of £5 each for essays on the "Advantages to a working man from visiting the Great Exhibition," which were offered by Mr. Bridson, the chairman of the Bolton Mechanics' Institution.

Mr. Nicholas, of Oxford-street, will arrange the series of American furs, partly contributed by the Hudson's Bay Company; the chairman of which, our readers may remember, promised, last year, at the first meeting in the Mansion House respecting the Exhibition, "that the finest beaver that could be obtained in the Company's territories should be forwarded to the Exhibition." Mr. Nicholas also offers to prepare a set of the skins of animals of this country, and will be obliged by any fine specimens with which he may be favoured, and which he will dress at his own cost.

From Bristol, we learn that Messrs. Fry and Sons are preparing specimens of their noted manufacture in cocoa and chocolate; and that a large collection of Somersetshire minerals, from the Mendip Hills, together with a variety of agricultural and other machinery, is promised. Various curiosities are also noticeable: one, a case of spectacles, showing improvements in their make and shape, from the time of James I. up to the present day; stained glass, leather, calotype pictures; boots neither sewn, pegged, or fastened with nails; hair-working, wood-carving, achromatic microscopes, agricultural tools and implements; a broad gauge locomotive, composed of more than 3000 pieces; sugar machines for separating syrup and molasses from the crystals of sugar; Somersetshire and Gloucestershire cheese-models, in glass, wood, iron, &c.; clocks, a specimen coat, floor-cloths, anatomical figure in ivory, and cushions and cotton cloth manufactured by the native Africans; besides miscellaneous articles of general interest.

A piano, with an octave movement to enable a player to trill with the finger instead of spanning the octave, is offered from Bridgewater; as also a piece of carving in English oak, with the subject of the Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard, &c., with other contributions.

Musical instruments presented by the metro oils will be of the highest character especially pianos and harps. Great satisfaction has been expressed at the addition of the Musical Committee to the London representatives.

The subscription from Huddersfield will, probably, amount to £1000. There is one "Visiting Club," among several established in the town, where the subscriptions are 4s. per week. Sir John Guest has given £50 to his men at the Downals Iron-works, who are also forming an association for a metropolitan trip in 1851. Mr. Harrison's proposal for a "Mechanics' Home," to which we alluded some weeks back, is likely to be realised. A working-man will be able to secure the amplest accommodation for his wants on the premises; the charge for occupancy of an apartment, it is now decided, will be 1s. 3d. per night.

The military force usually stationed in the metropolis will be strongly increased. All the battalions of the Guards are to be located in London during the season. The police is to be augmented, and application, it is rumoured, has been made to the Royal Commissioners for funds to meet any extra expenses in this department.

The working-men throughout the kingdom will benefit much from the formation of the visiting clubs which have now arisen, and which progress satisfactorily in almost every district. Railways have given an impetus to pleasure clubs by their excursion trains; but the desire for recreation and amusement by travelling to and examining the wonders and curiosities of other neighbourhoods, will be largely augmented by the accommodation provided for the influx, from all quarters, of working-men and their families in 1851. Local clubs, it is to be remembered, are to be conveyed at a single fair for the journey up and down, when 250 passengers for the journey have been secured. This is fixed by agreement with the Executive Committee; and the proviso that the companies shall not be required to bring up any clubs before the 1st of July can easily be modified by proper arrangements with the railway authorities of each district.

Regulations under which a register was opened at the offices of the Executive, for persons disposed to provide accommodation for artisans from the country who may visit the Exhibition, require that the names of persons of good repute only will be received, whose house and accommodation may be officially inspected. Accommodation for married people, for single men, and single women, must be distinct. Lodgings for females must be superintended by a married woman. Prices to be charged must be fixed up in every room: a form of application must be obtained from the Executive Committee's offices, filled up and signed, by all desirous to register.

MOHA MUDGAREE;

OR, A REMEDY FOR DISTRACTION OF MIND.

(Done into English verse from the *verbatim* translation of Sir W. Jones.—Vide "Asiatic Researches.")

RESTRAIN, deluded man, thy thirst of wealth,
Repress it with the force of mind and will.
Would'st thou preserve thy spirit in its health,
With noble actions feed it to the fill.

Thy wife, thy son, thy daughter—what are they?
The wonders e'en of this world who can tell?
What art thyself? whence com'st thou? Canst thou say?
My brother, ponder, ponder on this well.

Boast not of youth, nor opulence, nor power;
Ere thou canst think, Time snatches these away.
Check these delusions—fancies of an hour—
At Brahma's foot repose thy heart, and pray.

Like water-drops upon the lotus-leaf,
With tremulous motion gliding to and fro,
Is life: the converse of the good is brief—
It is our ship upon the seas below.

With body weak, mouth toothless, hair grown grey,
The staff he leans on shaking in his hand,
Man's thirst of gain survives in his decay,
And would were all earth's wealth at his command.

How quickly are we born, and old and dead!
How short the interval 'twixt death and birth!
The viciousness of earth how widely spread!
Wherefore, O man! liv'st thou in thoughtless mirth?

Day follows day; eve follows eve; morn, morn;
Springs after springs, winters on winters rise;
Life ever on Time's stream is onward borne;
But mortal expectation never dies.

Beneath the canopy of Heaven to dwell,
Under the shade of some wide-branching tree,
All vain desires of earthly joys to quell,
The ground our couch—this, this is to be free!

Love not too fondly woman, kinsman, child,
Nor friend in peace; in war hate not thy foes;
Be equal to all, and gently mild,
Would'st thou attain to Vishnu's calm repose.

The eight primeval mountains and seven seas,
Bramah and Inára, Budra and the Sun,
These are the never-changing—only these;
Not thou, nor I, nor man—wherefore all passion shun.

In thee, in me, in all we see and know,
Their lives and breathes a part of Vishnu's soul;
Then love not, hate not, with immoderate glow,
For all things are but parts of One Great Whole.

The boy so long delighteth in his play,
The youth so seeks the maiden of his love,
The old man frets so long his thoughts away,
That there are none to worship Him above.

Ponder, my brother, ponder on this word—
The word of truth, that passes not away;
What hope is there for him, who, having heard,
Will not bow down his head and meekly pray?

THE BASILICA AT MUNICH.—The Basilica of St. Boniface, commenced at the private cost of King Louis, of Bavaria, in 1835, and well known to all who have since visited Munich, was consecrated on the 24th ult. St. Boniface is built on the model of the church of St. Paul, at Rome, which was burnt fifteen years ago. The entrance front presents an arcade of nine arches, supported by eight columns of limestone and the side walls. The building is constructed mainly of red brick. Three doors of large size (the centre one nearly 30 feet high) are adorned with emblematic carvings by Glink. The interior, which has a length of 262 Bavarian feet and a width of 124 feet, is divided into five aisles by four ranges of columns, thirteen in each, and ends in a semicircular apse for the altar. The centre and principal division is 78 Bavarian feet high; the height of the side aisles is 43 feet. The columns are of pale grey marble; the capitals and bases white; the roof is open, and the panels formed by the principals and the purlins are painted blue, and powdered with gold stars. The woodwork is of deep red, with gilding. The high altar is approached by a flight of twelve steps. Below the pavement, which is of mosaic work, are formed vaults for the burial of the brethren of the Benedictine convent to which the Basilica is attached. The connection of the buildings is seen on the plan, behind the apsis. There is also a small subterranean chapel, in which to celebrate the funeral service. The interior of the church is profusely decorated with frescoes, by Mons. H. Hess and his pupils, who commenced them in 1840. M. Ziehlend is the architect by whom this magnificent church for the Roman Catholic religion has been erected; and it is worthy of note, as an evidence of the King's impartiality, that M. Ziehlend is a Protestant.

COURT AND HAUT TON.

THE COURT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert have dispensed a series of courtly hospitalities during the past week, at Windsor Castle.

On Tuesday last, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster and Lady Octavia Grosvenor, the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter and Lady Mary Cecil, the Earl and Countess Spencer and Lady Georgiana Spencer, and Lord George Lennox arrived at the Castle, on a visit to the Queen and the Prince.

On Wednesday, there were the following additions to the Royal circle:—The Marquis of Granby, the Earl and Countess Giverny, Lord and Lady Seymour and the Hon. Miss Seymour, and Sir William Gibson Craig, Bart.

On Thursday, a numerous and distinguished circle were honoured with invitations to be present at the second dramatic performance, in the Rubens Room. The Queen and the Prince, with the youthful members of the Royal family, continue in the enjoyment of excellent health, and have taken their accustomed daily riding and walking exercise.

The Marchioness of Douro has relieved the Viscountess Canning in her duty as Lady in Waiting to the Queen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived in town on Monday night from Dublin. On Tuesday morning, his Royal Highness went to Kew, to visit their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

His Excellency the French Ambassador has left town for Paris. M. Marescalchi will act as *chargé d'affaires* during the absence of his Excellency.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who is staying with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at their residence near Edinburgh, is not expected to arrive at Trentham until after the *accouchement* of the Duchess of Argyll, which is daily expected.

We are glad to learn that the health of the Duke of Newcastle has considerably improved, so much so that his Grace is enabled to sit up and transact business.

The Marquis of Lansdowne (Lord President) left town on Wednesday, for his seat, Bowood Park, Wilts.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston left town on Tuesday for Broadlands. The noble Viscount and Viscountess go to Bowood on Friday, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne.

It is rumoured in legal circles that Baron Parke will be called to the House of Peers, by the title of Baron Amphil, of Amphil Park, in the county of Bedford.

CONFIRMATION OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE.—The interesting ceremony of confirming her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, took place on Thursday, in the parish church of Kew. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, in the presence of her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, besides the more immediate members of the youthful Princess's illustrious family, consisting of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Cambridge.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SCARSDALE.



Her Ladyship died on the 16th inst., at the Hall, Barrow-on-Trent, in the 84th year of her age. She was originally Felicité Anne Josephine de Watines, a Flemish lady. Her husband, Nathaniel, second Lord Scarsdale, of whom she was second wife, died in 1837, leaving several children.

GENERAL THE HON. SIR WILLIAM LUMLEY, G.C.B.

This distinguished cavalry officer was the eighth son of Richard, fourth Earl of Scarborough, by his wife Barbara, sister and heiress of Sir George Saville, Bart. He was born the 28th August, 1769, a year most productive of heroes. He entered the army at the age of eighteen, in 1787, as a Cornet in the 10th Dragoons. His services extend from that period through the greater part of his life. In the Irish Rebellion, in 1798, he commanded the 22nd Light Dragoons, and was wounded at Antrim. He was afterwards in Egypt, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in South America, at the capture of Monte Video in 1807. After commanding the advanced force at the taking of Ischia, and after attaining the rank of Major-General, Lumley joined the British army in the Peninsula. He there won great distinction at the first siege of Badajoz, and he led the whole allied cavalry at the battle of Albuera; few, indeed, were more useful during the Peninsular war. He became a General in 1837. He had been previously created a G.C.B., in 1831; and in 1840 he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the 1st Dragoon Guards, removing thither from his prior Colonelcy of the 6th Dragoons. He received a gold medal for Albuera. Sir William Lumley had also been a Groom of the Bedchamber to her Majesty, and in 1842 he was named Extra Groom in Waiting. Sir William married, first, in 1804, Mary, daughter of Thomas Sutherland, Esq., of Ulverston. This lady dying in 1807, he married, secondly, in 1817, Louisa Margaret, widow of Colonel Lynch Cotton. The gallant General died on the 15th inst., in the 82nd year of his age.

GEORGE SPENCE, ESQ., Q.C.

This eminent and indefatigable member of the Chancery Bar was the son of Mr. Spence, a dentist of high repute in London. He was born in 1786, and was educated at a Scotch University; after graduating there, he became a pupil of the late distinguished lawyer, Mr. John Bell. He was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple on the 28th of June, 1811; and he soon attained considerable practice in the conveyancing and equity department of the profession. Although not possessed of eloquence, or an impressive delivery, Mr. Spence had that painstaking industry and unostentatious sound sense which go far to form a sterling lawyer and a useful advocate. In 1834 Mr. Spence was made a Queen's Counsel, and a Bencher of his Inn. A few years ago he was appointed by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn their lecturer on Equity Jurisprudence. As a writer upon law, Mr. Spence had a high and deserved reputation. His work on "The Equitable Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery," is founded partly on Maddock's "Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the High Court of Chancery," yet it is, in many important particulars, essentially an original work. This able production, the second volume of which appeared in 1849, has been generally commended and esteemed.

In politics Mr. Spence was a Liberal. During the Reform agitation, he, at a serious expense to himself, unsuccessfully contested Reading for a seat in Parliament. He married the daughter of a solicitor at Liverpool, and by her (who survives him) he leaves two sons. Mr. Spence, while in a state of temporary insanity, committed suicide and died on the 12th inst., at his house in Hyde-park-square. His amiability and kindness will long be remembered by the profession; and his melancholy death is most generally deplored.

SIR JOHN MACPHERSON GRANT, BART., OF BALLINDALLOCH AND INVERESKIE.

The Macphersons of Invereskie, of whom the deceased Baronet was the male representative, are the chiefs of a large tribe, which, for ages past, have been distinguished under the name of "Slioch Gillies," and which is composed of many considerable families, not only of the name of Macpherson, but of others, such as the Gillieses, Gillespies, &c.

Sir John was son and heir of Sir George Macpherson, first Baronet, M.P. for Sunderland, who assumed his second name of Grant as heir of provision to his father's maternal uncle, General James Grant, of Ballindalloch. He was born 3rd August, 1804; and married, 7th September, 1836, Marion Helen, eldest daughter of Mungo Nutter Campbell, Esq., of Ballimore, in Argyllshire, by whom he leaves, with other issue, a son and successor, the present Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart.

Sir John was formerly Secretary of Legation at Lisbon. In 1847 he was appointed one of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland; and, in 1848, was nominated a Deputy-Lieutenant for Elgin. He was also a Deputy-Lieutenant for Banffshire.

J. WILLIAM LILLINGSTON, ESQ., OF BALMACARA HOUSE, LOCH-ALSH, ROSSSHIRE.

This gentleman, who died on the 3d inst., was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Warwick, and had gained considerable distinction in North Britain, where he resided, by the deep interest he took in the welfare of the peasantry and the smaller tenantry. In the first severe suffering from the potato disease he was twice mentioned in the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell, as a pattern to other landowners in the Highlands and Islands. Miss Sinclair, in her work "Scotland and the Scotch," says much of Mr. Lillingston's exertions to do good.

He was the eldest son of the late A. S. Lillingston, Esq., of Elmdon, Warwickshire, and derived his descent from the ancient family of De Lillingston, of Lillingston, in Oxfordshire, about the time of the Conquest, and subsequently of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, of which family was Gen. Lillingston, who, with Sir Walter Vane, at their own expense raised the 6th Regiment, in 1673.

Mr. Lillingston married, in 1831, Kathrin Innes Lindsay, great niece and heiress of the late Sir Hugh Innes, Bart., M.P., and by her, who survives, had a son and daughters.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

M. Soyer has taken Gore-house, formerly the residence of the late Lady Blessington, for the six months of the Great Exhibition, at a rent of £600 for that time. It is to be fitted up as an hotel, and the beautiful grounds are to be laid out for entertainments in the style of those afforded to the public at Cremorne.

The Hon. Abbott Laurence, the American Ambassador, was entertained at a public banquet, on Saturday, at the Adelphi Hotel, by the members of the Liverpool American Chamber of Commerce. J. Malcolmson, the president of the chamber, presided.

The committee of the Sheffield Freehold Land Society have completed the purchase, for the sum of £400, of an estate of 31 acres, forming a portion of the large domains of Offley Shera, Esq., which have been brought to the hammer under an order from the Court of Chancery. The land is distant about a mile and a half from the centre of the town.

The entrance to the harbour of Cronstadt (Baltic) is completely blocked up with ice, which shifts with the wind, but does not extend much beyond Cronstadt; thence, seaward, all is clear; but to the eastward all is covered with ice, and impassable.

The *Carlisle Journal* affirms that it has been decided that the tenants of grouse shootings are liable to be assessed for the support of the poor.

It is reported that Sir James Emerson Tennent, late Colonial Secretary at Ceylon, has received an offer of the Governorship of St. Helena, and that Mr. Wodehouse has also received the offer of an appointment, but not in Ceylon.

At a sitting of the Hull Town Council, last week, the previous question was moved and carried on a motion "that, in the opinion of the council, it would be impolitic to apply to Parliament for a bill to reduce the water bailiff dues." Notice was then given of the intention to move resolutions authorising the corporation to buy the Hull Docks from the company.

On Saturday week, a meeting of millowners was held in the Town Hall, Halifax, to consider what steps should be taken to ensure greater safety in the management of boilers. The meeting was composed of the leading millowners of the district; and unanimously adopted a memorial to her Majesty's Government, praying for the institution of a government inspection of boilers.

Mr. Walter Baine, of the firm of Baine and Johnstone, one of the first merchants in Greenock, was found dead in bed on Wednesday morning week.

The inquest on the twelve bodies of the persons killed by the boiler explosion at the mill of Messrs. Firth, at Halifax, terminated, after three days' inquiry, by the return of a verdict of "manslaughter against Mr. Samuel Firth, one of the partners, and Joseph Helliwell, the engineman." The evidence favoured the conclusion that the boiler was a defective one, and ought to have been discontinued from use.

At Dover, on Tuesday, Mrs. Sophia Jane Jermy, widow of the late Mr. J. Jermy Jermy, who, with his father, was assassinated at Stanfield Hall, by Rush, was married to Mr. Thomas Beever, eldest son of Sir T. B. Beever, Bart., of Haigham Hall, Norfolk.

The chairman of the East India Company, Mr. J. Shepherd, has kindly given Mr. Ward (grandson of the illustrious Nelson) a cadetship, in memory of the important services of England's greatest naval hero.

Cardinal Wiseman has received autograph letters of congratulation from the Emperor of Austria, the King of Sardinia, and the President of the French Republic.

Advices from Buenos Ayres to October 16 confirm the imminent probability of war between that republic and Brazil.

An official census of the State of Massachusetts has just been completed, showing a population of 994,665, being an increase of 256,965 since the last census. This is at the rate of 35 per cent., or more than double the average increase of the five preceding decades.

The Right Hon. Dr. Lushington, Mr. Falconer, and Dr. Twiss, of Doctors' Commons, are appointed arbitrators to determine the boundary between the provinces of Canada and Nova Scotia, which has for some years been in dispute.

Mr. Charles Mills has bestowed an Indian cadetship on one of the sons of the late Rev. Mr. Hollett, whose cruel fate is fresh in the recollection of the public.

Gen. Egerton's gardener, of Eaton Park, near Tottenham, in Lancashire, on the 4th inst., gathered a dish of green peas, and on the 6th he got up a dish of new potatoes, all sound and perfectly free from disease. Both were grown in the open air.

On the 7th inst., Captain Binstead, R.N., received a letter from the secretary of the Royal Humane Society, informing him that the Court were pleased to "award him the medal for his humane and noble conduct in recently plunging into the river Calder, and saving the life of a beautiful little girl."

On Wednesday, a retired tradesman, named Porter, was killed, while walking in the streets of Preston, by a skip from the upper story of a warehouse falling upon his head, the rope being unsound.

M. Martin d'Auch, the only surviving member of the first Constituent Assembly of the First French Republic, and the only one who, at the oath of the Jeu de Paume, refused to sign the declaration of the Tiers-Parti, has just died at Castelnau. In David's well-known picture, M. d'Auch is represented with his arms folded on his breast, and raising to join his colleagues.

The three principal professors of Owen's College, Manchester, have now received their appointments. They are—Mr. A. J. Scott, principal and professor of logic and mental philosophy; Mr. Greenwood, professor of the languages and literature of Greece and Rome and of history; Mr. Alexander Sanderson, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. The former gentlemen are of the University College, London, and Mr. Sanderson is of Queen's College, Cambridge.

The Royal West India Mail Steam-Packet Company will, we understand, be prohibited by the Government from taking passengers and cargo for Lisbon by the Brazilian packets, in order that they may not interfere with the trade of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. The object of the Brazilian packet calling at Lisbon is to secure the traffic between Portugal, the Cape Verde Islands, Madeira, and the Brazils.

On the occasion of the despatch of the first mail for the Cape of Good Hope, the people of Plymouth have resolved to make a demonstration by a procession, a grand dinner, &c. The corporation of Plymouth and Devonport having also determined to meet the directors of the company to which the steamers belong, and to present an address.

Mr. Eyre B. Powell, chief clerk to the Comptroller of Legacy Duties at Somerset-house, and formerly attached to the stamp department in Ireland, has been appointed Comptroller and Accountant-General of Stamp Duties in Dublin, in the room of Mr. Sisson Cooper, deceased.

Mr. W. Garry Lettson, now paid attaché to the mission at Washington, has been appointed, in the same capacity, to the mission at Madrid.

James Carter, Esq., Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, is appointed Chief Justice of that Court.

The Rev. Mr. Burrow, the vicar of Evercech, has presented to the church the Decalogue, in two splendid tables, printed in the black letter of the thirteenth century, with illuminated initial scroll-work on a gold ground, elaborately and beautifully worked out.

The Bishop of Durham has presented £4000 towards the erection of a new church at Blyth, Northumberland, provided that £4000 more are subscribed for the purpose.

Miss Jane Cooke has just contributed the entire sum necessary for putting up the new organ in the parish church at Cheltenham.

Dr. Stevenson Bushman has been elected senior physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital.

Mr. Bastard, of Kitley, a Devonshire gentleman of large fortune has joined the Church of Rome.

James English, beadle of St. John's, Notting-hill, was found on Thursday morning week, lying on Notting-hill Terrace, in a stupor. He was carried to a surgeon's, and died in five minutes. On his person were found two small bottles, containing respectively laudanum and essential oil of almonds. A post mortem examination showed that these drugs were the means of death. Mr. Barnes, a guardian, explained that deceased had appropriated two cheques, value £12, the property of the parish.

The late Captain Cory, of Bristol, has bequeathed £900 to Steynten church, Milford Haven, for the purchase of an organ, and an endowment for the organist.

Mr. J. Shepherd has, in consideration of his sad bereavement of his parents and sisters by the wreck of the *Orica*, given an Addiscombe cadetship, for the East India Company's service, to Mr. McNeill, who, with his brother, leaving Addiscombe, was wonderfully preserved from the fate of his parents and sisters.

A Mr. Denis O'Flynn has refused to take the corporate oath prescribed by the Act of Parliament on being elected to the town council of Cork, as a Roman Catholic, and yet he has been admitted to take his seat in the council, his right to which is about to be questioned by a *quo warranto* in the Queen's Bench.

The successful competitor for the (East Indian) seminary appointment given by Mr. Henry Alexander to the Royal School of Armagh is Eric Stanhope Fox, aged between 15 and 16.

The Commissioners of the Board of Customs have issued orders to their subordinates at the port of Southampton to allow the trans-shipment of the French mails for the United States from the Havre to the American mail packets calling at Southampton without passing through the local post-office at that port, in order to prevent any delay, as it appears that the French mail only arrives at Southampton just previous to the departure of the American packet from thence to New York.

Mr. R. A. Stafford has been appointed by the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons to deliver the annual oration in memory of John Hunter, the founder of the Museum bearing his name.

The latest returns of the number of steam-engines employed in France, in factories, steamers, and on railways, give the following results:—There are 5507 establishments, of various kinds, at which steam-engines are used. This machinery is worked by means of 9288 boilers, of which 8776 have been made in France. The whole represent 65,120 horse-power. The number of boilers employed the preceding year was 8023; the number of establishments at which steam-engines were employed being then 4033.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E H C.—The whole of the games in the great Tournament will be published, with copious explanatory notes and full particulars of the undertaking, by the Editor of the *Chess Chronicle*, and the managing committee have decided that every subscriber of one guinea and upwards to the funds of the Tourney shall be entitled to a copy of the game.

B W F. Parwick; ETIENNES, FIDO, should each send his suggestions to the committee, addressed to M G Keon, Esq., secretary, 5, Cavendish-square.

E F W.—A native of India, assisted by the Rev Mr Loveday, of Delhi. 2. Play over their games with care, and you will soon form a pretty accurate opinion of their relative merits; provided always, that you are tolerably versed in Chess yourself.

RUSTICS.—As the number of members to the St. George's Club is limited, and there is likely to be an extraordinary influx of candidates next year, on account of the Great Chess Tournament which will be held there, you should join it without loss of time. Address to Mr R Longbottom, Secretary, 5, Cavendish-square, who will put you in the right way.

AGNES.—Your solution of Problem No 357, although differing from the author's, will pass muster.

M F.—Have the goodness to favour us with the names of any amateurs in your neighbourhood. The problem shall be examined.

J P B, Suffolk.—Can you oblige us with the names of your chief amateurs?

F J B.—Your first inquiry is written so illegibly, that we have tried in vain to make it out. In reply to the second, Mr. Horwitz's work on end games has not yet made its appearance.

G H H.—They shall be examined. In the replies you sent, did you stipulate what prize you would play for? It is idle to suppose that any good player would undertake a game by correspondence without some stake being dependent on the result.

R U W.—Red can, of course, persist in the perpetual checks, and the game is drawn.

SIGMA.—We cannot afford space for the other solution. The key move is —1. B to Kt 8th W L.—Yes; if you will send us your address. The Secretary will forward it shortly.

Phi. Glasgow.—We have before stated that the Problem called the Nepauls Problem was not presented by his Excellency Jung Bahadur as a composition of his own. It was shown by him to Professor D Forbes, the Oriental scholar, through whom we received it as one which had been long known and admired in India. As to the modest claim of "O K" to its invention, that must be put out of court at once, since the position may be found in the *Chess-player's Chronicle* and "La Palamède," years ago, and was actually published in our columns, we have subsequently found, as far back as 1845.

B A Q and AGNES; G F, Foxwell.—Problem No. 360 cannot possibly be solved in the way you suggest.

FAIRWOOD.—1. Your solution is wrong. 2. The former communication never reached us.

CACUS.—They are always acceptable.

W R, Glasgow.—Your communication dated November 2nd has only this moment reached us, and we quite agree with you that "E A M M's" Problem, No. 350, is impracticable in six moves.

G F F.—It has no point. Devote a few months to the study of Bolton and D'Orville.

W B, and A SCHOOLBOY.—Remarkably neat and pretty, if not very difficult.

A YANKEE.—The problem cannot be solved in any other way than the one indicated by us, and comes your comment on that way "fills us with wonder." Is it not obvious to any one, that if Black were to take the Queen he must be mated with the Kt next move?

R T C.—I. We should recommend your club to acquire a little more experience in the game, before undertaking a match by correspondence. 2. No chess club should be without the *Chess-player's Chronicle*, which is the monthly organ of chess-players throughout the world. 3. Certainly.

J A, Birmingham.—The solutions are neither of them satisfactory.

PAI.—The Scotch gambit is one of the best.

CAPE TOWN.—We have not heard much about its progress lately, for nobody seems to take any interest in it. You are mistaken with regard to Enigma No. 628.

TAIR. Col., CAM.—Problem 360 can only be solved in one way. Your supposition is quite erroneous.

ST EDMUND.—A great deal more patience and skill than you suppose are demanded in making a really fine Chess Problem. The position you send in four moves is an obvious mate in three.

CAPE TOWN, D C L, DONOR, and CHAMPION.—If our Correspondents will oblige us with an address, particulars of the Chess Tournament shall be sent them.

BARR MAGNA.—The key move to 619 is—1. Kt to Q 3d.

TRURO.—You will find the rules of the game, &c. in the "Chess-player's Handbook," published by Bohn, of Covent-garden. For Club regulations, apply to the Secretary of the Reading Berkshire Chess Club.

P S.—Mech's Terrace Chess-boards are made, if we are not mistaken, in solid wood, in *papier mâté*, and in glass. We have seen nothing so beautiful as the last for a long time.

T J is thanked. Can he, in the meanwhile, oblige us with the names of any amateurs of Chess in the neighbourhood of Feltham?

PHILO.—Subscriptions to Messrs Kling and Horwitz's forthcoming work are payable to Mr. Mott, 21, King William-street, Charing-cross.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO 358, by Agnes, W M, of Leamington College, are correct.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO 359, by H W H, of Wrotham; Goe, W S T, T E F, Jun, Spokes, Jun, J A R, Royal Artillery; G H, of Liverpool; J P S, of Suffolk; R M, of Salford; J B, of Wrotham; Chudeigh, R M, are correct.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO 360, by Sigma, H L, of Shere; M D, F R S, Dr R, Rev J T, Mitre, Judy, St Edmund, Derevon, Cape Town, F G R, Juventus, B B, W B M, Milo, Argus, Edipus, Old Joe, T J, Feltham; J A W, of Hunslet, are correct.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMAS, by I R A (except 628), P A H, R L M, Kara, W S T, are correct.

All others are wrong.

* * * A Gentleman is desirous of playing a Game of Chess by Correspondence. Address G H H, Post-Office, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

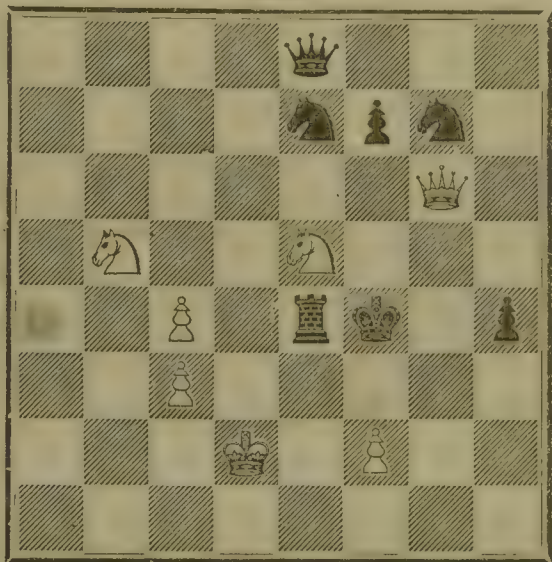
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 359.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 8th	Q to Q Kt sq (best)	4. P to Q B 4th (ch)	Kt or B takes P
2. Q to K Kt 2d (ch)	K to Q B 5th	5. Q to K B 3d or K	
3. Q to K 2d (ch)	K to Q 4th		Kt 2d—Mate

PROBLEM NO. 361.

By Mr. HORWITZ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN THE PROVINCES.

In the following rattling skirmish, Mr. STAUNTON gives his Queen's Rook to one of the best players in the Reading Chess Club.

(Remove White's Queen's Rook from the board.)

(The Double Gambit, or the Cunningham Gambit, which?)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. B takes K B P (ch)	K takes B (b)
2. K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th	11. Kt to K 5th (double)	K to his sq
3. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Q Kt P	12. Q to K R 5th (ch)	P to K Kt 3d
4. P to K B 4th	P takes P	13. Kt takes Kt P	K Kt to B 3d
5. K Kt to B 3d	K B to K 2d	14. Kt to K B 8th (dis.)	P to Q 3d (c)
6. P to Q 4th	B to K R 5th (ch)	15. Kt to K B 8th (dis.)	
7. P to K Kt 3d	P takes P		
8. Castles (a)	P takes P (ch)		
9. K to R sq	K B to K 2d		

(a) The change in the opening from the double gambit beginning is entertaining enough.

(b) It is not usually advisable in similar situations to take the Bishop. In the event of the King going to his B sq instead, the following is the probable result:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
10. K B to Q Kt 3d	K to B sq	14. Kt takes K B P (ch)	R takes Kt
11. K Kt to his 5th	K Kt to B 3d	(If Q takes K R P, Black may play Q to K R 4th &c.)	
13. Q to K R 5th	Q to K sq		

(c) The game was quite irretrievable. If he had taken the Rook, White would have mated him in four moves.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 629.—By HERR EICHSTADT.

(This is one of the most beautiful little Problems we ever remember to have met with.)

White: K at Q Kt 3d, Bs at K Kt 3d and Q Kt 7th, Kt at Q B 4th; Ps at K R 2d, K Kt 4th, Q 3d, and Q B 3d.

Black: K at Q Kt 4th; Ps at K R 6th, K Kt 4th, Q 3d, and Q B 4th.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

No. 630.—By JUDY.

White: K at Q 2d, R at Q 7th, B at K Kt 7th, Kt at K 5th, Ps at Q 3d and Q B 2d.

Black: K at Q 5th, Q at Q B sq, R at K 3d, P at Q 4th.

White having to play, gives mate in four moves.

No. 631.—By CHECK IN THE EAST.

White: K at K R 4th, Q at K 7th, B at K R 6th, Kt at Q B 6th; Ps at K B 3d, K R 5th, K B 6th.

Black: K at K B 4th, Q at her sq, Rs at K R 2d and K B 2d, B at Q B 6th, Kt at Q Kt 5th, P at Q Kt 2d.

White playing first, mates in three moves.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Although the racing campaign for the year is at an end, and the Steeple-chasing calendar is "blank" up to February, the speculative classes are supplied with a stimulus by a match recently made between two renowned animals, the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, the former giving 9lb., to run on Tuesday, the 13th of May next, two miles over the Old Course at York, for £1000 each, the Race Committee giving £400, to make two days' racing. We need scarcely add, that the match creates extraordinary interest, and that the betting will be very heavy. The Dutchman is the favourite.

Being "Boxing" week, the only Coursing meetings during the next seven days will be at Newcastle on Wednesday, and High Leven on Thursday.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—The following were the results of a very flat afternoon:—

1000 to 15 agst Langton (t)	1000 to 15 agst Black Doctor (t)	1000 to 10 agst Dahcotah Chle
1000 to 15 — Damask (t)	1000 to 15 — Valentine (t)	(t)
1000 to 15 — Baby (t)	1000 to 10 — Glaucus (t)	1000 to 10 — Trouncer (t)
	1000 to 10 agst Went-you-come-out-to-night (t)	

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—5 to 1 agst Newminster.

DEBUT.

12 to 1 agst Mountain Sylph (c) | 11 to 1 agst Newminster (t) | 35 to 1 agst Storm

30 to 1 agst Balsamo.

THURSDAY.—Very few members present, and not a bet laid.

GRAND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR CANADA.

FESTIVITIES AT MONTREAL.

EARLY in the present year the attention of the citizens of Montreal was roused to the necessity of preparing a suitable display of Canadian industry, for exposition at the Great Industrial Congress of 1851; and some spirited local efforts were made. The Government took up the matter, and voted £2000 currency, on the recommendation of a commission appointed to report on the matter; and the local effort of the citizens of Montreal was forthwith merged in the general one, the citizens adding £250 from their subscribed fund, and it was decided to hold a Grand Provincial Industrial Exhibition, in the city of Montreal, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of October, 1850.

The Commissioners appointed a committee of eleven gentlemen of the city of Montreal to have the entire management of the details, and the corporation of the city forthwith gave efficient co-operation and valuable assistance. A prize list (the value of prizes in which amounted to near £1600) was shortly issued, and active steps taken to bring the matter before the entire province.

It gives us pleasure to state that the city of Montreal, thus selected as the place of exhibition, devised liberal schemes of entertainment and hospitality attending the occasion, and we have before us a programme of the festivities attendant on the Exhibition, all of which were defrayed out of a separate local fund.

The accompanying spirited Sketches are from the pencil of Mr. Somerville, artist, of Montreal.

THE DINNER.

Was given by the Mayor and Corporation of the city, in the beautiful rooms of the Masonic Hall, which, for this purpose, for the Ball, and the Lecture of his Honor Judge Day, were placed gratuitously at the service of the committee by the proprietor, their liberal and enterprising fellow-citizen, Moses Judah Hayes, Esq.

The Mayor, E. R. Fabre, Esq., presided, and was supported by Aldermen M'Farlane and Laroque. On his right were the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jun., ex-Mayor of Boston, Mass., and several members of the Boston City Council; also Governor Payne, President of the Vermont Central Railroad; Mr. Putnam, of Boston; and many other distinguished strangers; Colonel Dynely, Sir Hew Dalrymple, Colonel Horn, Major Calley, Major Talbot, and many other principal military gentlemen. Heads of departments, &c., accepted the Mayor's invitation; many of the leading citizens testified their cordiality by being present on the occasion. The room (which is from a design by J. Wells and Sons, architects) was tastefully decorated with fanciful devices of evergreens and flowers, and the banners of all the national societies were hung around the room. In compliment to the distinguished visitors from the States, who were present, as well as to the thousands in the city, the American flag was tastefully joined with the British, and the Sketch in our pages is taken at the moment when the Hon. J. Quincy addressed the guests. The band of the 20th Regiment, by the kind permission of Lieutenant-Colonel Horn, attended. The Mayor gave "The Queen," with three times three; "Prince Albert and the Exhibition of 1851;" and the "President and People of the United States," to which the Hon. J. Quincy, Jun., returned thanks.

In reply to the toast of "Our Upper Canada visitors," E. W. Thompson, Esq., of Toronto, made some exceedingly appropriate remarks, expressing his firm conviction of the benefits these opportunities of meeting persons from various sections of the continent would produce.

Excellent speeches were also made by the Inspector-General and the President of the Board of Trade, and a long list of loyal, patriotic, and other appropriate toasts were cordially received, and the company separated highly gratified.

A Grand Ball took place in the same room on the following evening, Friday, October 18, when upwards of 800 persons joined in the gay scene. The Masonic Hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. On the east side were hung the various banners of the national societies, and, on the west side, a single wreath of evergreens; the orchestra was also decorated with banners and evergreens. Among the assemblage were a number of heads of departments, and members of both houses of Parliament; together with a part of our visitors from Boston, and various portions of Canada. The greater proportion of the ladies' and gentlemen's dresses were plain, but there were some costume dresses. We must say of the whole that they were luxuriant as well as elegant, and there was every tasteful variety.

(The Exhibition in the Halls of the Bonsecour on Monday, Oct. 17, has already been described, with two large Engravings, in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for Nov. 23.)

The collection of minerals, earths, &c., was very extensive and important, and was exhibited under the superintendence and arrangement of W. E. Logan, Esq., provincial geologist. Some months previous, a lengthy and elaborate report was published by Mr. Logan, at the request of the Executive Committee, enumerating the localities and descriptions of the vast variety of this most important portion of the resources and wealth of Canada, and with the approbation of the Canadian Government. Mr. Logan will visit England in the approaching spring, and personally superintend the exhibition of the fine collection of minerals which have been forwarded from Canada.

THE REGATTA.

We present a truthful and interesting Sketch of this scene, as it appeared from the Island Wharf; in which are also embraced a View of the Exterior of the large Bonsecour Market, the great centre of attraction during the days of the Exhibition. The Rotunda commands a most extensive view of the city, the River St. Lawrence, and the surrounding country. It was, as shown in the Sketch, adorned with numerous flags; and thousands of the visitors availed themselves of the opportunity of taking a view from its elevated and commanding position. The market building is the property of the corporation of the city, and was erected from designs furnished by W. H. Footner, Esq., architect. It was generously placed at the disposal of the committee by the Mayor, free of all charge. On the right, in the Sketch, is the Island and Fort of St. Helen's, which commands the entrance to the port of Montreal, where during the summer months ride hundreds of ships, loading and discharging, 1000 miles inland from the storms of the gulf and the ocean.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

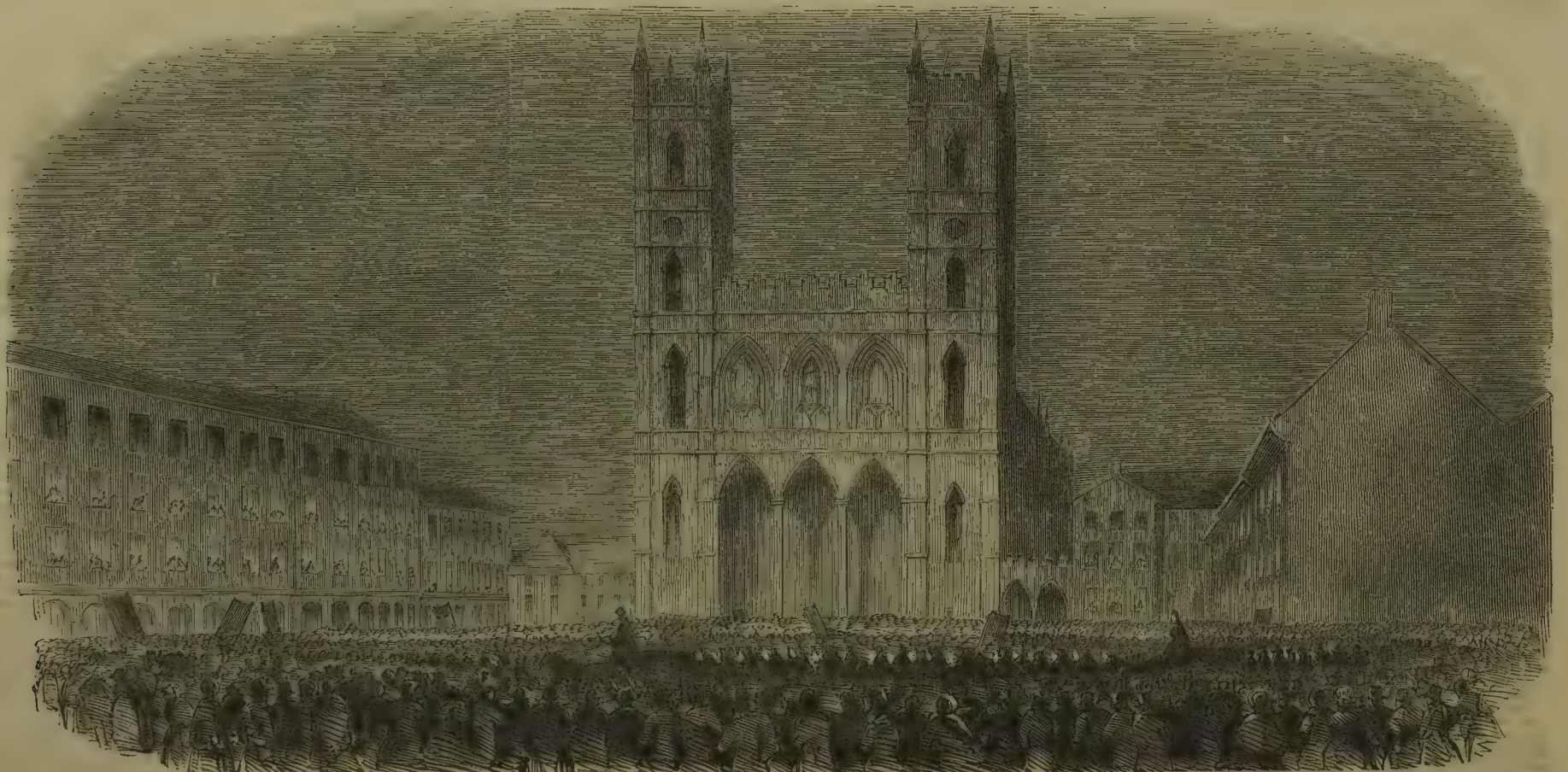
Came off on Friday evening, and, from its novelty, was a great treat. It was got up and conducted by the fire brigade of the city; and the Sketch in our pages, taken as it appeared in the Place d'Armes, in front of the great Cathedral, is very striking and faithful. (It is a matter of regret that the Montreal Bank, from the steps of which the view is taken, does not appear in the Illustration that has been sent us. It is the handsomest building in British North America.) All the fire companies, with their engines, hose-reels, &c., drawn by horses, richly caparisoned and decorated, formed the procession. They had a most imposing appearance, and were attended and cheered by thousands of the populace, and every window and available point of sight was crowded with spectators. By no means the least attractive arrangement of the committee, was the address of the Hon. Mr. Justice Day, which was delivered in the Masonic Hall, on Saturday, and



GRAND DINNER IN THE MASONIC HALL, AT MONTREAL.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



THE R. GAITA, AT MONTREAL.



TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION IN THE PLACE D'ARMES AT MONTREAL.

THE DREADFUL TURN-OUT OF A FRENCH PLUM-PUDDING!!!

OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE LA BÉTISE, WHOSE GRAND OBJECT IN LIFE WAS TO LIVE IN THE ENGLISH STYLE. TRUTHFULLY NARRATED

BY HORACE MAYHEW AND ALFRED CROWQUILL.



MONSIEUR DE LA BÉTISE did everything as the English did. He drank beer for breakfast. He ate *bifteks aux pommes de terre* every day of his life, except when he had *rosbif*. He talked loudly. He swore very loudly. He was, in short, the terror of every waiter in every neighbouring *café*. But, above all, Monsieur de la Bétise prided himself on dressing in the English fashion. To carry out the resemblance as closely as possible, it was his habit to dress in an entire suit of Scotch plaid, of the very widest five-barred pattern. This costume was made still more correct by the faithful addition of top-boots, spurs, a jockey's cap, and a huge pair of boxing-gloves, which Monsieur de la Bétise always wore on grand state occasions. To make his appearance in the highest degree English, Monsieur de la Bétise was always accompanied in his rambles and visits by a real English *bouledogue*, whom he had trained, in his leisure moments, when he was not reading



AN ENGLISH GROOM.

Their domestic hearth (which consisted of an English warming-pan filled with charcoal) was never in want of excitement, for the *bouledogue* and the King Charles and the cats were always fighting.

Their groom was also dressed after the style of all English grooms.

Monsieur and Madame de la Bétise determined, in their love for English manners and customs, to have a Christmas dinner, dressed entirely in the English style. Accordingly, they purchased a fat goose, which was considerably larger than the largest French chicken, and a tremendous piece of *rosbif*, weighing not less than 2 lb. 6 oz., and all the materials for making an English Plum-Pudding. These materials Madame de la Bétise copied out of a French cookery-book, and were as follows:—Oranges, lemons, brandy, pepper, salt, suet, plums, butter, bread, eggs, almonds, currants, cheese, cream, and



according to the rule practised in all English circles, to each guest, but were removed without a single word of commendation. At last, the moment for the grand event of the evening had arrived! Desire lodged upon every lip; curiosity lurked in the corner of every eye. The entire assembly was sitting upon the tiptoe of expectation (if so familiar an expression may be allowed upon so solemn an occasion), when the door was thrown open—not a breath was heard—and in marched the servants, proudly bearing the Glory of England: the celebrated dish, whose generous character it is, unlike most human characters, only to yield greater and greater goodness the oftener it is brandished; the universal guest on Christmas Day at every English table, who is always received with cheers the instant of his arrival—the ever-welcome ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING!

The Plum-Pudding was placed before Madame de la Bétise, who, all smiles of conscious triumph, proceeded to pour it out, and to send it round, with a kindly intimation that "there was plenty more in the tea-urn."

The guests proceeded to taste the Pudding, when it was universally pronounced "delicious." Still their faces



did not express much relish; but Monsieur de la Bétise was extremely loud in its praises. He had already emptied one cup, and sent up for a second; but no one seconded his enthusiasm, much less followed his example. A dead silence ensued for several minutes. At last, a captain of dragoons, bolder than the rest, ventured to remark that "he hardly thought his was sweet enough," and asked for some sugar; Charles the Second recommended "a little cream;" whilst Oliver Cromwell called aloud to the servant "to take away the filthy stuff!"

There was a universal consternation, relieved by a few laughs, followed by a long-frozen silence. The ice at last was broken by the timid observation of Mary Queen of Scots, that "the pudding was far from bad, but she did not see any plums."



Whereupon the lid was removed, and the plums were found to be all at the bottom of the tea-urn!

More consternation; but Madame de la Bétise, with great presence of mind, assured her dear friends that it was perfectly correct. The plums were always kept to the last. In the nobleman's family with whom she had the honour of living, in Whetstone Park—(great sensation)—the plums were always reserved for a famous game towards the latter part of the evening—which game was called *snappadragon*. Would any of her dear friends like to try a hand at it?

The proposition was received with cheers. A large basin was procured and filled, according to Madame's instructions, and the flame was applied. Poor Monsieur de la Bétise's face began to light up. The company arranged themselves round the table, and proceeded to enter with warmth into the burning spirit of the game.

But the guests, finding that *snappadragon* was a game at which they only burnt their fingers and got no plums, gradually retired from it, with a generally-expressed opinion that "the



half-a-dozen spoonfuls of table-beer. They were to be beaten up all together, in their respective proportions, and boiled for twelve hours in plenty of water.



Europe" as much as possible. Whilst Madame attired herself in the becoming costume of Queen Elizabeth. And all their guests, out of compliment to their

hosts, came likewise in English historical characters. The effect of this grand *tableau vivant* can be much better conceived than described.

The dinner passed off but slowly; though there was no scarcity of every kind of English beer. There was the Ale from Edinburgh, and the Stout from Dublin, and the far-famed Porter from London, with other varieties, such as the generous Half-and-half, and the friendly Bitter of the celebrated

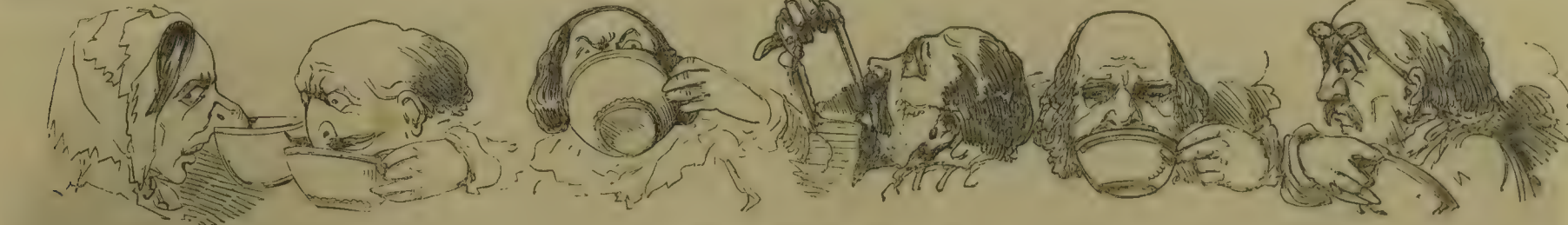


feline family, consisting of half-a-dozen cats and as many kittens, which she had learnt, from authentic sources, was another interesting custom of all English ladies.

Bass, and others, too numerous to mention. These were served round, as in England, in wine-glasses; but they did not seem to exhilarate the company much. The goose and *rosbif* were cut up into little knobs, and handed round,

end of the English plum-pudding, if anything, was worse even than the beginning.

Monsieur de la Bétise, however, was the most forward in the game; and the



TASTING THE FRENCH PLUM-PUDDING.

more he burnt his fingers, the louder he shouted, "Oh! It is very much beautiful! Yes."

The captain of Dragoons, again bolder than the rest, or more accosted, probably, than his companions, to standing British fire, thrust his hand right into the midst of the flaming washhand-basin. Not approving of the sensation, however, he withdrew his fingers hastily, and, in so doing, upset the bowl. The spirit ran, like wildfire, along the carpet, and the uproar that ensued defies alike drawing and description. The women shrieked, and ran out of the room to faint upon the staircase. The men rushed about for wet towels and blankets, and the fire was soon extinguished.

When the smoke had cleared away, a brilliant thought flashed upon Monsieur de la Bétise. Looking philosophically at one of the wet towels, he advanced to Madame. "My dear, in boiling the Plum-Pudding," he inquired softly, "did you put all the things into the saucepan?"

"I did—every one."

"And nothing else?"

"Not a single thing else, I can assure you."

"I thought as much," was her husband's answer. "Ladies and gentlemen," he then said, turning to his disconcerted guests, "I am very sorry our English Plum-Pudding was not better; but I am sure it would have turned out very differently if Madame had not forgotten to boil it in a cloth."

Whether the guests were satisfied with this explanation for the loss of their dinner, our simple story cannot tell; but, at all events Monsieur and Madame



de la Bétise were cured of their Anglomaniac folly. They were content, ever afterwards, to talk and dress and eat as other French persons do. They sold their *bouledogue*, King Charles, and cats; and never, as long as they lived, did they try another experimental dinner in English style of cookery.

MUSIC.

MONTHLY CONCERTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

A curious experiment was tried on Wednesday, at St. Martin's Hall. This was the performance of Handel's "Messiah" according to the original score, thus discarding the beautiful accompaniments added by Mozart. There are certain amateurs who will not permit, on any pretext, that the works of composers should be interfered with in the slightest manner. If the production should last considerably beyond what human patience, even with a most voracious musical appetite, can endure, "Let the score be respected," say the purists; "either give the opera—or oratorio, as it may be—in its entirety, or do not perform it at all." This extreme principle is, of course, very absurd; and, if fully acted upon, would exclude many noble inspirations from the theatre and concert-room. To respect truly and sincerely a composer's text must be left to the discretion, to a certain extent, of the musical director. On him will devolve the responsibilities of curtailments or changes; and public opinion will generally be right in deciding whether he have exercised tact, taste, and judgment. Handel's "Messiah" has been almost universally admitted to have been marvellously improved by the genius of Mozart, in writing those accompaniments of instruments, the uses of which were unknown in Handel's time. How conscientiously Mozart has respected the conceptions of Handel, is well known; where the orchestration of the latter was thin and meagre, Mozart has filled it up with exquisite instrumental imagery, without altering or adding a single idea, and being always in strict harmony with Handel's treatment. We need scarcely refer to the airs "How beautiful are the feet," "O thou, that tellest," "Why do the nations," "The people that walked in darkness," "Thou shalt break them," &c., as instances of Mozart's judicious scoring. The effect of Handel's original instrumentation on Wednesday night was felt to be dull and monotonous, except in the choral portions; Handel's vocal part-writing for masses requiring little increase either of brass or wood, as Mozart proved. Mr. Hullah will take nothing by

thus "going back," his tendency to which we have noticed on a former occasion. The restoration of the bass air, "Thou art gone up on high," and of certain second parts to other airs, only increased the length of the oratorio, already sufficiently long. The disputed points, as to whether the air "But who shall abide" ought to be sung by a bass or contralto, and as to the air "He shall feed his flock" being sung by two sopranos or by a soprano and contralto, are not of sufficient importance to disturb the existing arrangements.

The solos were excellently sung by Misses Birch, Kearns, M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Phillips.

For the third concert, the first scene from Purcell's "King Arthur," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and four sacred compositions by M. Gounod, about whose new opera, "Sappho," there is so much curiosity in Paris, are announced. Works by Bennett and Macfarren will also be produced by Mr. Hullah. This is the right policy, and infinitely better than going back to past times for matters of musical interest.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

Mlle. Angri has terminated her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, after having acquired immense popularity by her excellent singing in every school. The energy with which she gave the National Anthem will not easily be forgotten; she was frequently called upon to sing the verses even without the chorus, the public being delighted and inspired by her enthusiastic and forcible style.

Lindpaintner's Grand Battle Overture has been a great favourite. Like all descriptive pieces of that warlike class, it is full of noisy strife; but the conception is clever, and the general treatment, as might be expected from such a composer, effective and inspiring.

Mr. Scipion Roussetot's Grand Quadrille Fantastique, "The Crystal Palace," was announced for last night (Friday), of which we shall report progress next week.

Mr. Balfe's benefit is fixed for next Monday night, as a testimonial on the part of the managers for the zeal and ability he has displayed during the series of concerts. Great attraction will be provided for this entertainment; which, we believe, will close the season, on which we shall have a few remarks to submit.

MUSICAL EVENTS.

Ernst, the celebrated violinist, Mlle. Angri, the famed contralto, who has acquired such popularity at the Royal Italian Opera and at the Grand National Concerts, accompanied by Jules Stockhausen, son of the accomplished singer of Swiss melodies, and Salvatore Tamburini, son of the distinguished artist of that name, will make a tour in the provinces and in Ireland, at the close of January, up to the first week in March.

The Musical Entertainment of the fascinating Madame Thillon and the vivacious Mr. Hudson produced quite a sensation in Liverpool; this week they will perform at Dublin.

Mr. J. L. Hutton, the composer, pianist, and vocalist, has returned from his second trip to the United States.

Mr. John Parry will be "at home" at the Music Hall, next Monday, with his "Notes Vocal and Instrumental."

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be performed, next Monday, at Exeter-Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, conducted by Costa, with Misses Birch, Eliza Birch, Dolby, M. Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and Phillips, as principal singers.

Next Friday (the 27th), the London Sacred Harmonic Society will perform Handel's "Messiah," conducted by Mr. Surman.

In celebration of the twenty-seventh anniversary of the foundation of the London Mechanics' Institution, Mr. Henry Phillips delivered his new musical entertainment, "Our Village," founded on Miss Mifford's work, last Thursday night. In the first part, Mr. Phillips has seven MS. ballads; and in the second, songs by Shield, John Barnett, J. L. Hutton, and J. P. Knight. Mr. Phillips gave his services gratuitously.

M. Oury, the violinist, assisted by Madame Oury, the pianiste, Madame Macfarren, Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, vocalists, gave a concert on Friday night, at Brighton.

The Choral Harmonists held their third meeting last Monday, at the London Tavern. In the first part, there were the overture and selection from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus;" and in the second, John Barnett's madrigal, "Merrily wake Music's measure;" Miss Laura Barker's clever cantata, "Eneide;" and the overture and selections from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Mr. William Rae played a concerto by Mendelssohn in first-rate style. The next meeting will be on Jan. 13.

Amongst the eminent musicians who have signified their intention of visiting London in 1851, are Liszt, Henselt, Dohler, Thalberg, Leopold de Meyer, Ernst, Sivori, Madame Pleyel, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Adam, Berlioz, Flotow, Thomas, David, Onslow, Lindpaintner, Staudigl, Pischbeck, Fetis, Wagner, Dreychock, De Beriot, Alard, Batta, Franchomme, Hallé, Elwart, Clappon, Labarre, Mdlle. Püget, Gisard, Musard, Labitzky, Moscheles, Tilmant, Vieuxtemps, Madame Wartel, Rosenhain, Prudent, Blumenthal, &c., besides a host of singers from every part of Germany, Italy, France, the Netherlands, &c., the companies at the two Italian Opera Houses, and the great choral societies of the Rhine.

Miss Catherine Hayes will return from Italy for the season 1851, prior to her trip to the United States.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is to be performed on Monday next, the 23rd instant.

FOREIGN MUSICAL NEWS.

Letters from Paris state that Aubert's "Enfant Prodigue" is a decided success, and gains nightly in popularity. The favourite solos are Massol's air, "Toi qui versas la lumière;" Mdlle. Dameron's romance, "Allez sauvez votre pensée," in the first act; Massol's romance, "Il est un enfant d'Israël," in the second act, nightly received with acclamations, and quite an Arabian gem; the couplets of the camel driver, sung by Mdlle. Petit-Brière, "Tin, tin;" the romance, "J'ai tout perdu, seigneur," sung by Roger, in the fourth act; and Massol's air in the last act, "Mon fils, c'est toi." Mdlle. Labordet's brilliant and florid airs in the first and fourth acts, also, please much. Of the concerted pieces, there is a fine quintet in the third act, the choruses of the same act, with the orgies of the priests, and the trio finale of the first act. The two marches of the bull *Apis*, and of the Caravan, the "Pas du Delta," danced by Mdlle. Robert; "L'Almée," danced by Mdlle. Plunkett, are also much admired. The overture is also winning favour. There are four leading themes—the two tenor airs of *Azuel*, the Caravan March, and the bacchanal of the Mysteries of Isis. After this spirited overture, the curtain rises on a pastoral chorus of great beauty. The prayer "O roi des cieux," if it does not rival the famous one in "La Muette," is very effective. There is but one opinion as to the unparalleled magnificence of the *mise en scène*, of the beauty of the incidental *divertissements* by St. Léon, and of the picturesqueness of the scenery. The honours are still to Massol, in the character of the father of the "Prodigal Son," although Roger, in the latter, has improved since the first night.

Mdlle. Viardot again played *Fidès* in the "Prophète," last Sunday, and is now studying *Sappho* for Gounod's new opera of that name, which will be the next operatic novelty.

Donizetti's "Lucresia Borgia," for the *début* of Ivanhoff in *Gennaro*, was to have been produced last Tuesday.

Scribe and Halévy's "Dame de Pique" will be produced at the Opéra Comique before the end of the month.

The advices from Madrid state that Mdlle. Frezzolini's *début*, at the new Italian Opera-house, *L'Orléans*, in Bellini's "Puritani," had been quite successful: Ronconi was hailed with enthusiasm in *Riccardo*; and Gardoni as *Arturo*, and Herr Formes as *Giorgio*, had completed a most triumphal representation, at which the Queen, and all the notabilities of the Spanish capital, were present.

Meyerbeer was present at Mdlle. Castellani's delineation of *Alice*, in his "Robert le Diable," and applauded heartily her admirable singing and acting.

THE THEATRES.

PRINCESS.

We last week stated that Mr. Bartley would return to the stage at this theatre on Saturday, and we have now to record his perfect success in the difficult character of *Falstaff*. The tragedy of "Henry IV." was gorgeously produced for the occasion; and the veteran was assisted by the powerful acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in *Hotspur* and *Lady Katherine*. Mr. Kean's *Hotspur*, we are bold to pronounce, has not its equal on the stage—such is the fire, the passion, and the poetry which he manifests in the character. The other parts are also filled in a very superior manner, recalling the best days of the stage, when Mr. Harley and Mr. Keeley, with Mrs. Keeley, as now, went on the principle of strengthening the cast of the drama, instead of asserting a supposed right to a long and independent part. While the management proceed upon their present rule, they will command as well as deserve success.

The comedy of "The Wonder" followed; Mr. and Mrs. Kean admirably supporting the characters of *Felix* and *Violante*. The house was crowded.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"King Charming; or, the Blue Bird of Paradise," is the title of the new burlesque extravaganza to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre. It is from the accomplished pen of Mr. Planché, himself the "King" of our burlesque writers. Madame Vestris and all the leading members of the company are included in the cast.

The Christmas novelty at the Adelphi is a burlesque choreographic spectacle by Mr. Albert Smith, founded on the popular ballet of "La Tarentella," in which Madame Celeste will appear.

At the Haymarket, the Christmas entertainment will be the joint production of the Brothers Brough.

Drury-Lane Theatre will open on the 26th with the "Winter's Tale;" the pantomime will be "Harlequin and Humpty Dumpty; or, the First Lord Mayor of London."

The pantomime at the Princess' is founded on Mat. Lewis's celebrated ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene;" a subject rich in suggestion, and which there is no doubt the management will produce in magnificent style.

At the Surrey, the pantomime is a Shakspearian burlesque—"The Merry Wives of Windsor; or, Harlequin and Sir John Falstaff and the Demon Hunter of the Enchanted Dell"—interspersed with airs selected from Shakspeare's melodies.

At Astley's the equestrian pantomime is by Mr. Rodwell, and entitled "Harlequin and O'Donoghue; or, the White Horse of Killarney."

The pantomime at the Marylebone Theatre is entitled "Harlequin Alfred the Great; or, the Magic Banjo and the Mystic Raven." It is by Mr. Rodwell, and therefore of good promise.

Mr. Nelson Lee is in the field, as usual, and right early provides pantomimes both for town and country. That at the City of London Theatre bears the unique and novel title of "Knife, Fork, and Spoon; or, Harlequin Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, and Supper." Mr. Nelson Lee is also concerned in the comic portion of the following pantomimes:—The Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, the Royal Victoria, the Marylebone; the entire of the Theatre Royal Dublin, the Theatre Royal Norwich, the Adelphi Theatre (Liverpool), the Theatre Royal Ashton-under-Lane, and the Theatre Royal Aberdeen, with others.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.—Mr. Burford's panorama, illustrated by Mr. Selous' drawings, of this celebrated lake, is a remarkably fine picture. A description of a spot so well known is not required from us; our task is limited to the merely critical, and that again to the pleasant duty of commendation. The handling of the heights and distances is in Mr. Burford's very best style, and the figures introduced by Mr. Selous into the landscape are as picturesque as they are accurate. The beauty and the romance of this delightful lake are vividly realized; nay, we might add the majesty and the grandeur. The scene is one of a sublime character, made tender by endearing associations, and will, no doubt, become greatly popular.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.—PROPOSED DUEL.—MR. COBDEN AND SIR T. HASTINGS.

A lengthened correspondence has been published in the morning papers between Sir Thomas Hastings, Mr. Bright, M.P., and Mr. Cobden, M.P. Sir Thomas charges Mr. Bright, in a speech delivered by that gentleman at a meeting of the Peace Congress, lately held at Birmingham, with a slanderous misrepresentation of his evidence before the House of Commons in 1848, on the inquiry into the Navy, Army, and Ordnance Estimates. The following is the extract complained of. Mr. Bright said—

Where was the danger to which England was exposed? There was no superstition greater than the fear of a war with France—a superstition which had been handed down to us from the French war. He recollected Sir Thomas Hastings, an Admiral of the British fleet, who was examined before a committee of the House of Commons a short time ago, was haunted with this fear of France. During his examination, he was pressed harder and harder as to authority upon which he had grounded these apprehensions. At last it came out; he stated that he had been informed by a priest,—no, not by a priest, but by the Bishop of Japan (loud laughter), that the intention of the French people was extremely hostile or warlike. (Cheers.) Only imagine, the only authority upon which a British Admiral anticipated war was an idle story told by the Bishop of Japan.

Mr. Bright, in a letter (Dec. 1), justifies his statement by saying that it was made upon the authority of Mr. Cobden; Mr. Cobden (Dec. 6) acknowledges that the anecdote was mentioned by him to Mr. B., and maintains that the substance of it, though not in words, was strictly correct, and was the subject of remark in the committee, who afterwards expunged that portion of Sir Thomas Hastings' evidence. Sir Thomas (Dec. 10), dissatisfied with Mr. Cobden's reply, calls upon him for a more satisfactory explanation, as he considers Mr. Bright's attack upon his character is not sustained by the facts of the case. Mr. Cobden (Dec. 13), in answer to Sir Thomas, says that he is not responsible for the statement being made public; but he repeats that it is substantially correct. Sir Thomas (Dec. 14), in his reply, says:—

I once more call on you to state, directly and explicitly, whether, after re-perusing my evidence, you can with truth assert that my sole reason for believing that the hostile feeling of France to this country up to 1844 was founded on an idle story told of the Bishop of Japan, which Mr. Bright declares expressly he asserted in public on your authority, and you, therefore, are responsible to me. And should you, in a clear and simple answer, give me a satisfactory explanation, I shall conclude that it was and is your intention to insult me, and I shall place our correspondence in the hands of a friend, who will wait on you on my behalf—or, should you prefer it, he will confer with some friend of yours.

No answer was immediately returned to this communication, and Sir Thomas again wrote (Dec. 17) to Mr. Cobden, saying—

I gave you a fair opportunity to correct your error. This you have not done. Truthfulness or candour to correct, nor have you disclaimed the intention of, or apologised for, insulting me. I observe to you, that when a gentleman unintentionally misrepresents another, he is bound to set it right by a public statement. I have done so, and I have done so in a satisfactory manner. My confidence in you is not shaken, and I am sure you will do so in a satisfactory manner. I shall place our correspondence in the hands of a friend, who will wait on you on my behalf—or, should you prefer it, he will confer with some friend of yours.

On the 18th (Wednesday last), Mr. Cobden replies, in a letter from Crumpsall House, near Manchester, in which he says:—

Sir,—If in my earlier days my admiration for the genius of Sheridan had not tempted me to witness the comedy of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I might have been at a loss to comprehend the meaning of your letter. Aided, however, by my recollections of that model duellist, I understand you to propose that we should lay down our pens, and have a personal interview, not to talk over the matter in dispute, not even to approach within speaking distance, but to take our stand at twelve paces apart, with pistols in hand, and endeavour to blow out each other's brains. Now, I am satisfied, without any such experiment on my part at least, that half an ounce of lead propelled by less than a pound of powder, is quite sufficient to shatter the human skull to atoms, and extinguish in a moment all powers of reason, all sense of justice, and every religious sentiment. But how such a process would satisfy me, I had asked unjustly towards you, or convince you of the contrary, is, I confess, quite beyond my comprehension.

So soon as I had recovered from the fit of laughter into which, I must confess, your challenge threw me, and after I had mused on the temptation I felt to name for my second my much-esteemed friend Mr. Punch, I endeavoured to procure a copy of the report of the committee, which, with considerable difficulty, and after the lapse of a couple of days, I succeeded in obtaining; and, having refreshed my memory by a perusal of your evidence, I will endeavour to state the facts of the case as between you and myself in such a way as shall admit of no further misapprehension.

After the committee had heard your evidence at considerable length, as to the preparations which had been made (partly under your directions) to repel an imaginary invasion from France, I requested you to state upon what authority you assumed that the French nation were eager to go to war with this country. Your answers were somewhat vague, which induced me to press you more closely, when at last you quoted, as a proof of the belligerent disposition of the French, certain statements which somebody had heard on board a steam-boat full from the lips of the French Bishop of Japan.

The uplifted eyes and hands of more than one member of the committee led to the interposition of the chairman.

Mr. Cobden goes on to say that the Committee ultimately agreed to expunge the passage referred to from the minutes of evidence. After some further explanatory observations, Mr. Cobden thus concludes:—

For myself, I have not another syllable to say upon the subject. Yes; I must add a word or two before I come to what I trust will be the close of our correspondence. You are a public servant, filling a very responsible office, and in the receipt of a liberal public stipend. As chairman of the commission for increasing our coast defences, you were largely instrumental in promoting the expenditure of many millions of public money for purposes and in a manner which right or wrong, are open to discussion. Your voluminous evidence before the committee on the army, navy, and ordnance invites criticism; and much of it, in my humble opinion, is open to animadversion.

Such being your position, you must, like all public men, expect that your conduct will be freely canvassed; and your fate will be a luckier one than that of most of us, if you do not find yourself often misapprehended, and sometimes misrepresented. If, unable to restrain the ebullitions of an irascible temper, you must needs challenge a member of the legislature to mortal combat, merely because another member is reported to have made a mistake in a single word in a speech of an hour's length, or because a reporter's pen may have slipped at a critical moment, then you have mistaken your vocation, and you would be consulting your own reputation and the interest of the country by retiring from the public service, and seeking security for your susceptible nerves within the inviolable precincts of your own domestic circle.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

Sir Thomas Hastings, R.N. (Signed) RICHD. COBDEN.

The prosecutor in a case of highway robbery, recently tried, was asked by the counsel for the defence if one of the men who attacked him was not a near relative of his? "Not very," exclaimed the witness, in surprise. "How far would you go back to prove it?" "I'll tell you what relationship there is between us. I believe that my wife's father and his grandmother are about half cousins!" This answer caused much merriment, in which Mr. Justice Patteson heartily joined.

A letter bearing the Devonport post-mark, and containing 4s. 6d. in postage stamps, was received last week by an artisan in the Plymouth dockyard, stating that the writer picked the pocket of his son eleven years since, when employed as a wedding boy, of half a crown, his week's wages, and that it rested so heavily on his mind, that he returned the above as an atonement.

The length of the railways now open in France is 2171 kilometres (1357 English miles), and the number of locomotives on them is 725, or 58 more than in the preceding year. The number of steam-vessels is 279, set in movement by machinery of 22,893 horse-power. The quantity of goods carried in them during the year was 730,948 tons, whilst that of the year before was 696,666 tons. It is calculated that all the steam machinery now at work in France represents 110,178 horse-power.

MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

(From our City Correspondent.)

The English Market has not maintained the buoyancy and firmness during the past week that marked the one preceding. Although, on Monday, Consols opened at 96½, and afterwards improved to 96¾ to 97, an increased demand for money, on Tuesday, to meet the Foreign and Share Market settlements, produced heaviness and inactivity, which was followed by a fall of ¼ per cent. in prices on Wednesday. On Thursday, however, the market became firmer, and a better tone generally prevailed; Consols quoted 96¾ ex. div. for the opening in January. It must be remembered that all quotations of Consols are now made without the dividend and for the Opening, the books of transfer being at present closed. Exchequer Bills indicated a downward tendency as money increased in demand. India Bonds have not materially varied. The market, towards the close of the week, although firmer for the moment, did not appear to be in a settled state, an uneasy feeling evidently existing, having its rise in the state of the exchanges. Prices at the close of business stood—For Consols, 96¾, and 97 for the January account; Reduced, 97¼; Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents, 98½ 99½; Bank Stock, 213½ 214; Exchequer Bills, 67s.; and India Bonds, 87s. pm.

Prices in the Foreign Market were well supported on Monday, but inactivity and dullness succeeded, until Thursday, when quotations in a great degree recovered. Mexican Stock has ranged between 35½ and 36½, a reaction upon the rise of last week, being the anticipated result upon the speculators realising. Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents have been gradually creeping up, the Stock forming a medium of exchange, at the present low rate existing between London and Amsterdam. Russian Stock, of both descriptions, has again attained the prices quoted before the German armed display, and Spanish Three per Cents have improved since the evasion of the Spanish Government with regard to the other portions of the debt. In Foreign Securities generally fractional variations only have occurred. The closing prices of the week are—Mexican Bonds, 36; Chilean Six per Cents, 104, 18½; Ditto Three per Cents, 40½; Portuguese Four per Cents, 35½; Russian, 109½; Ditto Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 97½; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 89½; and Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents, 69.

Shares have been largely dealt in; but towards the close of the week business decreased, and prices in some instances gave way, as the following list will demonstrate:—Aberdeen, 10½; Ditto, Preference, ½ dis; Ambergate, Nottingham, Boston, and Eastern Junction, 34; Bristol and Exeter, 76; Caledonian, 104; Chester and Holyhead, Preference, 14; East Anglian (£3 10s. paid), 1½; Eastern Counties, 6½; Ditto, New, Preference, 11½; East Lancashire, 12½; East Lincolnshire, 32; Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, 7½; Great Northern, 17½; Ditto Hales, A, 6½; Ditto Hales, B, 11½; Ditto, Preference, 12½; Great Western, 78; Ditto, New, 11; Hull and Selby, 100½; Lancaster and Carlisle, 70; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 58½; Ditto, Fifths, 4½; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 87; London and North-Western, 125½; Ditto, New, Quarters, 21; London and North-Western, Fifths, 16½; North British, 9½; Ditto, Preference, 5; London and South-Western, 7½; Manchester, Buxton, and Matlock, 1½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, New, £10 Preference, 10½; Ditto, Manchester and Lincoln Union, 3 dis; Midland, 48; Ditto, £50 Shares, 15½; Ditto, Consolidated, Bristol and Birmingham, 130; North Staffordshire, 9½; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, 20½; Reading, Guildford, and Reigate, 19½; Shrewsbury and Birmingham, Class A, 5½ dis.; Ditto, Class B, 4½ dis.; South Devon, 15; South Eastern, 23½; York, Newcastle, and Berwick, 18½; Ditto, Extension, 14; Ditto, G N E, Purchase or Preference (£17 paid), 16; York and North Midland, 24; Anglo-Italian, 2½; Boulogne and Amiens, 9; Central of France, 16½; Luxembourg (£8 paid), 1½; Ditto (£10 paid), 2½; Northern of France, 15½; Orleans and Bordeaux, 2½; Paris and Strasbourg, 9½; Rouen and Havre, 11; Sambre and Meuse, 3½; Tours and Nantes, 5 ex div.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—The Continental news being somewhat favourable, the Consol Market has ruled steady to-day, and prices have tended upward. The Three per Cent ex div. are 96½ to 97. Bank Stock, 213½; Exchequer Bills, 64s. to 67s.; and India Bonds, 84s. to 87s. pm. Foreign Bonds and Railway Shares without material alteration.

THE MARKETS.

CORN-EXCHANGE (Friday).—During the present week the receipts of English wheat for our market have been on the increase, they having amounted to 377½ quarters, mostly from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk. The supply of that grain put up to-day, by land carriage and sample, was comparatively small, and in very middling condition. The attendance of both town and country millers being limited, the demand for all kinds of wheat have arrived this week, at barely late rates. Upwards of 11,000 quarters of foreign wheat have arrived this week, mostly from the Baltic and Black Sea. Fine parcels were held at full quotations in the mid-day and inferior qualities next to nothing was doing. Fine malting barley was scarce, and quite as dear. Grinding and distilling sorts were neglected. Nearly the whole of the supply of malt was cleared off at full prices. The oat trade ruled steady, and the late improvement in value was well supported. Beans, peas, &c., flour, as well as Indian corn, met a very dull inquiry.

ARRIVALS.—English: wheat, 377½; barley, 4500; malt, 1850; oats, 3560; flour, 1250. Irish: oats, 2530. Foreign: wheat, 11,410; barley, 1310; oats, 2240; flour, 3480. English: wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 35s to 45s; ditto, white, 40s to 50s; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 35s to 45s; ditto, white, 40s to 50s; grinding barley, 21s to 23s; dismilling ditto, 23s to 25s; malting ditto, 24s to 32s; Lincoln and Norfolk malt, 45s to 48s; brown shelled oats, 16s to 20s; potato ditto, 18s to 23s; Youghal and Cork, black, 15s to 18s; ditto, 30s to 32s; white, 25s to 28s; new, 28s to 35s; ditto, old, 25s to 27s; grey peas, 27s to 30s; naples, 28s to 32s; Stockton and Yorkshire, 53s to 55s per quarter. Town-made flour, 35s to 40s; Suffolk, 28s to 32s; Stockton and Yorkshire, 53s to 55s per quarter. Foreign: Danish red wheat, —s to —s; white, —s to —s; barley, —s to —s; oats, —s to —s; beans, —s to —s per quarter. American flour, 20s to 25s; Canada, 28s to 33s per barrel; Baltic, —s to —s per barrel. Rapeseed, —s to —s; but all other articles too neglected.

Linned, English, sowing, 45s to 50s; Baltic, crushing, 35s to 45s; Mediterranean and tinned seed, 35s to 45s; white do, 50s to 60s; and tares, 4s to 4s 6d per bushel; English rapeseed, new, £22 to £27 per last of ten quarters; linned cases, English, £8 to £9; ditto, foreign, £8 10s to £7 15s per 100. Rapeseed cakes, 24s to 24 10s per ton; canary, 47s to 51s per ton. English clover-seed, red, 40s to 45s; extra, —s to —s; white, —s to —s; extra, up to —s. Foreign red, —s to —s; extra, —s to —s; white, —s to —s; extra, up to —s. Bread.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 7d to 7½d of household ditto, 1d to 6½d per 4lb loaf.

Imperial Weekly Average.—Wheat, 23s 9d; barley, 24s 3d; oats, 17s 1d; rye, 25s 11d; beans, 27s 11d; peas, 25s 5d.

The Six Weeks' Average.—Wheat, 40s 1d; barley, 24s 4d; oats, 17s 2d; rye, 25s 8d; beans, 28s 7d; peas, 29s 4d.

Duties.—Wheat, 1s; barley, 1s; oats, 1s; rye, 1s; beans, 1s; peas, 1s.

TEA.—This new consignment is in good request, at 1s 8d to 1s 10d per lb. Common sound—old India—steady, at 1s 1d. In green tea very little is doing, yet prices are well supported.

SUGAR.—There has been less activity in our market this week, and, in some instances, 6d per cwt. less money has been accepted by the exporters for raw qualities. Refined goods dull; and brown lumps are selling at 50s 6d per cwt.

COFFEE.—The general demand is heavy, but no material alteration can be noticed in prices. Good ordinary native Ceylon is quoted at 55s per cwt.

PROVISIONS.—For Irish butter the demand is in a very inactive state, and in some instances the quotations have a downward tendency. American, are, however, selling at 70s to 77s per cwt. Dutch butter moves off slowly, at late rates. In English butter very little is doing, and the weekly Dorset is quoted at 9½ to 9s 6d per cwt; fresh, 10s to 13s per dozen lbs. We have a steady inquiry for Irish bacon. Sings Waterford, 44s to 46s; heavy, 42s per cwt. Lard

TALLOW.—On the whole, the demand is in a moderate way, yet prices are supported. P. Y. C. on the spot is selling at 37s to 38d per cwt. Town tallow, 36s 6d to 38d per cwt, net cash.

OILS.—Our market rules heavy, and in most instances the quotations have a downward tendency.

HAY AND STRAW.—Meadow hay, £2 2s ½; 15s; clover ditto, £3 0s to £4 0s; and straw, £1 3s to £1 9s per load.

SPIRITS.—Although very little business is doing in rum, prices are maintained. 200 puncheons East Indian have sold at 1s 6½d to 1s 7d per gallon proof. No change in brandy or corn spirits.

Wool.—By private contract, we have still to report a firm market, at extreme quotations. Kinders are a slow sale.

COALS (Friday).—Hilton, 17s 6d; Richmond, 16s; Haswell, 17s; Eden Main, 16s 9d; Kellie, 16s 6d; Sidney's Hartley, 14s 9d; Hartley, 13s 9d per ton.

HOPS (Friday).—Since our last report a very limited business has been transacted in this market, and prices are barely supported. The supply of hops on offer is large:—

Factor's Price, viz. ready money.—East Kent pockets, £3 12s to £7 0s; Ditto bags, £3 10s to £5 10s; Mid Kent pockets, £2 2s to £5 0s; Ditto bags, £2 0s to £3 10s; Weald of Kent pockets, £3 0s to £5 10s; Ditto bags, £2 0s to £3 10s; Sussex pockets, £2 10s to £3 10s per cwt.

Smithfield (Friday).—Nearly the whole of the beasts on sale in to-day's market were the refuse of Monday's supply, and in very middling condition, most of them suffering from disease. All breeds were dull in the extreme, and to effect sales the salemen were compelled to submit to a reduction in price of 2d to 3d per lb.

With sheep very few were offered, and the supply of which was seasonably large, moved off slowly, at 4s 4d per lb. Calves, the supply of which was doing. Milch cows sold heavily, at from £14 to £18 each, including their small calves.

Per 8 lb to sink the offals:—Coarse and inferior beasts, 2s 8d to 3s 0d; second quality ditto, 3s 0d to 3s 2d; prime large oxen, 3s 4d to 3s 6d; prime Scotch, 3s 6d to 3s 8d; coarse and inferior sheep, 3s 0d to 3s 4d; second quality ditto, 3s 4d to 3s 8d; prime coarse-wooled ditto, 3s 8d to 4s 0d; prime South Downs, 4s 2d to 4s 4d; large coarse calves, 2s 6d to 3s 0d; prime suckling calves, 1s 8d to 2s 4d; large hogs, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; neat small porkers, 3s 8d to 4s 0d; 2460; coars, 9s; sheep, 3200; calves, 21s; pig, 28s. Foreign beasts, 80; sheep, 640; calves, 90. Scotch beasts, 40; sheep, 60.

Neugate and Leadhall (Friday).—These markets were heavy to-day, on the following terms:—

Per 8 lb by the carcass:—Inferior, 2s 2d to 2s 4d; middling ditto, 2s 4d to 2s 6d; prime large ditto, 2s 6d to 2s 8d; prime small ditto, 2s 8d to 3s 0d; large pork, 2s 4d to 3s 6d; inferior mutton, 2s 6d to 2s 8d; middling ditto, 2s 10d to 3s 0d; prime ditto, 3s 0d to

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A Large and Beautiful STOCK can be selected from, with highly finished Movements, Four Holes Jewellery, Rich Gold Chains, and every improvement.

BENSON'S PATENT DETACHED LEVER WATCHES. Jewelled in Four Holes, Rich Gold Chains, Double-backed Gold Cases, Hand to mark the Seconds, and every other improvement. £4 8 0
Patent Silver Cases, Silver or Luminous Dials. £3 10 0
Or the above WATCHES can be had in Hunting Cases for the extra charge of 15s. and two guineas, gold and silver respectively.

The Proprietors respectfully inform the public that in consequence of the large profits usually charged upon Watches, they have been induced to manufacture their entire stock, and the immense number of watches they are enabled to reduce their Prices.

A written warranty given with every Watch for two years, and sent carriage free to any part of the United Kingdom, upon receipt of a Post-office order or banker's cheque.

A splendid Stock of fine Gold Chains at their weight for sovereigns, among which should be noticed the Greek Pattern Guard Chain, which combines the strength of the curb with great elegance of form, and is recommended for general wear.

A GOLD WATCH, with all the latest improvements, i.e. gold dial, Jewelled in four holes, maintaining power, double-backed case, &c.; with Fine Gold Chain, fitted complete in Morocco Case, adapted for a Present, price Seven Guineas.

Watches made expressly for India.



THE SHIP "ORIENTAL," OF NEW YORK.

THE SHIP "ORIENTAL."

ALTHOUGH many British ships have arrived at New York and Boston from China, since the alteration in the Navigation Laws, the first American ship (the *Oriental*) arrived in the West India Docks on the 3rd instant, and has made the fastest voyage on record from China, by a sailing vessel.

The ship *Oriental*, of New York, Captain Palmer (above 1000 tons), was built for the China trade: she sailed from New York on her first voyage the 14th September, 1849; and arrived at Hong-Kong by the Eastern Passage, January 1, 1850, being 109 days. She discharged and took in a full cargo for New York, sailed 30th January, and arrived in New York April 21st, making eighty-one days' passage; discharged and took in full cargo, and sailed May 18, for Hong-Kong; arrived August 8, making eighty-one days' passage: discharged and took in full cargo, and sailed for London, August 23; beat down the China Sea against the S.W. monsoon in twenty-one days to Anjer, and arrived off Scilly in ninety-one days, and into the West India Dock in ninety-seven days. A period of fourteen months and nineteen days has elapsed since she sailed on her first voyage from New York, since which time she has sailed 67,000 miles, and is now chartered to sail again for Canton on 10th January, 1851. The above facts are taken from the log-book, by permission of Capt T. D. Palmer, by Mr. J. Spiller, of Wapping.

We should add that the *Oriental* brings about 1600 tons of tea at £6 per ton, whilst all the ships loading at Whampoa at the same time only got £3 10s. The bulk of her cargo is consigned to three firms of the highest eminence, whose Correspondents availed themselves of the opportunity even at such a high rate

of freight, the *Oriental* being known for her fast-sailing qualities, which she fully verified. The main dimensions of the *Oriental* are—Length, 183 feet; beam, 36 feet; hold, 21 feet; poop deck, 45 feet; top-gallant fore-castle, 30 feet.

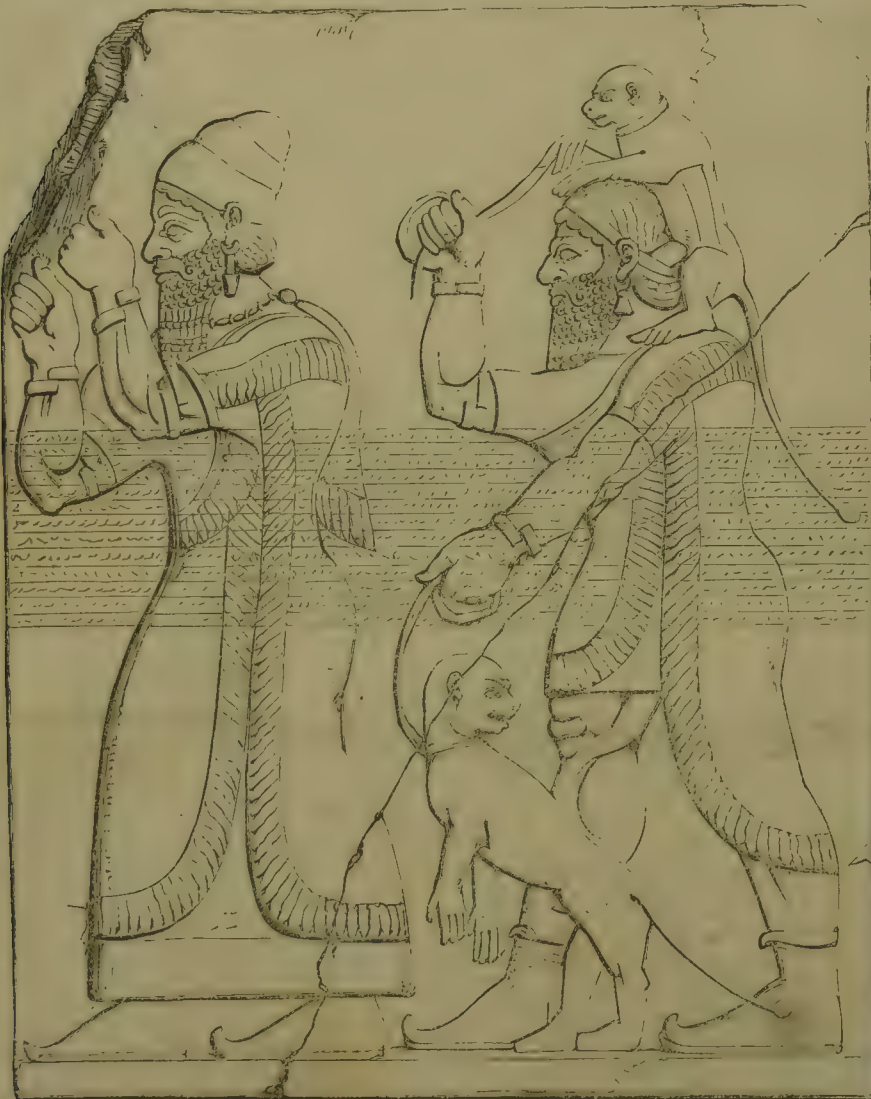
NIMROUD SCULPTURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The last-received Nimroud Sculptures will, undoubtedly, prove very attractive to Christmas visitors to the Museum. We have engraved two slabs from the series.

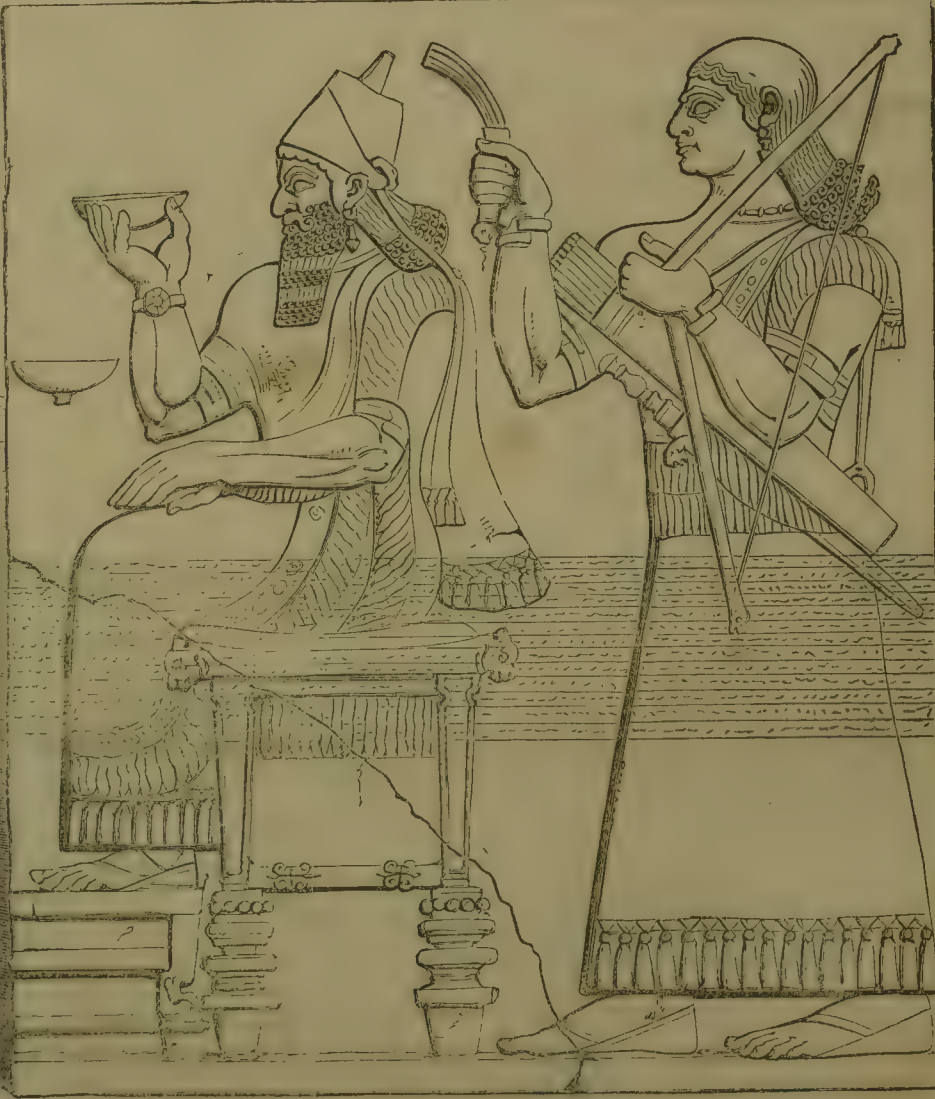
Nos. 7 and 8.—These two slabs form one subject, viz. the King drinking in the presence of the divinities of Assyria. On the right is a winged divinity, wearing on his head the horned cap, the symbol of strength and power; and in the position and attire so often described. The Assyrian monarch is represented as seated on his throne, attended by two of the principal officers of his household. In his right hand is the cup that has been presented to him by the cup-bearer, who stands before him with the "Marhammah," or embroidered napkin, over his shoulder. On the right of this officer is the "Minasha," or fly-flap, while in his left he holds the under-cup, or, possibly, the wine-strainer, an instrument in common use among the Etruscans, and of which there are many examples in the museums of Europe. Behind the throne stands the King's "Silikdar," or sword-bearer, and officer of high rank in eastern courts. This functionary, also, is occupied in the same manner as the cup-bearer; that is, in dispersing the flies and fanning the King. So, likewise, at this time, the Prime Minister of a Basha or Sultan would be occupied while his master was drinking a glass of sherbet, or sipping a cup of coffee. The throne or square

stool on which the King is seated is decorated with a fringe, and surmounted by a cushion ornamented with a honeycomb pattern; each corner of the seat terminates in a bull's-head, some of which, very beautifully cast or wrought in bronze, were found in the excavations of Khorsabad, and brought to Paris by M. Botta. The King's feet rest upon a footstool with clawed legs. His dress consists of the long fringed robe and furred mantle, and the usual truncated cap and ornaments; but he is quite unarmed. Twenty lines of inscription run across figures and ground of this work. These two slabs are not only interesting because they are of the finest Assyrian sculpture that has yet arrived in this country, and because they are in a high state of preservation, but more particularly because they embody a metaphor frequently used in the Psalms, and other of the sacred Books of the Old Testament, expressive of the interference of the Divinity in human affairs. Thus, in the 16th Psalm, it is said, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot." And again, in the 23rd Psalm, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

No. 11.—These figures represent tribute-bearers in the presence of the King. In the first, the bended knee and uplifted hands is expressive (as in the Obelisk) of submission and respect. Behind him follows his companion, bearing on his shoulder a monkey, and leading another by a cord. They are both similarly attired, and wear on their feet the buskins turned up at the toes, like the *papouch* of Constantinople. These figures are short and muscular in form, resembling very much, also, in countenance, the people of Caramania. Eighteen lines of cuneiform inscription traverse this slab.



TRIBUTE BEARERS.



ASSYRIAN KING AND SWORD-BEARER.

NIMROUD SCULPTURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

No. 461.—VOL. XVII.]

CHRISTMAS, 1850.

[NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT, 1S.]

THE GROCER'S SHOP ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY FOSTER.

THERE are two several shops for comestibles, which, on two several occasions, make a remarkably fine figure in the depth of a London winter. One is the Grocer's Shop on Christmas Eve, the other is the Confectioner's Shop towards the festival of the Epiphany. However, it is the first only which produces the real national excitement. The spectators of Twelfth-Night luxuries have, for the most part, every reason to believe that their participation will be confined to the sense of sight. Fine combinations of saccharine splendour for the eyes; Kings and Queens, ill-formed but gorgeously gilt and frosted for the eyes; pippin-paste involved into curious scrolls—all for the eyes. But the interest of the Grocer's Shop on Christmas Eve penetrates far more deeply into the soul of the surveying crowd. Many, many of them, far beyond the limits of twelfth-cake consumers, hope to share practically in the boiled-luxury. While the twelfth-cake is more an aristocratic type, the plum-pudding is a national symbol. It does not represent a class or a caste, but the bulk of the English nation. There is not a man, woman, or child raised above what the French would call *prolétaires*, that does not expect to taste a plum-pudding of some sort or other on Christmas Day.

A certain superstition, current among the people, shows how deep-rooted is the reverence for plum-pudding. "As many plum-puddings as you eat about Christmas-time," says the superstition (and why

should not a superstition say, seeing that it has so often been the cause of speech in others?), "so many happy months shall you pass in the course of the year." Thus, according to popular tradition, English felicity is intimately bound up with Christmas pudding: the latter regulates the former—is the condition precedent. The pudding not only conveys a pleasing sensation during the minutes required for its mastication, but it spreads a genial glow over the ensuing year. Happy the man who eats of twelve plum-puddings; for, lo! his happiness is secured till Christmas comes again, and brings with it a chance that he may renew his lease of bliss. That is—if the saying be a true saying; and who would presume to inhale a spirit of scepticism at Christmas time; the time when old wives' tales are so generally allowed to pass current, that even the publisher, prompted by commercial wishes, turns to practical account the flash of belief that once a year manifests itself in an unbelieving age, and thinks he may win the public to an inspection of fairy lore, if he will only wrap up that lore in the guise of a "Christmas book."

The pride of housewives of the old school is never brought out so conspicuously as in the matter of Christmas puddings. Elderly female friends, who would withhold from each other no ordinary secrets, deem the recipe for their own peculiar pudding a mystery that friendship should not unfold. Hopes are expressed in each domicile, that the especial pudding there composed may turn out better than any which is created in other familiar mansions. With some it is no uncommon practice to order up the pudding when it is cold, that the chance-visitor, who did not make one at the Christmas dinner-table, may have an opportunity of appreciating its merits. Nay, fanatics in the culinary art have

been known to invite the whole of the Christmas party a day beforehand, that each guest might stir the pudding, before it was enveloped in the form-giving cloth. There is something in this initiatory ceremony, which renders even the making of the pudding a solemn act, and forcibly sanctifies the unique sanctity attached to this peculiarly British compound.

We have a story of a Frenchman, who essayed to make a Christmas pudding, and was perfectly correct in the choice of his materials, but forgot or never learned the all-important article of the cloth, so that, instead of a tempting globe, an unseemly shapeless mass made its appearance, quivering in a tureen. This story is dreadfully old, but its very antiquity seems to show that at a remote date the English regarded themselves as marked with the peculiar distinction of being a pudding-making people. As, in the mythical legends of most nations, some deity makes his appearance to introduce the peculiar art or product by which each nation afterwards became distinguished—one introducing the use of the plough, another planting the vine, a third stamping forth the horse—so do we greatly wonder that there is no legend according to which some friendly genius instructed the English in the art of pudding-making. "Britannia presenting her children with the first Pudding-cloth," would be no ill subject for a national fresco!

That there is something very solemn and mysterious in pudding-making, is amply proved by the superstitions and practices to which we have already alluded. But in what direction does the mystery point? As types of Christmas, the pudding and the misletoe are closely associated, and the misletoe we know comes to us from the Druids. Can it be that the pudding-cloth comes from the Druids also; that the use of



THE GROCER'S SHOP AT CHRISTMAS.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.

it was one of those secret arts which the ancient hierarchy withheld from the knowledge of the profane, and that, therefore, it has remained a characteristic possession of this island?

The admiration paid to the Grocer's shop-window on Christmas Eve is easily explained, when we regard the plum-pudding as the great national symbol, and reflect that the several ingredients exhibited are but the plum-pudding in *posse*. Granted that the grocer is an artist in his way, that he spreads out his currants into a black ground, whereon he draws fantastic patterns with a lighter-coloured fruit, that he arranges his luscious hemispheres (or rather hemi-ellipsoids) of citron and lemon so as to form symmetrical lines of partition, that he constructs slender columns of cinnamon—granted all this, we say, still it will not account for his establishment drawing a crowd exceeding that attracted by the jeweller, the silversmith, or the print-seller. His means of splendour, with all the addition of the holly-leaf and berry, are but humble in the ranks of magnificence. The true secret of the homage lies in the importance of the pudding. The crowd worships the pudding in *posse*. Thus do the Japanese adore the egg out of which the world was fashioned. Thus, according to mystical interpreters of Greek mythology, the goddess Leto or Latona is worshipped as the primitive darkness out of which light afterwards emanated. Those currants, those raisins, those rolls of cinnamon, those citron hemispheres are the Yule chaos out of which the pudding is to emerge.

If the form of the pudding, produced by the cloth, dates from the earliest ages, and offers itself as a type of oldest England, perhaps Britain, the material of the pudding, collected from the remotest parts of the globe, will form no inapt representation of the more modern commercial enterprise of our nation. When the Druids (assuming that they were the real originators) promulgated their idea of a pudding, it must have been something very different from the pudding of the present day. Sources of spice and other modern luxuries must have been unknown to the sacred barbarians. A globe of the simplest material, rolled from the mystic cloth, must have been the sole manifestation of their skill. But the plum-pudding of the present day is a result of that spirit, which, in its reckless promptings, sent Christopher Columbus to look for the East Indies the wrong way. That penetrating commercial spirit, which scorns difficulties of space and time, and which regards Horace's third Ode as so much rank heresy, cannot be more aptly typified than by the chief ornament of the Christmas dinner-table. Some thirty years ago, there was, we recollect, a nursery-book called the "History of a Plum-pudding," in which all the sources of the articles were explained, feebly in rhyme, but forcibly in pictures. It was a kind of inchoate "Peter Parley." There were views in the East Indies and the West Indies, to account for the spice and the sugar; and there were ships in full sail crossing the seas, to show how the dainties were conveyed to us; and the whole terminated with a juvenile party round a Christmas table, preparing to devour the product of many lands. The moral was grand, and might furnish a subject for a fresco companion to the one we have already recommended, "The nations of the earth presenting Britannia with the materials for a Christmas Pudding!"

Pursued to all its ramifications, the pudding is still symbolical. In some neighbourhoods—not the most aristocratic—the investigator into life will find notifications of the existence of a "pudding club," rendered conspicuous by a coloured portraiture of the object. This picture, which will often be found in the grocers' shops of the suburbs, is founded somewhat on a principle of exaggeration. The pudding, which is to be the prize of the club, is of enormous dimensions. Children, with rose-pink cheeks, are shown in attitudes of exultation at its appearance; and the words that visibly flow from their mother's lips explain to the *pater familias* the advantage of pudding-clubs in general: but still one looks uneasily at the pictorial display, and cannot help feeling that if the pudding rolls from its plate—a very likely occurrence—the whole family will be smothered as by an avalanche.

Our more opulent readers, probably, do not know what a "pudding-club" really is. It is a type of the reckless generosity and hospitality of our humbler classes, and therefore we have referred to it in illustration of our statement, that the pudding is symbolical throughout. Properly speaking, there is no club at all. The several subscribers pay a trifling amount per week, for a certain length of time, before Christmas Day; and when the total sum paid equals the value of materials for a pudding, these are duly delivered. The political economist naturally asks, "What is the use of this payment beforehand?" The tally system—a grand destroyer of the well-being of our humbler classes—is at once intelligible. The article of dress is taken first, and the instalments are paid afterwards: the purchaser securing the object of his wishes without ready money; and the vendor repaying himself for the absence of ready money by the largeness of his price. But the pudding-club is no result of a commercial principle; it takes root in a national sentimental peculiarity.

The peculiarity is this: the humbler classes of London cannot keep their own money. The stringent resolution to "put by" sixpence a week, backed by the most ingenious money-box, would break down before some call for the moment—a call probably arising not from a love of self, but from a good feeling for others. The visit of an old friend must be celebrated by a social glass—the distress of an unlucky neighbour must be immediately relieved—and how are these ends to be accomplished, except by an attack upon the reserved fund. With the humbler classes, there are, fortunately, always old friends, and, unfortunately, always unlucky neighbours; and, in the face of such a system, how could the amount requisite for the plum-pudding be ever raised, if the money were kept at home? The household god of the London family would ever be incensed at the absence of his proper offering. But the grocer, who institutes the so-called "pudding-club," officiates as banker. The man who cannot trust himself with money, pays it away in the form of a subscription; and thus it accumulates, in spite of generous impulses, till the proper sum is raised. Is not this a great national fact, that our hard-working people of the humbler ranks require a check upon their impulsive generosity, even when the enjoyment of the one general holiday in the long, long year is the premium offered for a little frugality?

When the plum-pudding symbolizes so much English antiquity—English superstition—English enterprise—English generosity—and, above all, English taste, can we wonder that the Grocer's Shop-window is a popular object on Christmas-Eve.

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

He comes—the brave old Christmas!
His sturdy steps I hear;
We will give him a hearty welcome,
For he comes but once a year!

And of all our old acquaintance
'Tis he we like the best;
There's a jolly old way about him—
There's a warm heart in his breast.

He is not too proud to enter
Your house though it be mean;
Yet is company fit for a courtier,
And is welcomed by the Queen!

He can tell you a hundred stories
Of the Old World's whims and ways,
And how they merrily wish'd him joy
In our father's courting days.

He laughs with the heartiest laughter,
That does one good to hear;
'Tis a pity so brave an old fellow
Should come but once a year!

But once, then, let us be ready
With all that he can desire—
With plenty of holly and ivy,
And a huge log for the fire;

With plenty of noble actions,
And plenty of warm good-will;
With our hearts as full of kindness
As the board we mean to fill.

With plenty of store in the larder,
And plenty of wine in the bin;
And plenty of mirth for the kitchen;
Then open and let him in!

Oh, he is a fine old fellow—
His heart's in the truest place;
You may know that at once by the children,
Who glory to see his face.

For he never forgets the children,
They all are dear to him;
You'll see that with wonderful presents
His pockets are cramm'd to the brim.

Nor will he forget the servants,
Whether you've many or one;
Nor the poor old man at the corner;
Nor the widow who lives alone.

He is rich as a Jew, is Old Christmas,
I wish he would make me his heir;
But he has plenty to do with his money,
And he is not given to spare.

Not he—bless the good old fellow!
He hates to hoard his pelf;
He wishes to make all people
As gay as he is himself.

So he goes to the parish unions—
North, south, and west, and east—
And there he gives the paupers,
At his own expense, a feast.

He gives the old men tobacco,
And the women a cup of tea;
And he takes the pauper children,
And dances them on his knee.

I wish you could see those paupers
Sit down to his noble cheer,
You would wish, like them, and no wonder,
That he stay'd the livelong year.

Yes, he is the best old fellow
That ever on earth you met;
And he gave us a boon when first he came,
Which we can never forget.

So we will give him a welcome
Shall gladden his old heart's core!
And let us in good and gracious deeds
Resemble him more and more!

THE MISERABLE CLUB;

OR,

THE WOES OF BROWN AND WIGGINS.

BY LANCELOT WIGGINS.

Our club has its anniversary meeting on Christmas Eve. We call ourselves the "Miserables," and think that we are justified in assuming that title. I still call it "our" club, although I am no longer a member. It formerly consisted of thirteen; but the year before last it dwindled down to nine. Last year the number was reduced to seven, by the expulsion of my friend Percy Brown and myself. I was the original founder and perpetual president of the club. I was proud of my position, and, though I consider myself unjustly expelled, I still hold that club to be the brightest spot in a world of sorrow. All the members are miserable upon principle. Without sufficient proof of misery, no one can be admitted into that select circle. One peculiarity of our club is, that although upon sufficient proof of happiness we expel a member, we never excommunicate him: we deny his right to be called a member, but we allow him to attend our meetings as a friend and visitor, and to do anything he pleases except to vote. The principal members are Serjeant Wrangles, Lord Fitzboodle, Mr. Smith, Mr. Penultimus Green, and Mr. Hugh Fitzhugh.

The rules of the Miserable Club are, that every year it shall be imperative that the expulsion of two or more members shall be formally moved and seconded, on the ground of disqualification by happiness. Such commonplace and vulgar misery as poverty, ill health, ungrateful children, or a scolding wife, are no qualifications. They do not reach our true standard. The accused is bound to defend himself against the charge, and to adduce proofs of his misery, if he desire to continue in the enjoyment of the high distinction of being one of us. If the proofs be deemed satisfactory by a majority of the club, he is allowed to remain in full possession of the privileges of membership. If not, he is politely informed that he may go and join the outer world of the happy. By these means the members periodically fortify themselves in their misery, refresh their sympathy for their brothers' woes, and maintain the principles of the club in their utmost vigour.

The first case decided last year was that of Mr. Percival Brown, a much-respected member of the club, and a man whose fame is national property. Mr. Brown is a wit and a philosopher, a man of genius, and a man of common sense. Let no cuckoo (without wings) repeat the old song, that genius and common sense never work together. I will maintain against all disputants, what and wheresoever, that there is no genius without common sense; and that it is a stupid fallacy to imagine with that great poet, who gave his own dictum the lie, that

Great wit and madness surely are allied,
And their partitions do their bonds divide.

Mr. Brown's writings are highly esteemed, and not more so than they deserve. Although his reputation is so great, he is as modest and simple-hearted as a child. He is in the very prime of his manhood; on the vernal slope of the mountain of life; pursues the avocation that he loves; and has no cause of complaint that the world is ungrateful to his merits, or denies him bread while living, upon the understanding that he is to have a stone when dead.

It was Lord Fitzboodle who undertook to prove that, in justice to the club, Mr. Brown ought to be expelled. He dwelt very emphatically and severely upon the various elements of happiness that united in his life, character, and circumstances. "Mr. Brown," said his Lordship, "has a wife, such grace, such modesty, such wit, such virtue, such good temper, such unaffected piety, such a small white hand, such a pure complexion, such a captivating smile, such bright eyes, and such a happy soul looking through them, are seldom united so happily as in Mrs. Brown. I have been at Mr. Brown's house. I have shared his conversation and his hospitality. His house is a gem of good order and good taste. I am positive, moreover, from what I have seen, that Mr. Brown loves and is beloved by Mrs. Brown; that, in fact, all the affection which he bestows, she returns with usury. Knowing all these things, as I do, I must say, that, however much I may honour, respect, and even envy Mr. Brown, he is not a fit member of our club."

Serjeant Wrangles was Mr. Brown's next accuser. The Serjeant, miserable man, makes between £7000 and £8000 per annum by his profession, and calculates, with a very good prospect of success, upon a judgship for his declining years. He is the leader of a circuit, and of the court in which he practises; and is not only a lawyer, but something better. The Serjeant corroborated all that Lord Fitzboodle had said; expressed himself in the strongest terms of bar-equence upon the utter absence of delicacy displayed by Mr. Brown in remaining, after repeated remonstrances, a member of a club for which he was so totally disqualified.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Brown, "I will not retort upon my accusers the charges which they have so wantonly heaped upon my head. Upon what corn my shoe pinches, I alone can tell. What screw in the complex machinery of my happiness is out of order, it is not Lord Fitz-

boodle or Serjeant Wrangles that can determine. So far from being disqualified for the club, I believe that I only am properly qualified among all the gentlemen present; and that, in fact, Mr. Wiggins, our respected President, Lord Fitzboodle, Serjeant Wrangles, and every one of you, except myself, are interlopers and pretenders. The only real and legitimate miserable is Percival Brown. It is most true that I have a wife and children, whom I dearly love; that I enjoy good health; that my spirits are generally light, and my conscience tolerably clear. But what then? The woes of humanity do not pass my door without looking in upon me, and putting my manhood to the proof. All men have their particular liking—some pleasure which they prize above all others. Most men contrive to indulge in it. I alone am an exception. I doat upon quiet, and I have a most sensitive ear against discord. Hence these tears. *C'est pourquoi je m'en-rage*. I cannot obtain quiet. The boys of Savoy, with their accursed organs—the savage bag-pipers of the Highlands—old hurdy-gurdy women—itinerant ballad-singers—mackerel men—jew boys—and a whole army of similar pests, that swarm in this metropolis of London, wherein I am compelled to live, combine to assault my nerves by horrible noises, by mock music, by barbarous discords, and to render study and seclusion almost impossible, and I verily believe to drive me mad ultimately, to the ruin of my family. When I married, I unluckily purchased a house. Its walls were of the ordinary thickness. But, alas! brick walls were no protection. The house did not stand alone; it was one of a terrace. I incurred considerable expense in furnishing and embellishing this house, and thought I should be at peace in my study, amid my books. But no sooner was I fairly installed, than my miseries began. A young lady, fresh from boarding-school, with all the rawness of sixteen imprinted upon her pretty face, made her appearance in the next house within ten days after my furnishing was complete. A piano-forte, that never was allowed to rest, gave me hourly proof of her existence. The vile instrument was placed with its back against my wall, and every jingle of its strings was perfectly audible in every part of my house. My drawingroom was no longer my own. My study was so far from being impervious against her abominable squalling, that I heard every sound as plainly as if she had been at my elbow. I was inhuman enough to hate all young ladies for her sake, and to wish that I had been a despotic sovereign, that I might have issued an edict for the utter destruction, breaking up, and annihilation of all piano-fortes and musical instruments whatsoever, and for the incarceration for life in a convent or in a dungeon of any and every shrieking, screaming, yelling, sol-fa-ing miss that dared to learn music and singing in any house, dwelling, or tenement, that was not removed for a couple of miles at least from the study of Percival Brown. The slop-builders of London came in for their due share of my wrath—rogues infinitely worse than slop-tailors, and dealers in 'sham' to a far larger and more vexatious extent. Day and night, noon and even, the discord stirred up by my tormentor filled me with vindictive thoughts. The jingle of her piano-forte and her agonising shrieks under the discipline of her music-master, and in her solitary hours while she practised his lessons, racked me with spasmodic misery. I sometimes flung down my useless pen in an agony of despair, and resolved to commit suicide if she did not immediately desist. I cannot tolerate divine harmony itself—much as I love it—when I am engaged in writing; and there are times when not even the sweet strains of a Jenny Lind, or a Sontag, could fill me with any other emotions than those of annoyance that they distracted my attention, and whirled me away into spheres where mental labour is impossible. But to be persecuted by one whose most successful attempts at music were foul murder, was more than I could bear. I died a daily death. I was sacrificed by slow torment to the demon of discord; and my brain, that might have teemed with gentle fancies—with wisdom or with wit—seethed and simmered with fiendish thoughts of revenge. But I restrained myself, and I did nothing desperate. At the end of three months, however, the torment became still more insupportable. An old gentleman took the house on the other side of me. He had nothing in the world to do but to weed his little garden—talk to a parrot—scold the servants—and play the violoncello! Oh, that monster violoncello! Oh, that horrible fiddle! From six in the morning till ten at night, it was never silent for above half an hour at a time. With what a genuine hatred I hated that old man! He could play but one tune; and, as he played it imperfectly, he was always learning it. Often and often have I longed and yearned to commit justifiable homicide upon him. I hear him yet—the abominable tones of the hateful instrument still resound in my brain! Human nature could not stand the double infliction of the young girl's treble and the old man's bass. I sold my house at a great sacrifice, and removed into a detached villa. I thought it was a happy day when I quitted that terrace. In my new villa I hoped to be at peace. But it was otherwise decreed; though there were no next-door neighbours to torment me, a wretched being five villas off—an *employé* of the Government—a *précis* writer, or something of that sort—took it into his head to practise the *cornet-à-piston* every evening, in defiance of all the moral laws. This was a misery I had not dreamed of, and it almost drove me frantic. I writhed under it for about a fortnight, when a thought struck me that I might cure the disease of the *précis*-writer by a little homoeopathic treatment. Intensely as I hate the bagpipes, I hired a wheezy Highlander, and engaged him to take his stand every evening in the road opposite to the villa where my new tormenter lodged, and strike up some barbarous pibroch as soon as the horn-practice commenced. I must own that I derived very considerable enjoyment from the struggle that ensued betwixt the rivals. The piper was the more strenuous of the two, and at last the horn-blower became inaudible amid the rushing torrents of sound that escaped from the bag of his opponent. The *précis*-writer was fairly foiled, and I have no doubt bestowed as many curses upon the pipes, as I had bestowed upon his *cornet-à-piston*. I do not know whether he discovered the secret, but the Highlander played me false. I incautiously let him into the secret of my motives, and he forthwith gave notice to all the organ-grinders, hurdy-gurdy misers, and ruffians that play brazen instruments in the streets of the metropolis, that in my house there lived a man who hated the annoyance of music, and one who might be induced to bribe off his persecutors and purchase quietness for a fair consideration. I have had no peace since: the *cornet-à-piston* is still heard in the calm evening air, discoursing most eloquent misery to me. An Italian rascal with a perambulating box of discord as large as a moderate-sized cottage, drawn upon a waggon by a strong horse, sometimes stations himself for a full hour at the corner of my street, and has again and again refused to be conciliated under half-a-crown. I have tried the system of bribery and of coercion, but both have proved useless for my effectual relief. To bribe, is like anointing mys- with honey to keep away the wasps, or standing unarmed on the road-side with a pile of silver and gold before me to deter robbers. Oh, the miseries of a London street to the man of quiet habits and reflective mind! What is to become of Philosophy, of Science and Poetry, of Music itself, if these pests who grind organs in every street are to be allowed to pursue their trade? There are Italian organ-boys in London sufficient to mar all the metaphysics of all the Fichtes and Schellings that ever lived, and to destroy the intellect and poetry of any new Shakespeare or Milton that this age might otherwise produce. If I could live out of London, I would; but I would as soon die, as be altogether banished from that most delicious of capitals. The miseries of all the other members of the club are as nothing to mine. You may be unhappy; but I—miserable that I am—am driven frantic!"

This was the story told by Mr. Brown. His case was duly put to the club; and it was resolved unanimously, that, great as the misery was, it was scarcely a qualification for membership. He was expelled accordingly; it being understood, of course, that he was free to remain and make himself miserable in our company, without any privilege of voting or of membership.

My turn came next; and, having been accused by the public prosecutor, Fitzboodle—seconded, as usual, by Wrangles—of being too happy I stated my case as follows, and claimed the full privilege of misery:—"My surname," said I, "is Wiggins; my Christian name is Lancelot. I am thirty-three years of age. I have an estate of £10,000 per annum, clear and unencumbered, left to me by my father—a successful, prudent, thrifty merchant of the city of London. I inherit all his money, and some portion of his prudence; I neither hoard nor squander; but take the full enjoyment, and no more (not to the shadow of a fraction of a farthing) than is consistent with the maintenance of that comfortable income to my posterity, should I have any. I have no wife—a circumstance which I sometimes think is an

increase of misery. This is a point which, however, remains to be proved, as I am engaged to be married to the most beautiful, the most gentle, the most warm-hearted, the most— But why should I detail her merits or her charms? It is a matter in which the club has no concern. I cannot deny that I have many reasons to be grateful, in addition to those already mentioned. I have been largely endowed by nature with strength and the capacity of enjoyment. She has given me a good constitution; I eat well, drink well, and sleep well. I have picked up, since I left school and college, a pretty fair education, and think every day to have been mis-spent in which I have not learnt something. I have a keen sense of beauty. I love it in every shape, animate or inanimate, visible, audible or tangible, natural or artificial. I consider all nature to be my inheritance, my birth-right, my own property, of the usufruct of which nothing can deprive me, except the loss of my reason. Fortune may rob me of my £10,000 per annum; but she shall not rob me of my landscapes—my morning walks—my evening rambles—my delight in the beauties, the graces, the sublimities, and the terrors of nature. I consider myself, generally speaking, to be at peace with all mankind. As for womankind, I love and esteem them all, provided they are not ugly; and, lest any member of the club should mistake my meaning, I assert, in the most emphatic manner, that whatever the age of a woman may be, and whatever may be the colour of her eyes or her hair, and whatever the shape of her nose, there never yet existed, and never will exist, a good-tempered woman who was ugly in the estimation of Lancelot Wiggins. I have my political principles too, which I cherish with as much pertinacity as is consistent with my firm conviction that I was a greater fool a year ago than I am now; and that in a year hence I shall look back upon my present state of moral and political knowledge with a feeling akin to pity for my former blindness. I may say of myself generally, that I am the enemy of ignorance, oppression, and intemperance, and that I never behold ignorance without a wish to become instrumental in removing it. I have moreover a pretty strong notion, notwithstanding my own misery, that the world is not so bad a place as some people represent it to be; and that, in fact, there are many Utopias, which only remain Utopias because men obstinately persist in calling them so. Feeling acutely my own misery, I have a fellow-feeling for the miseries of others, however unlike my own they may happen to be. I endeavour to extend my sympathies beyond the folds of my own cloak, or the prickles of my own shell. In so doing I discover many evils, which I should rejoice to remove, or, failing in that, to alleviate. It may be supposed that, with all these advantages, I ought to be a happy man. But 'ought to be' and 'be' are two forms of the verb that do not always consort together as lovingly, and fit in as mathematically, as eternal morality and justice intended that they should. I am not simply unhappy, but I am miserable; and the more miserable, because my obstinate fellow-creatures, give, instead of their sympathy, their contemptuous pity or scornful laughter, as their only answer to my grievances. "Mr. Wiggins suffers from hypochondria," says a wise member. The wise member is wrong. Mr. Wiggins suffers from no such thing. He indulges in no distempered fancies. He does not, and never did, imagine himself to be a tea-pot—or a jug—or a punch-ladle—or a roasting-jack—or a pair of tongs—or a pump-handle—or a beer-barrel—or the Pope—or an Emperor. "What is the matter, then?" it may be asked; "Are you a debtor or a creditor?"—or a disappointed author acidulated into a critic?—or a broken-down orator?—or a damaged statesman?—or a *roué* with shattered nerves?—or one who has committed some dreadful crime? Perhaps you murdered Eliza Grimwood, or the barmaid in the Regent's Park?" To which I reply, that I am none of these things—and *did* none of these things, and that I cannot say that I suffer from pangs of conscience. I may, it is true, have committed in my time some faults and follies. If I have, I have suffered for them; and though I do feel a regret now and then, and a sense of repentance for peccadilloes and follies, the feeling never deepens into remorse. My conscience, all things considered, does not dig any very sharp or excruciating spurs into my side. In addition to all this, I can say that I have neither been jilted by woman nor deceived by man; and that I neither crave honour, power, or money from a human being. I have more money than I want, and far more than I can spend. I would rather be plain Lancelot Wiggins than Sir Lancelot, or Viscount Wiggins, or the Marquis de Wiggins, or the Duke de Fitzwiggins. The idea is ridiculous. A garter for Wiggins! Wiggins has two. A star for Wiggins! Wiggins has as much of all the stars, and of the sun and moon besides, as is enjoyed even by the Emperor of China. I know friend Fitzboodle will laugh when he hears my misery. Let him laugh! and prove thereby the folly of his wisdom! I tell my tale to others than him; and am sure of this, that all the ladies in the land—from Queen Victoria, God bless her! down to the humblest housemaid in a London lodging-house—will sympathize with me, however great or long-continued may be the curl upon the lip, or the arch upon the eye-brow of the self-indulgent or stiffly reasonable of the other sex. Without more words, my misery is this: I am persecuted by my fellow-creatures, whom I love; I am the martyr to a social nuisance; I am the victim of my over-sensitive nose! Civilised men have entered into a conspiracy to imitate barbarians, and to poison the delicious air, my property as much as it is theirs! They smoke tobacco, and make pestilential furnaces of their jaws. "They feed upon ashes, and cannot deliver their souls." They chew or masticate the poison, and turn their mouths into abominations. They grind it into a powder, and make dust-holes of their unoffending nostrils. I, and the women, and the children, and all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field (a clear and very decided majority of the creation), are assaulted, and distressed, and poisoned by this daily increasing evil. The misery I suffer, who shall tell? The nuisance offends both nose and eyes at every step I take in the busy thoroughfares of the world. It is not only men, patricians and plebeians, snobs and snobissimi, law-makers and law-breakers, head-workers and hand-workers, and fellows who never work at all, but boys in their teens (abominable young snoblings!), who indulge in the filthy habit of smoking, and poisoning the clear atmosphere! I must confess that I never see a boy smoking, without feeling a strong impulsive movement in my toe, urging it forcibly towards a part of his person that shall be nameless. Some day or other, I feel confident, I shall indulge my toe in the luxury it covets. Should I be tempted, I shall cheerfully resign myself to the consequences, which cannot be worse than a newspaper paragraph, with my respectable name in it, headed "SAVAGE ASSAULT," and a fine of forty shillings, or may be five pounds, inflicted by the stipendiary Solon of a metropolitan police-court. In my house a smoker never enters—if I can help it. I would discharge the best footman that ever wore plush, if he dared even to take a pinch of snuff within my gates. I would immolate my estimable butler—he is sixty-five years of age, and has been forty-five in the service of the Wiggenses—*père et fils*—and has a head white as the driven snow; yet even that good man should receive no mercy at my hands if I discovered him with a pipe in his mouth. Thank heaven, there is one place on the face of the earth that I can keep sacred to temperance, cleanliness, and a pure atmosphere; I am not to be poisoned there! So strong is my aversion, that I have never once asked our curate, the Rev. Mr. Snodland, to dinner, since I saw him take a pinch of snuff on the pulpit stairs, though I asked him regularly every Sunday before that time. If I had a son who smoked, he should not inherit one sixpence of my money, or one square inch of my acres. All should go to my daughter; and if I had no daughter, I would pension aged governesses, upon condition that a single pinch of snuff taken by any one should be the forfeiture of the pension. May I be spared, O pitying Heaven! the inexpressible misery of a smoking son! Some of my friends say that I should be too happy in the world, were it not for the vexations and annoyances which I suffer from this cause. I dare say they are right. Every man must have a screw loose somewhere or other in his mental or physical machinery. By having this strong and growing aversion to tobacco, an aversion that shall never quit me as long as the breath remains in my body, I feel that I am human and mortal, and doomed to suffer. There is a continual screw loose; there is a button always off; there is a sore place perpetually about me, defying cure. Lancelot Wiggins, with his sound constitution, in the prime of his life, with ten thousand pounds per annum, and no desire for another sixpence, or for a title, or for a seat in Parliament, is on a level with humanity. There is a drop of poison in his cup. "There is a cloud of dense tobacco smoke upon his mental horizon, which obscures to his eyes the glory of the heavens and the beauty of humanity."

Lord Fitzboodle, with a most irreverent and unfeeling laugh at my misery, and at the manner in which I had narrated it, declared that I was quite disqualified for the club. He alleged that I was too happy;

and that, were it not for the petty annoyances which I suffered from tobacco—annoyances which I might remove by learning to smoke like other people—I would, in fact, be so happy in the world, as to run a great risk of being spoiled, and rendered vain, conceited, hard, cold, and unfeeling. "Besides," he added, "I think our friend Wiggins is delighted to have something to hate, and that, were it not for his dislike of tobacco, which always gives his mind employment, and affords a safe and harmless conduit for his spleen, he would be in a condition ten times more unhappy than he now represents himself to be." Hereupon, he went into a long dissertation in praise of tobacco, which, at the time he made it, both amused and enraged me. I was not aware that so much could be said in defence of the dirty weed, and of the abominable habit of smoking, and I re-produce it, in order that the denial of the truth of every part of it which I made may go forth to the world along with it, and that I may denounce, in the most emphatic manner, the sophistry of such reasoning. I verily believe that a man who could talk so well in praise of tobacco, could vindicate murder, or, like De Quincey, treat it as one of the Fine Arts.

"Surely," said Fitzboodle, "there must be some virtue in tobacco of which people who hate it are unaware, when we find it such a favourite among men in all climates and latitudes—among men civilised, semi-civilised, and barbarous—among men of all religions and modes of thought—among men who agree in nothing but their love of it."

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,

says Charles Lamb; and Turk and Christian, John Bull and Uncle Sam, the Dutchman and the Spaniard, the Kamschatkadale and the Cherokee, the Greenland and the Negro, the Brazilian and the Chinaman, would join in the chorus with all their hearts. We have but to think of the quantities of tobacco which they severally consume, to be convinced of their large affection for it. Snuff, pipe, cigar, or quid—in one shape or the other, it is the friend, the companion, the delight of man. The universality of its use, and the greatness of its fascination, prove its virtue."

"All balderdash!" said I. "You might as well say that the universality of the belief in witchcraft in the days of James I. proved witchcraft."

"Order, order!" said Serjeant Wrangles. "The belief in witchcraft disappeared before the increasing light of civilisation," continued Fitzboodle. "When witchcraft went out, tobacco came in. And, besides, the more civilisation has increased in the world, the more tobacco has been consumed. The growth of the one keeps pace with the love of the other, and *vice versa*. The discoveries of science are made by men who blow clouds of tobacco smoke. When Homer lived there was no smoking, but there was also no steam-engine. When Plato taught there were no cigars, but, at the same time, there were no railroads. Let us inquire not only what are the fascinations of tobacco, but its effect upon the mind and body of those who use it. By the general consent of all who smoke, it is conceded that tobacco has a soothing influence upon the brain and nerves. It calms irritability. No man can be angry with a pipe or a cigar in his mouth. It disposes the mind to peace, charity, and good-will. The Indian phrase, 'the calumet of peace,' has passed into our English idiom. The smoke of gunpowder is warlike; that of tobacco is redolent of negotiation, truce, peace, and reconciliation. If a man will do an ill-natured thing, he must put down his pipe to do it. Then, again, the pipe or the cigar is a companion. He who smokes is not alone, even in the extreme of solitude. He has a friend in his mouth, who administers consolation to him for the hard rub he may have received from the world. Smoke disposes the mind to meditation and self-communion. To know one's self, has always been held the greatest proof of wisdom; and how much self-knowledge is acquired in those long-drawn whiffs of the solitary smoker, when, heedless of the world without, his thoughts are entirely concentrated upon that wondrous microcosm—himself? What is it that cheers the hard life of the sailor? Tobacco. What is it that enables the soldier to march o'er bog and brake, to ford rivers, to penetrate through wildernesses of snow, to endure the ice of the frigid and the scorching heat of the torrid zone? Tobacco. What is it that reconciles the man to the world, who has a large bill due to-morrow and not a stiver to meet it? Tobacco. Did any man ever meditate suicide with a pipe or cigar in his mouth? Never! and no man ever will. The influence of the plant is so genial, that when any thought of the kind shoots across the brain of the dejected and the forlorn, they have but to light a pipe or cigar and be reconciled to their miserable existence. All ideas of the rope or the razor, of prussic acid or a leap from Waterloo-bridge, vanish before the perfumes of a choice Havannah. The troubles of the mind yield to the delicious influence of the blessed weed. And great as are these benefits and fascinations, all derivable from tobacco, I hold that there are many others which should make men in a high state of civilisation grateful to Providence for so splendid and beneficent a gift. Worn with the undue pressure upon the brain consequent upon the fierce competition of the present day—debilitated rather than depressed—overwrought in the struggle to subsist, or to maintain a respectable position in the world, the man of shattered nerves has a friend that lies gentle as sleep, soft as down, luxurious as sunshine, upon his senses. That friend is tobacco. Even when the nerves are not shattered—when the man is sound of wind and limb, and unannoyed by the cares and sorrows of the world—when the mind is, as it were, fallow, and waiting to bring forth a crop of ideas, the balmy influence of tobacco predisposes it to fructification. None but those who have smoked know the heavenly luxury of a cigar after dinner. It is then, that, reclining in an easy-chair, or stretched at full-length upon a sofa, we are aware of certain half-formed thoughts and fancies which go flitting across the camera-lucida of the inner life; it is then that the soul itself seems to float lazily, quietly, beautifully, and beatifically—like a light cloud upon the evening sky, looking down complacently upon the clay above which it soars, yet from which it sprang, and to which it belongs. Supposing the cynic to be reclining on a sofa, at his own fireside, under the light of his own resplendent chandelier—comfortable, as all cynics are—are there not countless illustrations of the vanity of the world to be afforded him by the clouds of thin blue smoke which he discharges from his mouth and nostrils? The love of woman! Alas! in what is it better or more substantial than the vapours of his Havannah? Possession of gold! Alas! and double and trebly alas! what signifies it? What is it worth after it has been acquired? Will it repay the grey and aching head, or the seared and aching heart? Will it soothe the troubled conscience? Will it bring healing to the sick? No; but tobacco will; and therefore are the fumes of pipe or cigar, in producing this effect, more valuable by far than the possession of treasure. Is fame more worthy? Not a whit. 'Tis but a breath, and is even more unsubstantial than the whiff of a meerschaum. Oftentimes, indeed, it is far more evanescent. Equally apt for its illustration of another phase of human life and character, is the smoke which the smoker exhales. Should he be an epicurean, easy and good-natured, at peace with himself and with all the world; determined to extract from the world, while he lives in it, all the harmless enjoyment that he can; an enemy of no man, but simply the enemy of care, vexation, annoyance, and all the rude and strong passions that might disturb the ceaseless serenity of his soul—the light fumes of his hookah or his Havannah afford him abundant opportunities to moralise upon earthly vanity. What, for instance, is grief, that it should weigh upon his immortal mind? 'Tis nothing—'tis but a puff of smoke, and it is gone. What is anger, that it should lodge in his breast—and what is there in the world that is worth being angry about? Nothing, nothing—unless the thin fleecy cloud that hovers above his face as he puffs his cigar be worthy of being deemed a something, and of entering into the large list of respectable entities. Spite, jealousy, malice, envy—all the other little mean paltry passions—are infinitely less than smoke in the estimation of such a man as this is. As for the big, grandiloquent tragic passions, they are no better than the little ones. They are like the smoke out of an evil and malevolent furnace, not to be compared with the smoke of his pipe, which is altogether benevolent. But, after all, the principal virtue of tobacco is that it is friendly of itself, and is the cause of friendliness in others. If two men have ever been in the habit of smoking together, there is peace between them. To smoke with a man in modern times, is tantamount to the practice among the ancients of breaking bread with him. It is a sign of hospitality and good-will. It may not always make people friends, but it prevents them from becoming enemies while the smoking lasts. We are told that many a friendship which adorned a life, and only concluded with it, arose, in the early ages of the world, over a crust of bread. I have no doubt that many a

friendship, equally pure, disinterested, and constant, owes its origin, in the present age, to a proffered cigar; to the demand for, and the concession of, a light; or to the graceful and common courtesy of a pinch out of a neighbour's snuff-box."

"The same friendships would exist if there were no such thing as tobacco in the world," said I. "Human nature was not born of the tobacco plant. The widely-spread prevalence of the habit of smoking cannot be urged as proving its benefit. I do not deny that smokers find an enjoyment in their habit. I admit it, and deplore it. Multitudes of men and women, in Europe and America, find an enjoyment in drinking to excess of gin, whiskey, rum, and brandy; other multitudes still more dense, in Asia, find an enjoyment equally fierce in drinking laudanum and eating opium; but are we to defend the gin-drinker, the whiskey-swiller, and the opium-eater, because he is not alone in his insanity, and because he has the countenance of the society in which he moves for his beastly indulgence? Let me retract the offensive epithet, oh ye four-legged beasts! Ye live according to the laws of nature, and only eat and drink what she has prescribed for you. No animal except man indulges in intoxication, whether of tobacco, of alcohol, or of opium. The pig, it is true, has been known to get drunk, when man took advantage of his ignorance, and placed the brewer's wash in his way; and the goose has also been observed to become slightly intoxicated, when betrayed into it by man; but even pig and goose revolt indignantly against tobacco. No temptation can make them tolerate smoke for an instant. Boileau has said that—

Tous les hommes sont foux, et malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus ou du moins.

And Pope after him has repeated that Nature can do no more than tell us we are fools. If proof were needed to confirm the dicta of these poetical philosophers, the passion for tobacco would of itself be sufficient. Disguise it as you will, tobacco is poison—poison to the nose, poison to the palate, poison to the lungs, and poison to the stomach. In the form of smoke, it is doubly poisonous—for it not only poisons the smoker himself, but the harmless inhaler of the common atmosphere, who has the misfortune to be in the same room, or on the top of the same coach with him. Good results may spring from the use of a poison, if administered medicinally. Were tobacco only taken by men as prussic acid is, in obedience to the prescription of a skilful physician, I should cheerfully acknowledge, that, like prussic acid, or any other respectable poison created by an all-wise and all-beneficent Providence, it had its uses. But men do not use tobacco as a medicine—they abuse it as a luxury. They love it for its unwholesome excitement; and all the delicious sensations which you have described as flowing from it are produced by opium, the use of which even you would not defend. Nevertheless, every argument for tobacco is an argument for alcohol and for opium. If tobacco be found useful as a stimulant, so are other poisons; and if stimulants be so good, so necessary, and so delightful, why should we confine ourselves to the one poison, when all the poisons of all-bounteous Nature are before us? Why do we leave opium to the Chinese only? The strength temporarily given by laudanum to weak and nervous people, who addict themselves to its use, is quite as great as that afforded by tobacco; and the bright visions that may be conjured up in the diseased brain of him who eats opium, are far greater than any that dawn upon the dark mind of the tobacco smoker; but we think we shall escape the penalty more easily with tobacco than with either of them. But all such excitements are ultimately injurious. Nature is inexorable. She exacts a penalty for all transgressions. She is filled with benevolence, but she never pardons a wrong done against her Majesty and her laws. Nature cannot forgive a wrong against Nature. She punishes the use of tobacco, in all its forms of smoking, snuffing, and chewing, and has decreed that its abuse shall destroy the stomach and emaciate the frame; that it shall create unnatural thirst, and consequently lead to over-indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors. She has also decreed that it shall make the teeth black or yellow, cause the breath to become offensive, and that it shall disorder and impair the intellect."

"I grant you," said Fitzboodle, "that these are the results of the abuse of tobacco. I only defended its use. A man may abuse bread itself, and overgorge himself with dough, French rolls, or pastry crust; but are we to denounce corn for that? An alderman may take too much turtle; but is not turtle good? and are we to denounce its use because it makes a man gouty and apoplectic when taken immoderately?"

"Mere sophistry," replied I; "the smallest use of that which is not wholesome, or necessary, is an abuse. As for your pictures of the cynic and the epicure, they are—

Beni, ma mal trovati.

They are very well as pictures; but they are irrelevant to the matter of tobacco. Pope, that great poet, who was no smoker, outshines your cynic in his contempt for fame, riches, and all the *etceteras* upon which you have dwelt. Solomon declared that 'all things were vanity and vexation of spirit.' He wanted no llavanna fumes to teach him that."

"He might have excepted the cigar from the catalogue of vanities, had he known it. Judging from his wisdom in other respects, he would have assuredly done so," said Fitzboodle.

"I was about to observe that illustrations of the vanity of all human enjoyments abounded before tobacco ever was used or abused by man. As for your epicurean, he would be but a poor and sham epicurean who could not nurse his philosophy with tens of thousands of similes better than those you have put into his mouth, in your miserable apology for the intoxication produced by tobacco. Cynicism and epicureanism need no illustrations from the pipe. They were known to and took their names among a people who never smoked. Could you imagine Plato with a meerschaum? or, Socrates with a cigar? or, Diogenes with a quid?"

"Of course, I could," replied Fitzboodle; "and love them all the better for the fancy. Only imagine what Shakespeare is, and what he might have been if he had smoked!"

"Thank Heaven!" I said, "that Homer and Shakespeare were equally guiltless of tobacco. I reflect upon that fact, and am less miserable. And now, having denounced the 'weed' in prose, I will give you my malediction upon it in rhyme:—

SONG.

Upon his mouth may curses fall,
May it be dead to savour;
His mellow fruits be cinders dry,
His wines devoid of flavour;
His bread be sawdust in his jaws;
And may his teeth, so black oh,
Turn all his sweets to bitter sour—
The wretch who chews tobacco!

Upon his nose may curses light,
May odours never charm it;
May garden flowers, and woods and bowers,
Yield noxious scents to harm it;
May all Arabia's spice exhale
Foul gas to make it suffer,
Who makes a dust-hole of his nose—
The vile tobacco-snuffer!

May never lady press his lips,
His proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her;
And none but hags, who choke themselves,
Have kisses for a smoker!"

Thus ended my denunciation of the poisonous weed. It was the last speech I ever made as a member of the club. My right and title to the privilege of membership were put to the vote and solemnly denied; and it was forthwith notified to me, that I was to consider myself for the future as an outer barbarian, whose company the club would be at all times miserable to enjoy. I am, however re-eligible, and shall put in a claim on another occasion to be restored to my position. If elected, as I hope to be by next Christmas, it is my intention to examine the claims of Fitzboodle and Wrangle to the title of miserable, and avenge upon them the injustice they have done me. Oh, that I were an absolute sovereign! Smoking in the streets should be an offence to be punished by decapitation; and no man should smoke in his own room, under the penalty of an annual tax of seventy-five per cent. on his income!

C. M.



PUNCH AND JUDY AT CHRISTMAS.—DRAWN BY LEECH.

CHRISTMAS INTERIORS.

BY THE OLD BACHELOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH.

I AM sure my title is appropriate, for Christmas is peculiarly the season of Interiors in England. Its charities cluster round bright and crackling hearths; its memories are of families met, often from long separation, round happy household tables; its festivities are all associated with close-drawn curtains, glowing fires, soft carpets, ruddy lights, familiar faces, the prattle and laughter of young voices, the unspoken love of man and wife; the union of the past, the present, and the future in grandparents, parents, and children; with all the sweetest and most satisfying sights, and sounds, and sentiments of home. Festivals change their character with the scene of their celebration. When the holly, and mistletoe, and laurestinus make a green bower of the village church, and the robin nestles under the sheltering layers of the snow-thatched yew, at most times that the words of peace upon earth, and goodwill towards men are solemnly spoken from an English pulpit, what wonder that few of us recall, in connexion with Christmas, the broad and sun-scorched plains of Eastern Chaldaea, with their sapphire night-sky, unclouded stars, and watching shepherds. Milton, in his "Hymn to the Nativity," has gone so far as to transfer to the Oriental scene of the Nativity the snow and wintry bleakness of our own northern climate:—

It was the winter wild
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe, to Him
Hath doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise.

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooed the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

Our English Christmas-tide, then, is a season of Interiors—bright and warm often; often, alas! dark and cold: most of them joyous, but many sad with memories. A few of these Interiors are here humbly presented to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, by joint service of pencil and pen, as an offering appropriate to the happy and holy time.

Here we are among the Children—where we ought all of us to be at Christmas time. Whatever invitations I decline, whatever invitations I accept, at Christmas, I take care of one thing, that where I go, there must be children—children of all ages, from the little fatling, who looks at my hard face out of wondering round eyes, and then, with dimpled, waxen fingers, gravely proceeds, in a roundabout way, to pull off my spectacles—from that little innocent, up through the toddler of three years old, who asks questions you can't answer, and will have a reason for everything—to dawning girlhood of ten, that blushes, and is beginning to feel the womanhood stir strangely in it—and so on, by romping boyhood of twelve, and shy hobbadehoyhood, growing too long for the arms of its jacket and the legs of its trousers, even up to the sweet maidenhood of seventeen (fatal to me, an old bachelor)—and there I stop—for as to the "young men" and "young women," all accomplishments and conceit, of them I don't care how little I see at Christmas or

any other time of year. No; take me to the children, and keep me there—and oh, do let me make the acquaintance, in their company, or *Punch in the drawingroom.*

Mr. Punch, I grieve to say, is ceasing to be a mystery. Faith has failed us here as in other religions. I do not think we believe in Punch as we used to do before we knew as much about him behind the scenes as we know now, thanks to London Correspondents and such discoverers. But I have a great deal of ancient veneration; and when, the other day, I was asked by pleasant Mrs. Eyebright to engage Mr. Punch for her Christmas party, I felt a sort of fluttering—such as I remember to have first experienced, some years ago, when I had a five-act play in MS., and was solemnly introduced to the eminent tragedian of the day.

I had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Punch into Mrs. Eyebright's drawingroom, and a most distinguished figure he made. I should hardly have known him from the greengrocer from round the corner, who waits, as he appeared in his black suit and white tie, which looked quite smart and fresh in the lamp-light. He behaved with an easy dignity, which yet seemed in harmony with the humour of his conversation. But he accounted for this by his familiarity with the great.

"This 'ere's a nice party," he remarked to me confidentially, "and refreshments werry liberal; but, bless you, I've performed afore 'arf the Dooks and Markisses in England, I 'ave."

His "pardner" (as the gentleman is called, who converses with Mr. Punch when that individual is not occupied in murdering his friends and disposing of the bodies of his victims, or suffering from illness or remorse) was a grave man, who appeared to treat Punch with much respect, calling him "Mr." scrupulously, or addressing him, as Boswell addressed Dr. Johnson, with the addition of "Sir." He was much looked up to by the children; but some of them were puzzled at the difference of size between the two interlocutors of the dialogue. And when little Mary Eyebright had been solemnly taken up by funny Mr. Edkins (who seemed to be on almost as free and easy terms with Mr. Punch as the pardner himself), to be introduced to Mr. Punch, and to offer him a piece of cake, which he accepted with a profusion of bows over the front of his box (like a dramatic author on a first night), saying, "Th—h—ank you, Miss—err—w—ee—t," Mary was looked upon as a heroine by her little companions for the rest of the evening, and conducted herself accordingly, with a great increase of dignity. It was very painful to see Mr. Twinge, Q.C. (he is Mrs. Eyebright's uncle, and has thus acquired a right to bore us at all the family parties, labouring to undermine the children's faith by explaining to them that Mr. Punch does not really kill his wife and child and Shallabala, and is not really carried off by the Devil in the fifth act.

Confound him, why couldn't he let them believe it all, as I saw they did, the little darlings, all but Master Clutterbuck, who is a boy of a rationalistic turn of mind, and could not be kept from peeping through the curtain, and declaring contemptuously "they were not alive, and were taken out of a box." They were charmingly perplexed between Mr. Punch's humour and murderous propensities—just as one is in judging of a real man. For that is the great point in Punch, which makes the conception of him a work of genius (as unctuous old Mr. Easy explained with immense relish to jolly old Mrs. Roley during the performance, which they enjoyed as much as any of the children). "That's it, ma'am. You see, he's a confounded rogue and vagabond; but he's so pleasant with it all, one can't help liking him: rogues almost always are pleasant people. And then, as for his murdering his wife and child, and singing while he arranges them in the coffin, it's human nature, Mrs. Roley; we are all made so more or less. We jolly dogs, very pleasant fellows, are deuced disagreeable to live with; and Mr. Punch is uncommonly popular in society, from which he retires, not unfrequently, to beat poor Judy."

Before the last act, I was mysteriously beckoned by the "pardner" to the side of the box. He and Mr. Punch, inside (technically called the "swatchel cove," from the swatchel, a little instrument of tin, through which Mr. Punch speaks), were in grave debate. "Will they stand him, d'ye think, sir?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Stand him! Whom?"

"Why, the Devil, sir, and the comic carrying-off business arter all! We does it, nows and thens, sir, with the nobility; but most times we leaves it out in the droring-room version. Ax the lady, sir. Do 'ave it, if you can, sir; I don't feel to do it right without him."

I answered for Mrs. Eyebright, who is a woman above vulgar prejudices, and we had the Devil.

I talked to Mr. Punch after the performance, on the subject of the omis ion, and found his reasoning against a Bowdlerised version of his tragedy very sound and logical.

"They don't consider it's a reg'lar play, sir," he said, "and angs to-gether one part on it with another. 'Ow would they like if Macready or Charles Kean was to tip 'em 'Amlet,' or 'Richard the Third,' or such like, with never no fifth hact? It aint likely, sir; and it's enough to pison the children's minds, it is, if they sees Mr. Punch come off



"THERE IS NO DECEPTION, LADIES."—DRAWN BY LEECH.

easy and quiet after such conduct, and no moral retribution, which is the Devil, in course; and so I tells 'em when they says it's low, with I own it is low, and can't be otherwise; but still it's wot Punch 'as been and arned, and it's wot he ought to get, in my opinion, and I've worked him these five-and-twenty years, and ought to know. I can't abear to leave it out, sir, and that's the fact; but we can't go agin the public taste, you know, sir, as all us performers finds out—me, and the Operas, and theatres, and Hastley's, and all on us. 'Owsomever, you stood up for the Devil, sir, to-night; and we've 'ad it right out, as I likes it, and I'm obleeged to you, sir, and 'ere's your 'ealth; 'ere's to-wards you, Jem;" and, with a bow to me, and a nod to his "pardner," he buried his nose in the pewter pot, which the provident kindness of Mrs. Eyebright had set out for him in the back-parlour, where he and his "pardner" had what they called "riglar blow-out," greatly to the amazement of the children, who clustered round the door, and, peeping fearfully in, saw, with much disappointment, that Mr. Punch was *not* in the chair, with Shallabala, Judy, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* seated round the table.

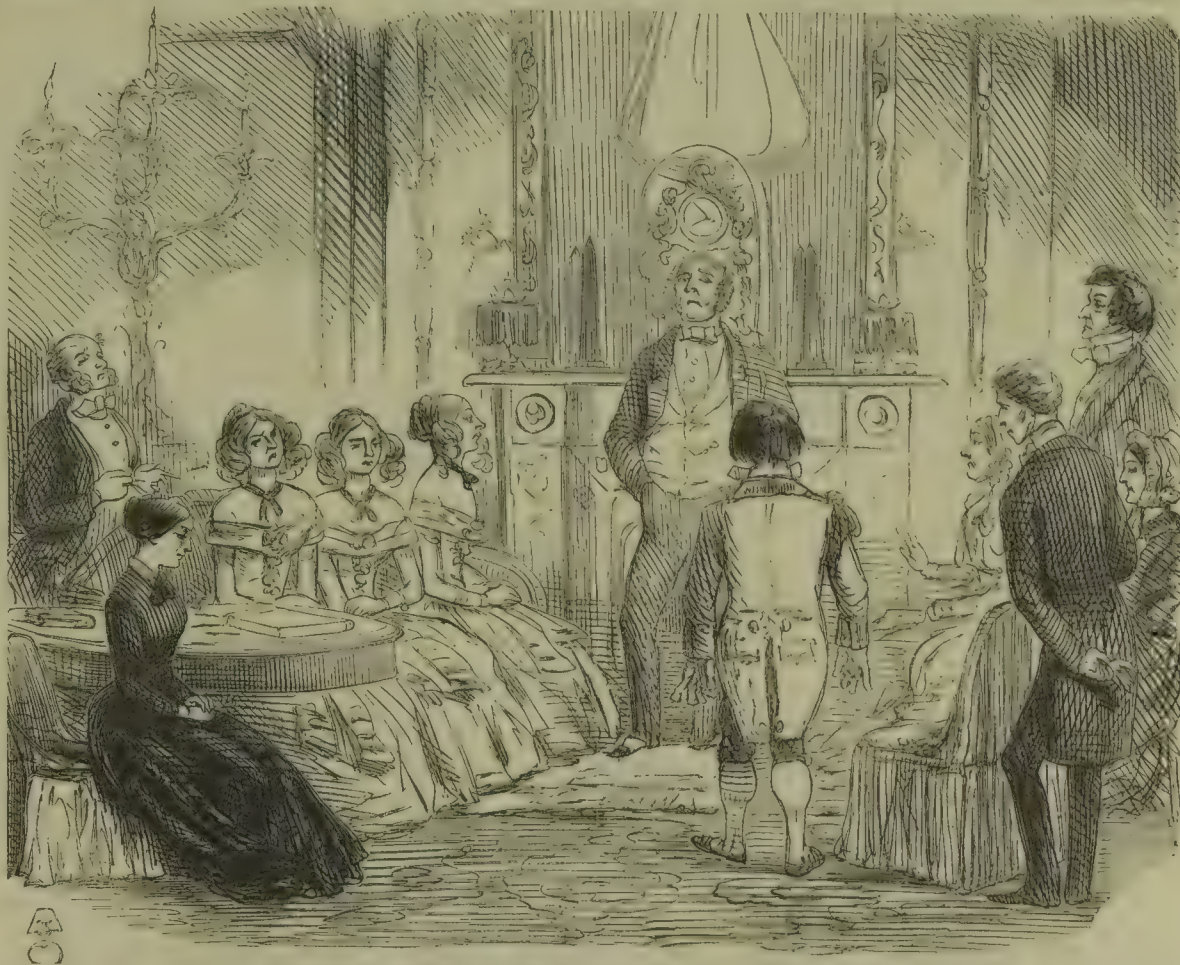
I had bowed Mr. Punch and "pardner" out, and was on my way back to the drawingroom, when I heard a terrific burst, half terror, half laughter, with cries, and rushings to and fro, and giggings and shouts. Opening the door—Oh these children! what miracle will not their happy presence work on the sourest, and most rational and atrabilious of us old folks!—if there was not grave and iconoclastic Mr. Twinge, Q.C., with all his weight of law, and fifty-six years on his head, performing the "Giant," draped in Mr. Eyebright's dressing-gown, surmounted by a wonderful extempore mask, held in his uplifted hands. Yes, there was the severe Twinge, as great a child as any there, exhibited by funny Mr. Edkins as "the Californian Giant, and no deception, ladies"—mopping and mowing and knocking his hat against the chandelier, and breaking his shins over the furniture, and becoming enamoured of the young ladies, and delighting the bold children, and terrifying the timid ones into fits. I couldn't exactly understand the expression of his face when it was all over, and he had bowed his way out, and, undraping on the landing, caught my eye. He looked as if he was ashamed, and ashamed of his shame, and proud and angry, and pleased and vexed all at the same time. For my own part, I have never thought him half such a bore since.

T. T.

COLD OUT OF DOORS, AND COLD IN-DOORS, OR "TOM SMITHERS'S CHRISTMAS DAY."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH.

TOM SMITHERS was a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle



WHERE YOU SHOULD NOT DINE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—DRAWN BY LEECH.

Temple. We needn't say how it came about, but on Christmas Day, 184—, Tom Smithers found himself with no invitation to dinner, not a rap in his pocket, and not so much as a mutton-chop in the cupboard of the laundress's den, called a pantry, in his four-pair back in Elm-court. People may pooh-pooh my story for its improbability. A student of an inn of court without friends to ask him to a Christmas dinner, without money, without credit? Preposterous!

All I can say is, that it is not only possible, but true; and Tom Smithers told me so, and is living, and has got into practice, and is a leader of his sessions at this day, to corroborate me.

What was to be done? "Confound it!" thought Tom, "there must be some one one knows hanging out on a Christmas Day. Some of 'em *might* have asked me, though. Let's see; there's the —, and the —," and he ran over on his fingers the names of the people he was in the habit of dining with. "I'll be hanged if I don't go and ask the Reddies to ask me."

Resolved and done. Tom dressed, and sallied out of the Temple. It was six o'clock; the Strand was almost deserted; first-floor windows over shops gleamed ruddily; and, as he drew westwards, there was light in drawingrooms; and down on area walls the kitchen firelight danced promisingly, and Tom felt there was dinner in the land for everybody but him. The Reddies lived in — street, — square. There was no light in their kitchen window, and their drawingroom was dark. Tom's heart sank within him.

"They're dining out," sighed Tom. "I can't call at this time of day, and dressed too. The servants would twig I was sponging for a dinner. Can't stand that, either. Let's see; who is there hereabouts I know? Oh, the Tiptons! Yes, there's Fred Tipton has asked me to come a hundred times; and I know they make a rule of having a family party on Christmas Day. They can't refuse to take a poor devil in who has no family to go to."

And, made bold by the very sense of his own homelessness and hopelessness, Tom made the best of his way to the stately portico of the Tiptons. They had crept nearer to the square, and were, in fact, just shouldering it. Their ambition was to be in it—and into it they were

safe to get, sooner or later, for they had set what they called their hearts on it.

There was light enough in the kitchen here, and brilliant was the range of drawingroom windows; and there was a warm glow through the chink of the diningroom shutters, which bespoke wax-lights and plate, and red curtains and fire, and all the other luxuries of the season. Tom's heart yearned to it all; not so much for the warmth, and good fare, and wine, and other creature comforts, as for the sense of cosy family gathering it suggested.

"I will, by Jove!" he said, at last, after a pause to screw his courage to the sticking-place; and rat-tat rat-a-tat-tat went the knocker, and the gorgeous footman opened the door, and in walked Tom, as bold as if he had been an invited guest.

"Mr. Smithers!" roared the gorgeous footman. "Mr. Smithers!" repeated the other gorgeous footman on the first landing. "Mr. Smithers!" firmly and sonorously uttered the gentleman in black, who threw open for him the drawingroom door.

Tom's heart sank within him as his name fell on the blank and dreary circle.

In spite of lustres, and lamps, and mirrors, and curtains, and sofas, and ottomans, and a roaring fire in the grate, and all other appliances of ease and wealth and warmth, there was a cold, icy chill nipped every look, and cramped every movement of every soul in the room.

Mr. Tipton, a magnificent man in a stiff white cravat, advanced in a stately manner, with his eyebrows raised, in a way that expressed distinctly to Tom Smithers, "What the deuce brought you here?" Mrs. Tipton, a thin lady, with a general hungeriness of aspect, reared herself bolter upright, if possible, and repeated Mr. Tipton's look. The poor Miss Tiptons shrank into their shoes, and seemed to grow visibly chillier; and even Tom's friend Fred, who passed for "a devilish good fellow," seemed to have lost all his natural elasticity under the influence of this family vault of a drawingroom. Tom couldn't make his heart up to tell the truth, so he stammered out something about a "late call."

Tom felt he had got into the house where you ought *not* to dine on a Christmas Day—the house where they make a duty of every pleasure, and, among others of these painful duties, duly observe the tradition of a family dinner at Christmas. Not that it isn't a capital custom when the family feeling crowns and inspires the family gathering. But here it was the magnificent Mr. Tipton, whose selfishness was so far narrower than most men's, that it seemed hardly to extend beyond himself to his family; and frozen Mrs. Tipton, who never betrayed, by a spark in her eye, the presence of any warmth whatever in her heart; the poor girls, who, between the father's magnificence and the mother's chilliness, had subsided into dreary social machines; the son, who felt papa, mamma, sisters, and family party "a confounded bore," as he didn't scruple to tell Tom Smithers, when they got five minutes' confidential communication; an elderly aunt, from whom they had expectations, and who, being of the same kidney with themselves, knew that they had them, and was perpetually letting them know that she knew it, to have the pleasure of making them uncomfortable; a deaf uncle, who was a rival for a good place in the will of the rich aunt, and whom it was necessary to ask, lest he should steal a march on the family. Then there were two poor relations, for whom Tom Smithers' heart bled—a poor young girl, and a sort of decayed and mangy-looking man, of indescribable age—one of the men who are always living from one agency to another, who diverge from "a snug little bottle-ale business," into "a fine opening in the coal trade, on commission."

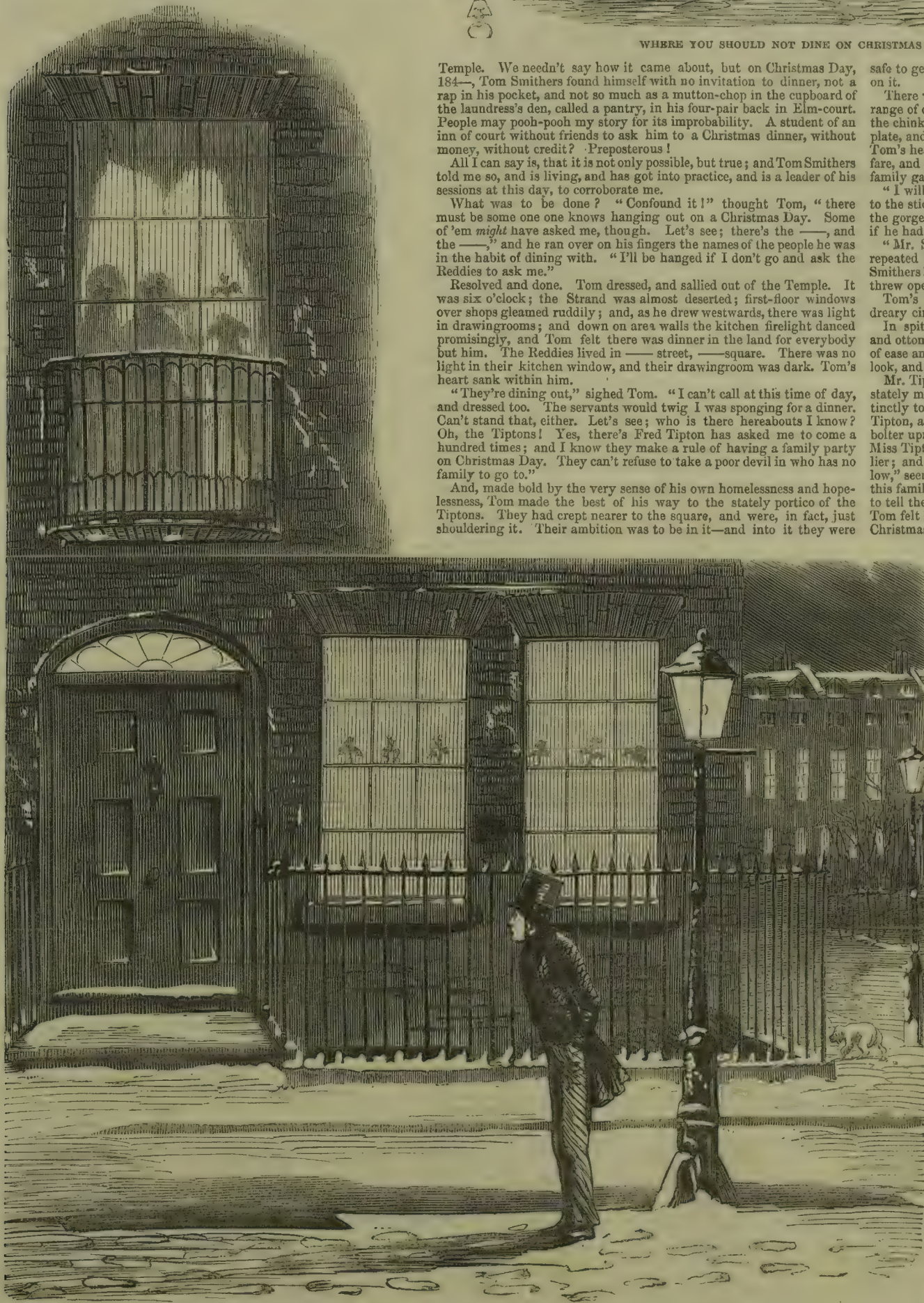
Tom didn't envy them their family party, though he heard a good many hints given them while he was there, of "the great pleasure it was to Mr. Tipton to meet them as members of the family," and so on; which they meekly and uncomfortably acknowledged—the poor girl, because suffering had made her meek and uncomplaining; and the mangy man, because Mr. Tipton overpowered him.

There was no move to ask Tom to dinner; and he felt grateful for it before he had been ten minutes there. He tried to converse, to sentimentalise, to argue, to rattle—it was in vain. Every subject dropped dead as soon as it was started—ideas could not live in that atmosphere—it was too grand and genteel for anything.

At last, driven to desperation, Tom sprang up; and, just as the gentlemanly man in black opened the door to announce "Dinner," Tom made a bolt, and escaped from the numbing, freezing house into the less numbing, freezing cold without, leaving the Tiptons equally scandalised by his unseasonable entrance and abrupt departure.

As he rushes past the Reddies, on his way back to Chambers, he casts up a disconsolate glance at the house—Can it be? There is light in the kitchen—there is light in the drawingroom! Huzza! "They are at home!" And he knew them of old—the best people alive; and their house he knows for a house where reign truth, kindness, and a hearty welcome, without ostentation; and which is warmed by that best of Christmas fires, the warmth of honest and loving hearts: and before the ice of the Tiptons has thawed well off him, Tom Smithers is shaking hands with a bluff and genial host and a bright-eyed and cordial hostess, in THE HOUSE WHERE YOU OUGHT TO DINE ON A CHRISTMAS DAY.

T. T.



THE YOUNG MAN WHO IS ALONE IN LONDON, ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—DRAWN BY LEECH.

THE FAIRY TALE OF FAIRY TALES.

ARRANGED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. IN THE ARCHIVES OF FEEFOO,
IN THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY OF ARAGAMETA.

BY ANTHONY B. MONTALBA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GILBERT.

CENTURIES before the race of the Nekyes—before the wars and adventures of Osiris, Orus, and Typhon—before the wanderings of Isis—before the transformation of Egypt's gods into beetles, serpents, birds, crocodiles and cows, the ancient Spirit King Tien reigned supreme. Towards the end of one of those mysterious cycles, that closed a period in which years acted the part of a day, centuries that of a month, ages that of a year, the King, in his wisdom, to give high and solemn importance to the celebration of the coming nativity, the eve and vigil of the birth of Mittoras, had assembled all the great and the mighty of the universe around him. Seated in all the splendour of fairy Majesty and divinity, having gracefully accepted the "happy and many returns of the seasons" from the loyal multitude, the Monarch rose, and, after returning thanks, thus addressed his four beauteous daughters seated at the foot of his throne:—

"My children, age has whitened my hair and beard, the cares of government have furrowed my brow, my eyes grow dim, my arm is feeble, and my head can no longer support the weight of my four golden crowns. I have resolved, therefore, to transfer the government of my kingdoms to you, my beloved daughters, that I may henceforth enjoy repose."

Thalatta, the eldest, was invariably arrayed in a garb of green, interwoven with silver threads, and her long down-falling tresses, which were of a sea-green hue, were crowned with a wreath of red

coral. She delighted much in ornaments, and, although she had frequently been told that "pearls betoken tears," she was never seen adorned by a row of fine pearls round her neck, and bracelets of pearls on her arms. She loved every kind of motion, the wilder the more welcome, and during her childhood was incessantly in her swing, or on the rocking-horse. When she grew older her greatest enjoyment was dancing; but in this alone she showed much caprice, for sometimes she would bound about in the wildest excitement, and then her motion would become equally calm and gentle, so that people much delighted to join in the dance with her, although they never could entirely depend upon her humour.

The second sister, Ætheria, was a little whirligig from her very birth, and after she was grown up, her disposition and temper ever remained exceedingly inconstant. She carried, according to the saying, smiles and tears in the same bag; for scarcely had she smiled on any one with her blue loving eyes, ere her countenance would cloud itself, and she would burst into tears. She was equally capricious in her attire: for festal-days and grand occasions, she had been provided with a blue garment woven of the most delicate material, and richly adorned with gems, which, especially at night, sparkled brilliantly. Yet she would often not hear of putting it on: whilst not unfrequently she would early in the morning array herself in the most splendid robe, at mid-day repast be enveloped in a homely gray wrapper, with the hood drawn over her head; then all of a sudden she would fling aside her veil and grey mantle, and appearing in her light blue dress, skip away with her face arrayed in smiles.

Still less, however, was the third princess, whose name was Fiamma, to be trifled with. Her presence produced a sensation of awe, for her favourite hue was black. Not only was her apparel always black, but her hair and eyes were black as coals. But as coals, which now

mirror. As soon as thou shalt pronounce the name of one of these young Sovereigns, her image shall appear in it, and thou hast only to follow that shadow, in order to arrive in her presence. Not less useful to thee will prove this little mantle, which will serve thee for a ship on the ocean, for wings in the air, and will bear thee unscathed through fire and water. But the best preservative I can bestow on thee for thy pilgrimage is the following saying, which I wish thee to engrave indelibly on thy memory. Listen to it with attention:—

If too high thy hopes aspire,
Despised shall be thy low degree;
Think not to find by fiercest fire
The genial warmth that's meet for thee.
The swelling waves, their boundaries flowing o'er,
Lost in the sand, shall fertilise no more;
But Earth, content, and looking to her source,
A child in seeming, be a god in force."

In addition to all this, the father liberally filled his son's purse, and packed in his portmanteau two plates, two goblets, and two dishes, together with a spoon, and knife and fork; in order that he might not be obliged, in obscure inns, to take his meals off inferior table-services; and gave him, withal, much good advice.

Andrea thanked his father with great tenderness, and they took an affectionate and moving leave.

No sooner had Andrea emerged from the mountains to the open plain, than he thought to himself that it was high time to consult his magic mirror. He drew it from its case, wiped it very clean with a bandana, so that not the smallest particle of dust remained on it. Remembering his father's instructions, he breathed in a gentle whisper the name Ætheria, and behold, his breath formed itself into mist, the mist became a cloud, then the heavens represented in the glass gradually grew clear, and the image of the Queen of the Skies, wearing a lustrous crown of stars, appeared to him.

"To behold thee face to face, to cast myself at thy feet," exclaimed the enraptured Andrea, "is now my sole desire;"—and, at that moment, he felt himself upborne by his mantle, which expanded around him like an air-balloon, ascending higher and higher after the image, from which he never withdrew his eyes, as it floated before him. He had long left the moon far beneath him when he arrived at the gates of the Heavenly Palace, which flew open at his approach. A temple with twelve columns and seven steps stood before him; he entered, and whilst now the image grew gradually paler, and at length vanished, he beheld seated on a throne of gold, and shrouded by an azure veil, on which glittered actual stars, the fair Ætheria, her head reclining, her arms listlessly hanging by her side, for she was sleeping.

The unusual noise awakened her. Andrea in courteous terms besought her forgiveness for having thus disturbed her, and was about to retire, when Ætheria, who did not appear to be at all startled, beckoned to him to approach.

"The Sun-rose of Ispahan informed me this morning of your arrival, and of your intended courtship," said she; "and if my impatience made the time before you came pass so heavily, that I fell asleep whilst thinking of you, you must not interpret this as an unfavourable omen."

"Since my courtship has already been announced to you, fair Ætheria," said Andrea with modest dignity, "I am spared the embarrassing task of telling you how happy I should esteem myself, to divide with you the cares of government, and share with you the joys of your aerial kingdom."

"You are vastly obliging," scornfully replied the haughty Ætheria; and, as they were about to seat themselves at table, and the service of silver was displayed, said to her guest, "As you have, perhaps, hitherto been only accustomed to dine off earthen vessels, I know not whether you will relish your meal from a silver plate?"

"I am doubtful of it myself," said Andrea, to whom her arrogance appeared insupportable. Taking from his travelling-case his plate of gold, he flung the silver one out of the window, saying, "As at home I only eat off gold, excuse me if I make use of my own service."

Ætheria, without appearing the least discomposed, coolly answered "Pray do as you are accustomed to do."

When, however, he had placed his two golden plates before him, in readiness for eating, the Queen opened the window, and, to the no small astonishment of her guest, brought in a few slices of the moon, and placed them thereon. Andrea found them very well flavoured; but when, on rising from the table, he wished to replace his own plates in the case, he found himself entirely unable to lift up the heavy slices, which had, besides, pressed his plates as flat as a couple of poppy petals. Annoyed at this impertinent jest of the Queen, he yet considered it best to be silent, and put up with the loss as well as he could. His hostess, also, informed him that her chariot was waiting.

"To a pedestrian," said the Queen, "it cannot but be beneficial to take an agreeable drive; only I must request you not to carry your golden plates; they might prove too heavy for the horses." Andrea had scarcely seated himself, before the chariot rolled on with a noise like thunder. The noise was so great that Andrea vainly strove to make the Queen aware that this drive was altogether unpleasant to him, intent as she was on the splendour and pomp of her empire, as she drove by the constellations on her right and left, which inclined themselves reverentially before her as she passed. Orion saluted with his flaming sword; the Great Bear reared himself on his hind-legs like a poodle; the Lion crouched down caressingly like a kitten; the Crab bowed before her with his claws crossed: but all this made but a slight impression on our young friend, who was suffering from a most violent headache caused by the noise of the thunder-car, and the shaking of this rattling carriage.

"To the Milky Way," said the Queen; and the horses immediately took a side direction, and the carriage glided gently and softly, without jolting or thunder, along the smoothest way imaginable.

Andrea took breath, and the Queen inquired whether he now felt any respect for her dignity and splendour?

"How should I not admire your magnificence, which is truly divine, especially when I look down from this elevation!" answered Andrea. As he said this, he thought of his father's words: "If too high thy hopes aspire; and he had all along secretly resolved to seize the first opportunity that should present itself, to take his leave of the Queen. She, on the contrary, seemed to consider that she was quite sure of him, and, in order to bind him to her still more completely, she drew from her finger a gold ring, in which was set a planet of considerable value.

"Accept," said she, "this ring, in memory of our excursion?"

Andrea, however, clearly perceived that adixed to the ring was a very fine chain, which, had he put the ring on his finger, would have held him for ever. Feigning, therefore, to take all possible pains to draw off a very tight glove, he looked about on all sides for some means of slipping away. The Queen at that moment directed his attention to a passing comet, and advised him to draw back his head to avoid being singed. This comet, thought Andrea, comes very opportunely, and as it shot by him he boldly grasped it by the tail, and was carried out of the chariot by it as it pursued its course.

"Farewell, beauteous Queen," cried he; "to catch such birds as I, you must set your snares more cunningly!"

Vainly strove the Queen to urge on her steeds; the wheels of the car turned heavily in the deep ruts of the Milky Way, which the intense heat of the comet had to a considerable degree curdled. Andrea, hanging to the fiery tail, soon vanished from her sight.

Even if Ætheria did not permit her vexation at thus finding her hope of chaining the wanderer to her for ever to become apparent; we may, nevertheless, be very certain that she did not return to her palace that day in the best of humours.

As soon as Andrea felt certain that he was quite beyond the power of the ethereal Queen, he spread his mantle, slipped from the comet, and, in a few hours time, found himself again on the spot whence he had started in the morning. He was right glad to pass the night beneath a palm tree; but so soon as the morning sun awakened him, he began to think of looking after the second Princess. He washed the drowsiness from his eyes in a neighbouring spring, drew forth his mirror, and pronounced the name "Fiamma!" Lightning seemed at once to flash within the mirror, which so dazzled him that he only very gradually could accustom his eyes to gaze on the image that appeared therein. Still he resolutely followed whither the form led; and, after some days, he arrived at a mountain, from the summit of which ascended, at intervals, columns of fire; at the foot of the mountain was a dark cavern. Thither the form beckoned him, and he descended unappalled a flight of rocky steps. At length, after another turn, the cave became more lofty and spacious; he found him-



seem dead and dull as night, and then again revive and glow, so also Fiamma's eyes had the same property, and it was often remarked that they seemed to emit sparks. It was even dangerous to approach too near the train of her robe, for, at the slightest motion imparted to it, flames would dart forth, which consumed with fiery tongues whatever came within their reach.

The fourth of these sisters was, on the contrary, a right gentle and modest maiden. To wreath May flowers in her fair hair, or to trim her little white robe with blue corn-flowers, satisfied her ambition. Violets, were the flowers she loved the best; but these she never plucked, being content to sit beside them with her work.

Such were the four maidens whom the ancient Monarch now summoned around him.

"My daughters," said he, "your dispositions and habits have not been unobserved by me; and I trust that I may be able so to divide my kingdoms, amongst you, that each of my beloved children shall be satisfied with her portion. To thee, Ætheria, I commit the empire of the skies, together with the sun, moon, and stars. Henceforth thou shalt dwell alone beneath my blue pavilion. Be careful in thy dealings with the lightning; and, when thou art desirous to take an airing, avoid, as much as possible, to make use of the thunder phaëton, which is somewhat out of repair. You had better let a couple of hurricanes be put to the cloud chariot; or, if you would have a still more luxurious airing, cause yourself to be borne on the wings of the early dawn, and upon these you may travel as far as you please.

Ætheria gratefully kissed her father's hand, and requested that she might be immediately put in possession of the key of the thunder-chamber; being anxious to examine into the stores, as she proposed to announce her accession by a little tempest.

"And to thee, my dance-loving Thalatta, to thee will I confide the dominion of the ocean. There thou may'st oscillate to thy heart's content, and adorn thee at will with pearl and coral."

"And shall I also have carriages and horses?" enquired Thalatta, with delighted curiosity; "and a numerous establishment, and music, and all else that appertain to a brilliant court?"

"All, my child," replied her father; "thy carriage will be of mother-of-pearl, drawn by eight sea-horses; by thy side dolphins shall disport in the waves, and tritons blow their conches, and thou shalt always be attended by a brilliant escort."

Who was more delighted than Thalatta? She gracefully gathered up her green garment with the tips of her fingers, and made oscillatory movements with her arms and shoulders, as though she were already floating on the waves.

Wrapped in her own thoughts sat Fiamma, the third sister; and seemed as if she felt no interest in the distribution.

"Come nearer, dear Fiamma," cried her father; "I hope to endow thee also as rich as thou can'st possibly desire. My subterranean empire, which no mortal eye has ever beheld, situated in the very centre of the earth, where, on a golden altar, glows the eternal fire, I consign to thee. Fire-breathing dragons shall draw thy golden-wheeled car, and all power over the hidden metals of the earth is committed to thy hands."

Never before had the dark eyes of Fiamma been seen to flash so joyfully. "My gracious King and sire," cried she, "you have gratified my most earnest wish; might it but please you, father, at once to command for me a flash of lightning, whereby I may be transported swift as an arrow to the innermost depth of my fiery empire?"

"Where is my chamberlain, my fire-carrying eagle?" said the old King; "let him immediately prepare a flash of lightning for my daughter Fiamma!"

The eagle shook his plumes, whetted his beak on the footstep of the throne, but remained immovable on his perch.

"Well," repeated the Monarch, "does it not please thee to obey?"

"As soon as my sovereign mistress commands me," replied the eagle, inclining himself respectfully. "My King has abdicated, and I am no longer in his pay."

"Out on thee," wrathfully exclaimed the Monarch. "I'll try whether a thunderbolt can make thee find thy wings." He stretched out his hand for his bunch of keys, but Ætheria had already made off with them, in order to inspect the arsenal.

"Follow her, my dear Fiamma," said he; "request your sister, in my name, to furnish you with a flash of lightning; and I feel sure that she will oblige you."

Fiamma went in search of her sister though she was very unwilling to ask the favour.

"But we are quite forgetting our little Hertha," resumed the father; thou also shalt be a Queen."

Hertha obediently tripped towards the throne, which she ascended step by step, in the manner of a child.

"For thee, my beloved pet," said her father as he stroked her fair smooth locks, "I have only remaining my earthly kingdom, which thou seest lying yonder below. It is so long since I have been there, that I cannot very accurately describe to thee what kind of a place it is; but thou hast ever been moderate in thy desires, and thou wilt now be satisfied with thy inheritance."

"Is that my kingdom?" asked the youthful Hertha; "where I see the gentle lambs and sprightly deer playing by the stream that flows through those flowery meadows? Oh, how delighted I am!"

At that moment a great disturbance was heard in the ante-chamber; the voices of Ætheria and Fiamma were distinctly heard interchanging sharp words. The door was thrown open, and the two sisters were seen struggling for a flash of lightning, of which each grasped one extremity, resolved not to let it go.

"The kingdom of fire belongs to me," cried Fiamma, "and wherever I find flames, they are mine."

"Were it so," replied Ætheria, "all the light of my aerial kingdom would not be safe from your clutches, neither sun, moon, nor stars. It is only subterranean, not heavenly fire that belongs to thee."

"As long as I do not burn my finger," cried Fiamma, still more indignantly, "nothing shall withhold me from playing with your stars, and carrying off, if I think proper, a lapful of them."

So saying, she endeavoured with both hands to break off one of the barbed points from the lightning, which dilated under her fingers, and hissing like a serpent scattered burning sparks around. Hertha, in alarm, retired to the furthest corner; but Thalatta, who had already become familiar with the virtues of her element, seized one of the ethereal silver urns, and discharged such a flood over the lightning and her two contending sisters, that, wrapped in a dense cloud of the hissing vapour, they could no longer see out of their eyes. Their father profited by this confusion to restore peace. Whilst they were rubbing the water from their eyes, he snatched the lightning from them, exclaiming, "It was not that you might war with each other that I divided amongst you my powers and dominions. Not an instant longer shall you remain near me; for I see before me the rapid destruction of all my four kingdoms, if I do not separate you forthwith. My beloved Hertha alone has a gentle nature, and shall be rewarded accordingly."

"I am now become a poor man," said the old King to Hertha; "for your ill-conditioned sisters have carried off my keys and my sceptre, and even my eagle has gone to take a flight."

Hertha looked down with tearful eyes on the lambs as they broued below; and as the clear drops rolled down her cheeks, and the sun's rays shone upon them, they formed themselves into a wonderful bright-coloured arch, which extended from her feet down to the green hills below. "There I!" exclaimed her father, "thou hast constructed for thyself a right beautiful bridge, on which thou canst glide down happily. Take my blessing. My best wishes will always be with thee, even if we should never see each other again."

At these words Hertha wept still more, which only rendered the rainbow more and more resplendent; and great was her delight when, on descending from it, the lambs, so far from being frightened and running away, approached her confidently, and continued sniffing at her little basket, until she drew from it some bread of heaven, which they immediately ate from her hand. For her especial favourite, however, she selected a little gazelle, who, as soon as she appeared, went down on his knees before her, and gazed so imploringly at her with tears in his eyes, that she could never resolve to part from him. When Hertha became tired with walking, the gazelle knelt down for her to mount upon his back, and she soon learned to ride him as expertly as the Virgin Laurentia of Tangermünde used to ride her stag.

At this period dwelt in the Himalaya Mountains, in India, the enchanter Fohi; he had an only son, whose name was Andrea.

"Andrea," said Fohi to his son, "thou hast now attained to years of wisdom; wherefore seek thy fortune in foreign parts, and select for thyself a wife. Now it has come to pass that the aged Monarch Tien has divided his four empires amongst the four Princesses, his daughters; and I think, verily, that thou wilt not demand in vain the hand of one of these young Queens. Mark attentively their respective names: they are called Ætheria, Fiamma Thalatta, and Hertha. Take this magic

self at the bottom of the steps, and, in place of the image, he beheld the Queen of the subterranean empire seated on her throne, wearing on her head a crown of flame. He bent reverentially before her, delivered a greeting to her from his father, the potent Fohi; and, although he did not reveal to her the especial object of his coming, Fiamma discovered it at once.

Having found the solitude of the subterranean world somewhat tedious, she rejoiced indeed at the thought of being able to secure for herself an agreeable companion. Less proud than Ætheria, she requested Andrea to seat himself beside her.

He had scarcely taken his place on the throne when several of the flaming domestics presented to him, in glowing goblets, melted gold, of which the Queen partook with much relish. Andrea courteously declined the beverage. Whereupon, music of a very peculiar kind was heard issuing from a side cavern, for the musicians appeared to be neither more nor less than worthy blacksmiths, who struck alternately with their hammers on anvils and bells, which called forth harmony forcibly reminding Andrea of the thunder from which he had escaped so recently. Next appeared, on a kind of stage, the floor of which was a large metallic mirror, two spirits of flame, who danced with the greatest steadiness a very graceful minuet; soon interrupted, however, by the appearance of two armed Titans, who, in unison with the blows of the hammers, struck their shields with their swords, but, at the same time, commenced a fight in good earnest with the two minuet dancers. Not a stroke failed; they cut the flame spirits several times asunder; but, nevertheless, soon had to fight with a dozen flames instead of two, which at length grew so high as to be far above their heads. Wherever any metal was to be found on the accoutrements of the Titans, the flames licked it with their glowing tongues till it melted. Their helmets trickled down in hot drops over their foreheads; their swords, shields, and breast-plates flowed to the earth like liquified butter. The fiery giants or Titans, who had at first presented themselves in glittering armour, now appeared burnt out as skeletons, with naked skulls and whitened joints, and retired clattering from the scene. The music ceased, and the flame spirits danced up to the throne of their Sovereign, who graciously extended her hand to be kissed by them. They thought it was requisite to pay our young friend, who still occupied the place of honour by the Queen, the same respect; and although he declined the compliment in the most courteous manner, they seized his hands, and holding them fast, soon kissed through his gloves, so that the fire burnt him to the very nails; and it was only by waving his mantle that he could at all succeed in keeping off the officious flames. Fortunately, the Queen rose from her seat; on a sign from her the flames hastily retired.

"It begins to grow cool in the grotto," said she; "let us go and see the fireworks, for we shall catch cold here!"

Meantime the dragon car had been prepared; there was no means of avoiding the entertainment; the Queen ascended the car, and Andrea again took his place beside her. The tunnel or subterranean passage through which they drove had a high and vaulted roof, and was illumined by many thousand gas-flames. It terminated in a spacious hall, in which, seated on benches as in an amphitheatre, was assembled the *élite* of the subterranean court. The Queen and her guest again occupied the seats of honour, and the bursting of a volcano was the signal for the commencement of the fireworks. Thunders growled in the abyss, from whence fierce lightnings issued, and Andrea now first perceived that he was in one of those vast chambers the store-house of the infernal material to which the craters of Amateva, Hecla, and Ætna serve as ventilators. First of all a fountain of fire began to play; it rose high in the distance like a crystal column, and in its sparkling crown thousands of golden oranges danced, and were cast forth by it amongst the spectators. Our young friend quickly caught some of them, for having been in his boyhood very expert at playing at ball, not an orange that came within his reach escaped him. The next performance was that of the *jet d'eau*, and, from the loud applause with which it was received, Andrea inferred that it was a favourite entertainment with the subterranean public. From the depth of the abyss arose a tree, the stem and branches of which were of gold, and its leaves were the most beautiful precious stones of all colours, emeralds, sapphires, chrysoprase, and jacinths. Birds of Paradise by thousands sat on the branches; and as they fluttered their wings, the most costly glowing wine streamed up in lofty arches from their beaks. Each of the spectators had come provided with a goblet, and they were so expert in catching the wine-streams that not a drop was wasted. The wine naturally raised the spirits of the company, in some cases even to excess; and when the last entertainment, the game of the air-balloons, commenced, they all rose and approached the rim of the crater, in order to take part in the sport, which consisted of the ascent and descent of two air-balloons, chained to each other, so that as one went up the other went down. This forming a swing, the fun consisted in one keeping the other either so high up as to be chilled by the cold mountain air, or down in the abyss till almost suffocated.

When this diversion had continued for some time, the Queen said, "Will you not enter the balloon, and try a turn with me?"

"I much fear," replied Andrea, "that I am too heavy, and that you would not be able to raise me again from the depth."

"Fear it not," said the Queen; "the reverse is far more likely to occur, for my crown alone outweighs you full ten times!"

This was precisely what Andrea desired. In order to render himself as light as possible, he laid aside his golden apples, and retained about him only his mirror, whilst the Queen, to ensure what she had said, not only took her crown and sceptre with her, but secretly put a little basket-full of the golden apples into the car of the balloon. How did Andrea rejoice, when he perceived that his balloon immediately ascended! The air of heaven blew softly round him, and far on high he beheld the moon floating in the azure distance. He at once decided on his plan, spread out his mantle, and springing from the car, escaped happily through the aperture of the crater from the subterranean empire. The indignant Queen, who, from the rapidity with which she sank into the abyss, at once perceived the trick that had been played upon her, sent a shower of red-hot stones after the fugitive; but he was already beyond her reach. It required much effort to extract the Queen from the depth into which she had sunk, and she then returned highly disconcerted to her dwelling. Both the opera and the play for the ensuing night were countermanded.

In order to cool himself from the very heating diversion he had gone through, Andrea bent his course to the sea-shore, where the sea breezes greatly refreshed and invigorated him.

"I have almost renounced the hope," said he, as he reposed on a rock washed by the spray of the foaming waves, "of finding a Princess in accordance with my desires."

The time, however, passed tediously; and, after he had arranged his toilet, he fell to re-polishing his mirror.

"Well," said he, "there are still two of these fair Princesses remaining, but I will take good care not to invoke either of them. I remember their names perfectly," added he, as he rubbed the last speck off his mirror. "Yes, perfectly; the one is called Thalatta, the other—but what do I behold? Truly there is the Princess already in the mirror, and she beckons me to follow her!"

He felt himself irresistibly drawn down from the rock on which he sat into the waters: gentle billows wafted him still further out into the open sea; and, as the image sank lower and lower, he followed in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. His silken mantle closed, as he plunged lower and lower, over his head, so that he sat within it as in a transparent diving-bell, which he found very agreeable, he being able distinctly to see whatever passed around him. He was very soon followed by a numerous train of lobsters, crabs, and other sportive fish, who were very desirous to find out what strange guest was come to pay them a visit. As soon as he reached the submarine plain on which stood the Palace of the Ocean Queen, the warder of the tower blew his horn, and announced that an illustrious Prince, with a numerous suite approached. Her Majesty sent four of her porpoises in waiting to attend upon him, each of whom wore on his back fin the golden key of office: they were charged to enquire his commands, and to conduct him to her presence. Arrived within the vaulted crystal grot, into which no drop of water could penetrate, Andrea withdrew his mantle, and stood with astonished gaze before the Queen. Neither the splendour of the aerial throne-chamber, nor the wondrous lustre of the subterranean hall, had struck him so forcibly as Thalatta's magic palace. The dome, formed of the purest amarine, was supported by crystal columns, round which were en-

twined garlands of coral. Between the columns stood ornamental vases, formed of shells, containing the rarest flowers, which shed around the most delightful fragrance; curiously contrived fountains, whose drops were the finest pearls, played in the softened sunlight which penetrated the depths; and, in a basin lined with mother-o'-pearl, swam golden fish, who were not mute, like ordinary ones, but sang, both under and above the surface of the water, melodious songs. "You find me at table," said the Queen, "and I beg you will do me the favour to join me."

Andrea would have politely declined; but the attentive porpoises had already taken his hat from him, placed a chair for him, and, whilst on the one side the finest oysters were presented to him, on the other, foaming champagne was poured into an elegantly wreathed drinking-horn. Andrea scarcely believed the evidence of his palate; until, after several repeated experiments, the Queen said to him,

"You are under no mistake; the wine is genuine and good, and was only very lately brought me as a tribute from France; for you must know that all lands pay me tribute; and, in my store-house, there is abundance of all the treasures of the air, the earth, and the subterranean world. My High Steward understands his duty well; and neither the silver laden flotillas of America, nor the gold from California, nor the tea and coffee freighted vessels from India and Africa, escape his vigilance. Sometimes he thrusts beneath them a rocky reef, at others he causes them to run ashore on the sand, and whatever goes to the bottom is our prize. My dolphins are besides decidedly partial to the human species particularly to poets and musicians; one of them has very lately obtained the medal for having carried a celebrated vocalist, Signor Orion, whom the treacherous mariners had plundered and thrown into the sea, safe to land."

Neither was there any want of fruit; oranges, pines, and the sweetest grapes were placed on the table. When the repast was over, the Queen proposed an airing.

"You have only to command," said she, "to what clime we shall bend our course. If you are inclined to hear tidings from home, we will proceed to the Indian Ocean, where the Ganges flows into my dominions; or, should you prefer the latest news from Africa, we will hasten to that part of the coast where the Nile by its seven mouths imparts to me its communications. The Orinoko and the Mississippi bring me the latest gazettes from America, as do also the Danube and the Rhine those of Europe, so that I am constantly in the closest communication with all parts of the world. And only consider what an *overflow*! all flows towards my empire, whilst not even the smallest rivulet flows back from me towards the land."

"Well," said Andrea, "I should like to make a little excursion to the Ganges, as I may, from the mouth of that river, hear, perhaps, news of my dear father, whose dwelling is situated on its banks."

"The red mussel car, to-day," said the Queen, "with the bay horses!" Anon, a great splashing was heard in the waves.

The Court porpoises were again very attentive: they brought to the Queen a very richly carved fan; whilst her pages—four small sea-dogs—bore her train, and took care, as she ascended the car, that no part of it was caught between the doors.

One of the most unpleasant sensations that Andrea ever remembered to have felt, was when the Queen presented her arm to him, which, although it was of dazzling whiteness, and full and round, felt to him cold and damp, as though he were touching a frog. Never in his life had he so missed his gloves as on this occasion.

Twelve Tritons blowing their conches rode in advance, and a train of nereids, singing in chorus, accompanied the chariot. No wonder, then, that they found the labourers, who heard the noise long before the procession approached them, in full activity. The superintendent of the works was Admiral Whale, and the chief of the shipwrights was the beaver; and it was really gratifying to see how accurately and smoothly the saw-fish, as ship's carpenter, turned off the planks and boards, which were then pierced by the pholads at the points marked out. Turbots planed down the rough parts with their backs, and some strong sturgeons, provided with sea hammers, understood thoroughly how to put the keel together, and fasten it with nails. In another workshop sea spiders were busy in spinning yarn for sail-cloth, which was afterwards fabricated by mermaids in power-looms. The whole guild of crabs and lobsters was occupied in cutting out the cloth with their double shears; and, in fact, there was not a single subject of the immense empire to whom some task was not assigned.

"I should much like," said the Queen, when they had arrived at the region where the Ganges empties itself into the ocean, "to proceed inland a little, in order to enjoy with my attendants the fine view of those distant mountains."

The sea-dogs in waiting and the dolphin chamberlains at this proposition looked somewhat seriously at their fish tails, but ill calculated for parties of pleasure by land, whilst they assured their mistress that they would hasten forward without delay, to gain information.

"We will leave that to our friend," said Thalatta; and a shell boat was immediately prepared for him, which he entered in order to row up the stream. The Queen and her suite had thoughtlessly ventured too near the shore, forgetting that the sea is in the habit of breathing twice a day, on which occasion it first retires from the land, and then again flows up. Just at that moment the sea had drawn the deep inspiration which produces what we call the ebb, and the Queen beheld herself and all her suite left upon the sand. In vain did she stimulate the sea-horses with her golden whip, the wheels of the car sank deeper and deeper in the slime, and neither sea-dogs nor sea-lions were in condition to give assistance. They floundered clumsily about in the soft soil, and the conches of the advanced guard of Tritons had become so filled with sand that not a single clear tone could be extracted from them. Our friend Andrea did not let this favourable opportunity for escape pass without availing himself of it. He found no difficulty in reaching the river by the aid of his flat boat. He rowed rapidly on towards the tall reeds, and soon found a convenient spot where he could land. The Sea-Queen in vain made signals to him, moving her green veil, and beckoning him to fly to her assistance. He was lost to her for ever.

The captured Court had sat for a considerable time upon the sand, when the sea again respired, and a high tide took place. "There is, indeed, another kind of element, our own flowing sea!" remarked one of the sea-dogs. The whole company uttered joyful cries of "Thalatta! Thalatta!" and all beat with fins and tails the smooth surface of the water to such a degree, that not even a well-pleased audience at a public theatre could ever, by yells, umbrellas, sticks, clapping of hands, have succeeded in making so much noise. The Queen turned her horses homewards, and returned in silence to her Palace.

When he found himself in safety, Andrea's first act was to take out his mirror again, as he thus spoke: "Three times has this treacherous mirror shown me a deceptive image of happiness; I will not be a fourth time betrayed by it. I have a pair of good eyes, which are able to show me the right path, and I think I can rely upon my own heart to guide me." He ascended an eminence bordered on one side by a deep ravine, and threw the mirror backwards over his head into the abyss, without casting a single glance after it. He then cut from a neighbouring tree a stout staff, saying, "Henceforth thou shalt be my guide and companion." He wandered thus for several days by the beautiful banks of the Ganges, where the delicious fruit and milk of the palm-trees supplied him with sustenance, and their broad fan-like branches afforded him shelter. One evening, when he already felt very tired, he heard at a distance the tinkling of a little bell, and soon after distinguished a soft childish voice. He listened, went nearer to the spot where the voice proceeded, and as he gently put back the bushes with his hand, he saw the most charming child ever beheld by human eyes.

"Come nearer; fear not," cried the lovely maiden; "I am bringing you a cup of milk, and a whole lap-full of flowers and herbs I have just plucked for you."

Andrea was beginning to fancy that this friendly invitation was designed for him, when he saw a tame gazelle approach the child; but which, however, had not so entirely laid aside his natural timidity as at once to put his nose into the dish as a lap-dog would have done. The desire of the gazelle to drink the fresh milk was evident; it drew back its little head with a look half playful, half shy.

"Come, come," repeated the little maid, as she held the dish with great care, in order not to spill the smallest drop; "if you do not drink this very minute, I will give it to the kitten." The kitten, who lay under a bench playing with the loose string by which the gazelle was usually led, hearing this, got up directly, and rubbed herself coaxingly against her little mistress, on which the gazelle then first

found sufficient resolution to drink out of the proffered cup. The kitten still continued to coax and purr, and at last received a part of the milk, whilst a handful of fresh flowers was presented to the gazelle. In order to draw the little maiden's attention, and at the same time to avoid frightening her, Andrea put the branches still further apart, and stepped forward, respectfully saluting her. Far from being alarmed, the child went to meet Andrea, as if she had long known him, offered him her hand and said:

"You are welcome to me, Andrea. At last, then, you are come; I have often seen you already, but hitherto only in dreams."

Andrea, who, so far from being prepared for this cordial and confidential reception, expected that he should have to explain his intrusion and endeavour to tranquillise a terrified child, felt so surprised and embarrassed that he was at a loss for words, as he had never imagined it was possible that the bright and innocent eyes of a child could have so disturbed him; still more was he struck and confused when he perceived that the child, whose hand he retained in his, increased in size, and stood before him in the form of a young woman.

"Do you not know me?" enquired she; I am greatly surprised at that, for I have already been long acquainted with you."

"Yes, truly," cried Andrea, with most entire trust, "thou art Hertha, Queen of the empire of Earth, to whom no magic mirror has led my steps, to whom I had no guide but this staff and my own heart."

"Then you are double welcome to me," said Hertha. "Come with me to my cabin, and although I cannot place a crown and sceptre in your hand, you will yet assuredly find with me calm and quiet enjoyment."

Touched by so much grace and kindness, Andrea followed the fair Hertha, and rejoiced to think that his father's saying—

A child in seeming, but a god in force—

was likely to be realised here.

Those were festal days that followed. The governors of the four provinces, with their vassals and splendid retinues, assembled to swear fealty. From the east came Spring, with the winged band of the geni of the flowers. From the south, Summer approached, with his industrious field labourers, who laid garlands, formed of the ears of corn, at the feet of the youthful pair. Autumn led up from the west the gay company of the grape-gatherers, who brought not only rich bunches of the sweetest grapes, but ornamental pitchers filled to the brim with wine. From the north, however, Father Winter came, and, with his merry attendants, gave the young couple the spectacle of a sledge party; when the bells with which the shaggy coats of the ice-bears were hung, and the cracking of the outriders, who were mounted on rein-deer, made no trifling noise.

Hertha's good fortune could not long remain unknown to the other sisters. The babbling springs which had witnessed the bridal days, gossiped about them to the forest streams, who, in their turn, related what they had heard to the rivers. These had no business so pressing as to give information of the event to the great rivers, who, on their part, could not avoid rushing on, open-mouthed, with their news, and when they reached the sea made such a noise that the Queen of the Ocean quickly heard whither her fugitive had betaken himself. Ætheria received the news still earlier. Some sportive zephyrs, who had wandered to Earth, and were murmuring unobserved amongst the trees under which the happy pair reposed, carried the information to the aerial kingdom; and did not fail, according to the custom of such airy gentry, to add all kinds of facts. Ætheria, without delay, commissioned a flash of lightning to inform her sister Fiamma of the marriage of their youngest sister, and, at the same time, to request that she would play a few tricks on the young pair, who had been so unpolite as not to invite their eldest sister either to the bridal eve or the wedding. Thalatta, also, was persuaded to join in the conspiracy, and was soon ready to perform her part in these spiteful tricks. We all know well enough how matters go when grand folks begin to tease. To play with a lion is very different from caressing a kitten, and the jests of an eagle are something more serious than those of a canary-bird. Thus it was in this instance, and all the more so, inasmuch as a certain portion of disappointment and ill-nature mingled in the sport. As samples of these little jests, we will just mention that Ætheria, one day, when Andrea and Hertha were walking through their green and flourishing corn-fields, and entertaining the most cheering hopes of a rich harvest, suddenly poured down a violent hailstorm, and annihilated the fair promise. Another time, in the month of May, she unexpectedly covered the violets and hawthorns, and the gay tulip-beds, which the spring had enticed forth, with a thick layer of snow, and they were all frozen to death.

Nor were the jests that Fiamma enacted much gentler. At night, when Andrea and Hertha had retired to repose, and were sleeping sweetly, a subterranean clatter was heard, the house rocked, and the earth heaved as if its firm crust were about to burst. Sometimes the Queen would seize the shafts which fixed the mountains in the soil, and shake them with such force that she shook the snow from off their summits, and then dreadful avalanches descended, which buried fruitful vallies. Still more dangerous were the tricks she allowed herself to play with the subterranean fire, on which she permitted the cauldron of melted ore and drop to boil over so frequently, that the scalding broth flowed in full streams through the clefts of the rocks, and destroyed the most beautiful vineyards. Thalatta, also, willingly lent her aid, in company with the other sisters, to torment the faithless Andrea, who had left her unaided to sit on the dry land till the return of the tide. She begged Ætheria to send her a couple of her most spirited hurricanes, to set the ocean in a fluster, and to drive the swelling waves over the land, so as to inundate the dwellings scattered on the shore.

All these tricks, vexatious as they were, did not, however, prevent Hertha and her husband, with the aid of industrious assistance, from soon repairing the damage: the reeds were seen growing up again fresh and green; and, as soon as the tempests and hailstones had passed away, orange gardens were laid out again on more remote eminences, where the waves of the shores could not reach them and Fiamma might shake the earth as much as she pleased, but she was unable to disturb the happiness of the loving pair. Even to this very day, the hostile sisters cannot forget their ancient grudge. —Hark! do you not hear the whistling of the chill December wind? do you not see the icy flakes changing the hue of all around? do you not feel the nipping cold, killing all verdure, and benumbing the weary traveller? Ah! but Summer must come again. And even now, with its gay festivities—its cheerful blaze—its joyful dance—its merry games, its holly and its misletoe, CHRISTMAS IS HERE!



and, as in the times of Tien, on the eve of the birth of Mittoras, all saluted the Spirit King with "a hail, and happy return of the season," so we, on the vigil of the greater Nativity, hail you all with "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

THE SICK GIANT AND THE DOCTOR DWARF.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time—

(How oft the old, old words, like silver bells, have rung us to a brief holiday—summoned the gravest of us to the hearth, to take from the lips of fable sweetest truth!)

Once upon a time, there lived a Giant and a Dwarf.

Far away, away across the sea, and glowing like a jewel in the light of heaven, there lay an island; an island heaped, like Plenty's lap, with the best bounties of the earth. Trees, fruits, and flowers, with the freshness, flavour, and scents of Paradise, adorned and enriched the spot; and there was no foul, no hurtful thing, to beset with fear and danger valley, field, or wood.

This island was inhabited by a race of little people—so little, that the tallest of them would scarcely reach the knee of ordinary men; but their wisdom, their goodness was as the knowledge and virtue of the noblest of mortals. Indeed, it might be said of them, that, in their small anatomies there was no room for evil thoughts; that intelligence and virtue alone possessed them.

When or how these little folk became the lords of the island we know not, and seek not to know. Any way, they were blessed people. Their happy land seemed to lie nearer heaven than does the common earth. They seemed to have a more direct intelligence with nature; or, it may be, that the purity of their hearts and lives made them reader scholars; for truth and wisdom came to them as with the air they drew; and a harmony of thought and action was their daily, household music—constant in their bosoms as the rippling sea, that died in murmurs on the golden beach.

And so these little people lived without grief or envy; and died, as flowers die, without a pang. For many, many generations this felicity had blessed them; when they were doomed to feel the fulness of brotherhood with the rest of mortals, in the fulness of fear.

One morning the sun rose redly and sluggishly: the sullen ball hung heavily in the sky, that was not, as every morning, shot and interwoven with golden glories, but, without ray or fleck of fire, was dim and dead. And the hearts of the little people felt a new pain; and tears, with an unknown bitterness, broke into their eyes. The whole island seemed to grow torpid beneath a spell, of which the terrible sun appeared to be the beholders the avenging cause and instrument.

Suddenly, a sunbeam—one only, red as blood—pointed, as with a finger, to a certain place upon the beach; and, without a pause, without a contrary thought, all the little people ran towards the spot, following that finger of Fate.

The islanders suddenly halted in their race. Even as one man, the crowd stopped short; and even as one heart should beat, so beat the hearts of the multitude, at the wonder, the wonder and terror, they looked upon!

For they beheld a rock—a huge red rock—carved in their own shape, but of so vast a size that hundreds of themselves would fail to give its bulk; a mass of rock, in the figure of a man, lying prostrate on the beach.



With what wonder—wonder deepened by a strange fear—the little islanders looked, and peeped, and pried about the monster! Its head wore a very wood of hair; and wild tangled bushes were its beard. Its eyes were shut; but then, it was a thing of rock, a senseless mass; therefore what need even of the show of eyes?

It was strange; but the mere presence of that mute, rock monster, seemed on the sudden to cloud the clear thoughts and affright the constant hearts of the little people. Many of them felt and knew, their pure souls leaving them as they looked upon the wonder, and then—they could not break from the charm—they looked the more intently.

"It is plain," said one of the islanders, "plain that this thing has fallen from the sun; has been dropped upon our island, that as our god we might worship it. The sun sends it us, and the sun's finger of light shews us the divinity. Let us kneel to it and adore it."

Now, although the crowd made no signs of worship, nevertheless they uttered no word of rebuke; they heard the folly, but had no heart to gainsay the foolishness. And still they looked upon the prostrate mass; and there seemed—so were the faces of the beholders darkened—as though a cloud of error rose from that hideous bulk, a cloud that shadowed the brows of men, and for awhile obscured the face of heaven.

"Let us worship and adore it," repeated the first speaker.

"Worship it with fire, and then adore its ashes," cried another; and his voice sang like an arrow through the crowd, so did it smite them.

"Fire and ashes!" was the cry: the better hearts of the multitude

returned to them; and as the shout arose, the brightened sun leapt higher in the heavens.

Instantly, the crowd sought fire. In a few minutes, flaming torches, thick as fire-flies, moved and danced about the mass of rock; then—and for a moment only—scorched it!

With a loud, long roar, like shouts of linked thunder, that tremendous mass leapt to its feet; it clenched its fists—like the huge boles of knotted oaks they looked—and stamped the earth, that shuddered at the shock. Gnashing its teeth, while, like the vexed sea, its features worked with rage, it seemed as though some mountain-peak had, at a word, been thrown up from the bowels of the earth—a clayey mass, possessed by devils.

All the islanders, with frozen hearts, fell back—their torches flying from their hands like anvil-sparks. And still the Giant roared; and towering to his fullest height, he cast a blighting shadow on that lovely island.

How came the Giant there? What fate had flung him, like a stranded sea-monster, on the shore of that beautiful and innocent spot? Why was the happiness of a good and gentle race made the doomed sport of a mountain mass, that seemed human, but had within it no touch of human truth? Indeed, we know not; and, docile reader, seek not you to know.

After a while, the Giant still smarting from the torches, and still rubbing the burns with his hands until he roared the louder, rushed, to cool himself, into the sea.

Oh! how the hearts of the islanders rose with hope! The monster was a monster of the deep, and would return to his old abyss. No. Still the Giant tumbled and wallowed in the sea, like a rudderless hulk; and then, after awhile, he stood upright, and again strode back to the island.

"Bakkuk! Bakkuk!" cried the monster; and it seemed to the islanders that the Giant called his own name. Be this as it may; as "Bakkuk" was the first articulate sound uttered by the creature, so, among the trembling islanders, Bakkuk was the known name of their terror.

How the little folk shuddered as they beheld the Giant stare about him with a growing malice in his looks! Heavily he groaned, and with his clenched hand smote his belly, as though some pain was gnawing there. Could he be hungry? was the shuddering thought that, like a blighting gust, swept strangely through the crowd. Could the Giant be hungry? and if so, what would be the Giant's food?

Again Bakkuk—for that shall be the Giant's name—growled and roared, and with his doubled hand struck himself. Poor, empty comfort! To unreasoning giants, knocks will not go down for flesh.

A dreadful grin pulled out the features of the Giant as he strode towards a clump of cocoa trees. In a moment he had gathered the fruit; with a thought had torn away the husk, and was grinding the kernels with his teeth.

A ray of comfort dawned upon the islanders as they lay scattered and hidden around. "The Giant eats fruit; he is not a cruel monster; he shall live upon yams, and have green sugar-cane. Bakkuk may be made serviceable and neighbourly. The Giant is, without doubt, a tender and a bloodless Giant."

These were the thoughts creeping through the hearts of the crowd. Poor souls! they lived upon fruits and pulse; they never bought a meal with a life. But Bakkuk was of very different stomach. What food supplied his baby dinners, who fed him, and how the morsels were minced and sauced to make them savoury to his infant palate, we must be content to leave in the realm of riddle. But it is plain that Bakkuk will in no way content himself with fruits or corn, whilst islanders—whom he is hereafter to discover—shall abound. There is a look of uneasy contempt in the Giant—moreover a hungry glance as of an appetite falsely provoked—as he throws away the husks and shells; the enquiring look of a man who asks of himself, "What next?" We shall see.

CHAPTER II.



INSTINCTIVELY the Dwarf people, made anxious by the hungry looks of the Giant—for, in their innocence, they had the like terror of Bakkuk, that small singing-birds have of hawks—withdraw themselves among the thickets and bushes, that they might, by many opening narrow ways, reach a plain in the centre of the island. Here they would meet in general council, to consider means of defence and deliverance. And here, as the sun shone in the midst of the heavens, that wore their wonted brightness and serenity, here all the people, their homes left empty, were gathered together.

"Zim! Zim!" cried the multitude, as from one throat; "Zim!"

Immediately, a dwarf, with some forty years, light as a crown of flowers, upon his brow, arose and prepared to address himself to the people. Ere, however, he could speak, there arose shouts of "Death to the Monster!"

"Long life to the Giant!" was the only answer of Zim, the dwarf. A low long buzz of discontent ran through the crowd; nevertheless, no one thought to speak against the authority of that wise Dwarf—that good, benevolent little one, whose wisdom and whose virtue made the wonder and the reverence of the island. For Zim knew all things; and knowing them, was the gentler for the knowledge. When only an hour old—so ran the story—Zim had been carried from his mother's bosom by a fairy; carried to some distant place to learn all things even in his babyhood, his mother sleeping the while—years passing with her even as balmy minutes. That Zim might know the beginning of all things, he was conveyed into an egg, so said certain folks of the island; but this story was derided by others, who received it only as a fancy, the fantastic shadow of some mysterious truth.

"By the egg of Zim!" was, nevertheless, the most solemn form of speech to all the islanders. And so let it pass that the baby Zim, an hour old, was nourished in the egg of an ostrich; that, whilst so nourished, the baby learned the beginning and progress of all natural causes; that, after a time, the infant dwelt in that ostrich shell. There were those of the islanders who had pictures of the egg, with its little wicket gate, and its one long window, the sun passing through it in golden rain. But these stories are given even as parts of a Christmas feast—at the will of the guests to be swallowed or refused.

Any way, Zim was revered by all the island folk; and to him, in their present peril, they looked for succour against the monster cast among them.

"Speak!" said Zim, having waited until the murmur was hushed; "speak!" and the good Dwarf smiled. "If you will the Giant's death, how shall I kill him?"

"Shiver him like wind-swept dust."

"Strike him dead as a stone."

"Watch him where he lies down to sleep, and then, with a flash, toss him to the clouds."

Such were the destroying words of divers councillors; for they knew that Zim, with even a wire's point, could work what force he would; he had so many times shown the island folks his mysterious mastery.

"Shall we not first learn," asked Zim, "whether the Giant be nothing but evil?"

"It is learnt—learnt in his looks," was the answer.

"But, granting the monster to be wicked, though not all wickedness, may we not find some good, and make it further grow in him?" inquired Zim.

"Find wild honey in the sea sand!" was the reproach.

"Well, then," answered Zim, "the Giant must die."

"Hurrah! The good Zim! the great Zim!" shouted all the island folk.

"When," continued Zim, "the Giant shall be proved all bad, all worthless. The shell shall be shivered to atoms, if it be known there is not even a seed pearl within it. For my part, I am content to run every risk."

"Ha! ha!" laughed an old dwarf; and then he frowned, and again he chuckled, sneeringly, "Yes, mighty Zim, 'tis well for you—you are safe. Not a thousand giants, and you would hinder them, could enter

your house: let them lay their little finger on your latch, and they are struck down as by a stone from heaven. With a thought, too, you can leap into your tulip-boat; and that air-bubble—haven't we seen it float and glitter in the sky?—lifts it to the sun. Well enough for you," repeated the aged scoffer; "but we have no tulip-boats, no air-bubbles to fly away with us."

At this moment the whole island echoed with the sage laughter of the Giant. The island people groaned; and then, grinding their teeth muttered, "Death to the monster!"

And Zim, with a yet brighter smile and blither voice, cried, "Live the Giant!"

Again the horrid roar of Bakkuk seemed to rend the island; and the women screamed and trembled, and hugged their little ones closer to their breasts.



"There's hope in laughter," said Zim. "I have a mind to see what pleases the monster. Who will attend me? The sight may be worth the journey. Who?" There was a pause, and each looked in each other's face; a pause, and no answer. "It matters not," said Zim, "I'll go alone; and in good season bring you tidings of the Giant."

And as Zim turned to go on his way, all the crowd looked the lighter, and all shouted, "The good Zim! the great Zim! By the mighty Egg, the magnificent Zim!"

For two days and two nights, Zim, unseen, followed the footsteps of the Giant. Still did the Dwarf watch the monster Giant at his meals, as he wildly plucked the bread-fruit, and biting and then snarling at it, flung it away. Then the Giant would throw himself upon the earth and tangle his nails in the underwood, and tear it up, and drag it through his teeth, as though he had a dim sense that some strange, some wild enjoyment might be torn from it. And then the monster would stretch himself at length, and with his blood-rimmed eyes flash hatred to the sun.

On the third morning, the Giant, urged by some headlong will, strode towards that part of the island where rose the houses and temples of the dwarf-people. Still Zim followed the steps of the monster. As the Giant looked down upon the roofs, there gleamed in his eyes a strange, half-witted glance. Gabbbling, he passed on until he towered over the house of Zim, which, unseen by Bakkuk, the mighty little Dwarf entered. Now, this house stood upon a small eminence, alone, and at some distance from all other habitations. Cunningly, curiously did Bakkuk pry down upon the abode of the wizard Dwarf; then, jabbering, the Giant dropt upon his knees, and peeped about the dwelling as a baboon would look into a twisted shell. Then Bakkuk laid his hand upon a little piece of metal, no thicker than a rush, and with the act the Giant was flung to the earth in a twisted heap, roaring like a volcano. And many of the island folk who had left the crowd upon the plain, many of them hid in trees and holes around, clapped their hands and shouted; for they acknowledged in the overthrow of the monster the wisdom dwelling in the powers of Zim.

All night the Giant lay insensible, and still Zim turned a deaf ear to the desires of the little people; he would not kill the monster. "Wait awhile, let us see; there may be good in him. Wherefore kill, when, as you see, I can, at a thought, make him powerless?"

The little folk appeared to yield to the reasons of Zim; nevertheless, one among another, they angrily asked, "Wherefore not kill him?"

"Wait awhile," again urged the wise and placid Zim; "wait awhile; the monster's very ignorance shall help to tame him."

The next day, Bakkuk began slowly to move. With many groans he rose from the earth, and with a kind of half-brutish, half-reasoning look, stared and gazed at the house of Zim. A higher sense seemed to be awakening in him.

The monster retraced his way; and turning, passed into the gloom of a forest—a forest never entered by any of the islanders. By common consent it seemed a place to be shunned alike by speech or foot: no man spoke of it—walked in it. Nevertheless Zim, chartered by his cause, tracked the monster, who, like a bound following the scent, went eagerly into the darkness. There was a lurid look of appetite kindled in the Giant's face: he jabbered and gabbled, and his huge chest heaved like a mountainous wave with the storm still dying in it. Then the giant dropped like a stone upon the rank grass and tangled underwood; and, as he tore up all that grew about him, he howled and screamed with terrible delight—howled as a wolf howls and tears at a grave, its paw close upon the dead man's cheek.

The whole frame of the Giant seemed shaken with a horrid joy. His hair was twisted and stirred like waking snakes. Louder and louder he yelled; then broke into snaffling laughter.

Still the monster tears at grass and roots; still digs, digs into the earth, until with hungry fingers, and elbow-deep he sweats in the soil. Suddenly he screams with rapture; screams like a slave of the mine, that, with a diamond, finds his liberty. He snatches his hand from the earth, it grasps a root twisted like an adder; with a shout of joy he buries it in his mouth and grinds it beneath his teeth; and as he drinks the delicious poison of its juice, his eyes glow and sparkle, and his face grows purple as a grape.

CHAPTER III.



READFUL throughout the island was the joyous howling of the monster. From that forbidden forest came cries, and shouts, and horrid laughter, as though a band of fiends were keeping devilish holiday; and then the Giant would break into a sort of chant—then a minute pause, as though wondering at his own music—and then laugh the louder, and chant a wilder and a wilder note.

Crowds of the people had gradually been drawn towards the forest. They listened with wonder as they tried to piece out of the Giant's music some rude meaning. In vain; they only heard the outbreak of a brutal nature, drunk to madness. For still the Giant clawed

and dug in the earth; still did he pluck up root after root; and, still crushing the juice between his teeth, still did he feed his fury, still rising and raging with the drug.

For a day and night the Giant kept his horrid revel. For a day and night Zim refused to listen to the prayers of the multitude, who implored him, at a thought, to destroy the Giant. For they had known the mighty little Dwarf to lift a mountain with a wire; they had seen him with his magic snap an oak like a dry reed; and they knew that in his will was the life of the monster.

"In good time," said Zim; "in good time. You shall see how this evil will become goodness. You shall learn that it is nobler to reform than to destroy. What, now, if this brute mass of power, this Bakkuk, becomes a kind and gentle creature? What if he be tamed even by his own intelligence—his own affections, when duly taught, when duly touched?"

"And what will teach him?" asked the old man, who called the loudest for the Giant's death. "What," he repeated, "will teach him?"

"Suffering," answered Zim. "Suffering! And if he comes out of the forest, and mad as he is—ay, and madder still, for his rage seems rising like a tempest—if he ravage the whole island!"

"Peace!" said Zim. At this moment, and as if in mockery of the word, Bakkuk shouted the louder.

"You hear," cried the old man; "and you will not end this terror?"

"But I will end it," said Zim. "And how—by lightning?" asked another.

"By gentleness," answered the mighty Dwarf; and the people murmured, for they hoped that Zim would, with a spell drawn from heaven, wither up the Giant, as the fire from the cloud crumbles an oak.

And still the Giant roared and laughed. Hark! The earth groans and seems to shrink—the Giant has jumped to his feet; and now, like a whirlwind, he rushes from the forest, his face, his frame, as fiery as the setting sun that, with dropt jaw and foolish heavy eyes, he stares upon. He is become drunk, insanely drunk, with the juice of the roots of the forest; and the islanders see revealed in the Giant the truth of the legend they were born to—that whosoever lost himself in that forest would find madness.

The little people crouch and shrink away, and the Giant, stupified and half-blinded by his drink, sees them not. After a while, the islanders take courage, and with strange curiosity observe the antics of the Giant. Now he staggers and rolls—now tumbles on the earth, and roars laughter as he falls. And now, squat, he tears the grass about him, and brings it to his leaden eyes, and tries to look at blade from blade; and then hideously simpers at his own defeat. The stars come out, and, as they tremble in their light, he winks at them, and grins to see them wink again. And now the red moon climbs the heavens; and, with a purpose in his face, the Giant turns him round, and, swaying to and fro, tries with his hands to raise himself. Gasping and groaning he at length reels upon his feet; and then, with a broken shout, throws forth his arms to tear the moon out of the sky. With a crash he tumbles again to the ground, and with stupid looks gazes in his hand; and, then, beholding the moon, he, howling, knocks his head upon the earth.

"See you not," said Zim to the old man, "see you not there is hope of the monster?"

"Hope! What! to see him jump at the moon? Why, 'tis like a baby!"

"Just so," answered Zim. "Didn't I say there was hope?"

Again the monster rose; again, with a shout, made towards the forest—again entered its shade—again dug and dug for roots; and then broke forth from his lair, and, shrieking and raving, rushed abroad; and none of the islanders—so were they appalled by his new fury—dared to follow him.

"Let him pass," said Zim. "This rage will spend itself. We shall hear of him."

"Hear of him!" said the old man. "Yes, we shall hear too much of him, when he has destroyed the island, destroyed all of us—no, not all; you are safe—you are a match for the monster; therefore, why need you care?"

"Peace, and patience," was the only answer of Zim.

For the whole night, and at intervals throughout the next day, the islanders who remained abroad heard the roarings of the Giant. Then came one of them with disastrous tidings: the monster had destroyed half the town, flinging aside houses with his feet as he would spurn pebbles. The multitude threatened Zim. He should instantly destroy the monster with lightning; if not—

But Zim was calm and passionless. "Houses may be built," said the great Dwarf; "ignorance may be taught; but who can restore the Giant? Patience."

The next night came, and the voice of the Giant was heard in agony; it seemed to pierce the island; and the people who had called for the destruction of the monster, now looked upon one another with mute pity in their faces.

Oh, it was terrible to hear that voice of anguish. It seemed the suffering of a very crowd of men, so loud, so various, so searching was the torture.

"And now," said Zim, "begins the Giant's teaching. Let those who will, follow me to the monster's haunt, even to his very presence."

"What, to be torn to bits?" asked the old doubter. "No; you may go, for, as I've said, you are safe."

Zim, with a smile, prepared to depart, when numbers crowded about him, praying him not to attempt the danger; but Zim, with cheerful looks and hopeful words, smiled on their counsel, saying, "The time for the teacher is come." He then turned upon his way, and was followed by a few.

Pursuing the sound, that, with every footstep, became louder and sharper, as though torn from writhing torture, Zim and his followers reached the entrance of a cave, that now with the groans of the monster echoed with awful misery.

"Plain," broke in the old doubter, who, even unwillingly, had been drawn thither by his curiosity; "plain; I see the symptoms. Even giants can't stand against rheumatism."

"Even so," replied Zim. "And now begins the Giant's schooling."

"Schooling," cried the old man; "the doctor first, I should say, before the schoolmaster."

"They shall both work together," answered Zim; and, entering the cave, he sat down at the end of the Giant's right hand. With a roar, the Giant clutched the Dwarf, and Zim's companions, screaming, fled. It was but for a moment; a spasm of agony shot through the Giant's arm, and the Doctor Dwarf stood on his feet, unbruised, unhurt.

Zim called out to his companions, who made no answer: he then went out of the cave to satisfy them, lest they should go back to the people with a false story of his death. When they saw him come from the cave, they ran to him, and besought him not to persevere in his mad intent: his life would be cast away upon the Giant.

"Kill the monster! kill him!" cried all the people.

"Teach him! teach him!" answered Zim, with a smile; and again he turned to re-enter the cave, and again the people crowded about him, beseeching him.

"The lightning! the lightning!" they said. "No teacher like the lightning. That is the readiest means. Kill the monster where he lies, and let the cave be his burying-place."

"Why that would be the easiest way," said Zim.

"The easiest, and the best," answered the people. "Hurrah, Zim! you'll kill him!"

"I think not," answered the Doctor, with a humorous look. "No, I think I'll teach him."

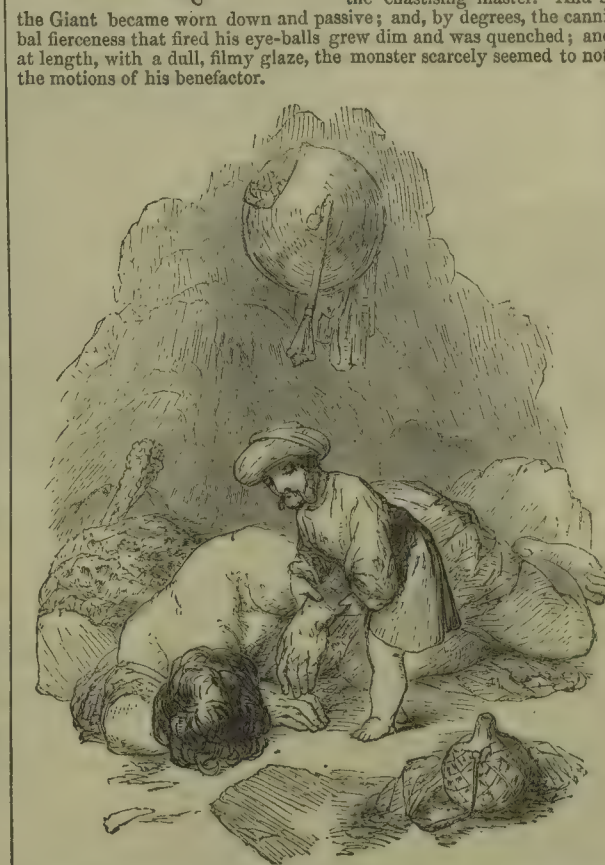
"Teach him! And with what?" asked the old doubter, with a sneer.

"With this, for one thing," said the Doctor Dwarf; and, at the word he plucked a wild flower growing at the mouth of the cave, and then motioning farewell to the people, passed in to his Giant patient.

CHAPTER IV.



AUTIOUSLY and tenderly did Zim approach the sufferer, whose every nerve in its agony was as a burning chain upon him. The Giant could not move a finger, that the motion was not punished by a torment; and so he lay motionless; now piteously groaning, and now with flashing and malignant eyes mowing and jabbering at the Dwarf Doctor, who, with a benignant smile, began to move more confidently around the monstrous bulk of flesh, Bakkuk still following the motions of Zim with hateful glances. Twice or thrice Bakkuk strove to snatch at his benefactor, and every time yielded to the chastising master. And so bal fierceness that fired his eye-balls grew dim and was quenched; and, at length, with a dull, filmy glaze, the monster scarcely seemed to note the motions of his benefactor.



Zim's small fingers lay upon the Giant's pulse, that knocked hard and fiery. There lay the huge, pain-stricken heap of flesh, with no more reason to comprehend the agony that tore it than has Aëta of the fire within its entrails. There it lay; and there, in the face of that little speck, the Doctor Dwarf, shone the serene might of intelligence—the soft and steady ray of knowledge.

Zim quitted the cave, and taking with him certain of the islanders, who still lingered at a distance without, to assist him in the search, journeyed a short distance to gather herbs. These were plucked and brought in vast heaps to the mouth of the cave; and some were bruised, and the juices strained, and some Zim brought whole to the Giant. With these plants the Doctor covered the burning body of his patient; and, in sooth, it was no light work for one small pair of hands, for, although Zim entreated partnership of aid from his fellows, they all, through fear, refused it—it was, we say, no holiday task for one such dwarf as Zim to cover so huge a frame as the Giant's, from his breast to the soles of his feet. Nevertheless, this Zim after some hours accomplished; and there lay Bakkuk, the Giant, all save his face and head, green as a grassy hill in June, covered, clothed with the medicinal herbs prescribed and administered by the Dwarf Doctor.

And it was beautiful to see—and Zim's heart opened and melted at the sight—the eyes of the Giant. For as the delicious coolness of the herbs allayed the malice of the fever, as their healing beneficence carried health into every pore, quenching the fire of the disease, it was beautiful to see the looks of the Giant; looks that erewhile were lurid and savage as the sun that sets with threat of tempest—looks that now were filled with the soft, mild gladness of a dawning May. Fuller and fuller the light shone in them—shone with new consciousness, with deeper and deeper intelligence. The heart of the Doctor Dwarf leapt within him; and, having filled a large gourd, thrice the size of his own head—so big, so heavy, he staggered with it—filled it to the brim with the juice of herbs, he clambered up the Giant, toiling his weary way until he reached his chest; and there, panting from his labour, there stood the little Doctor, with his medicine under the brow of the giant's chin. How the islanders—for a few of the boldest had, one by one, edged into the cave—how they marvelled at the bold perseverance of Zim; and how, with a scream, they rushed back from the cave, when they beheld the giant drop his jaw, and show his terrible teeth! But Zim was stout of heart, and saw in the Giant's eyes that the Giant had a dawning sense of the further good prepared for him; and, so believing,

accommodated his vast mouth to the puny endeavours of the Doctor. With much trouble, Zim emptied the gourd into the mouth of the Giant, who, with milder looks, and in his only manner, grunted thanks. Again and again did Zim perform his journey up the Giant's frame; again and again drenched his monster patient.

And for three days and nights Zim tended and watched the sick Giant; and for three days and nights beheld the countenance of the monster change from brute ferocity to passive gentleness. On the morning of the fourth day the fever was wholly subdued; and, as the early breeze from the sea blew into the cave, the breast of the Giant seemed labouring with a new emotion; his bosom gently heaved and heaved, as broad and gentle as the distant wave. And then his eyes grew softer and softer, and at length melted into floods of thanksgiving tears.

And Zim knelt beside the Giant—knelt, and himself gave thanks for the precious bounty, the teaching beneficence, of such tears; for he knew that they came from the Giant's heart. Grateful Nature had smitten the stone, and it gush'd forth healing water.

And then the little island folk began to crowd into the den, the news of the change in the Giant having passed from mouth to mouth. And the Giant turned his looks upon them; and his former sullen, rugged face was softened and refined by smiles. And the islanders, wondering at the marvel, uttered prayers and gave praises to Zim. Now, who so great as Zim—the good Zim—the mighty Zim?

And days pass by, and every day brings strength and gentleness to the Giant; and every day takes with it some savage trace, some harsh and angry line. The storm of brutal passions that had darkened the features of Bakkuk was gradually dispelled, and simple goodness dawned throughout. Long and painful was the labour of the Doctor Dwarf, resolved to teach the Giant; who, from signs, grew into the use and knowledge of articulate sounds; and still his outward aspect became softer, gentler, with every acquitted task.

When Bakkuk had sufficiently mastered words whereby to attempt a revelation of his thoughts, Zim sought to know the Giant's history. How came he on the island? Where had he dwelt before? What his condition? And then Bakkuk would press his head with his hands; and, for awhile, pore dreamily upon the ground; then cast disordered looks into the heavens; then throw apart his arms, as though despairingly he would scatter the clouds that darkened him. No; he remembered nothing—nothing distinct. He would smile, and clap his hands at the murmur of the sea. And when Zim made the Giant place a shell to his ear, he listened and listened, and smiles crept over his face; and his eyes softened at the sound; and then he placed the shell at his heart, as though it spoke to that.

But the wonder of Bakkuk—his marvel of marvels—was a little child. He would hold his breath with awe, when Zim brought him his little son, that would stand in the Giant's palm, and laugh up in his huge face, softened into reverence and love. And Bakkuk would compare the child's arm with his own; compare finger with finger; and then laugh, and then look sad; and then new affection for the little one would gleam in the Giant's eyes. Then again and again he would wish to throw himself upon the earth, that he might worship Zim; who ever reproved the Giant, teaching him by his own motion to look into the heavens and pray.

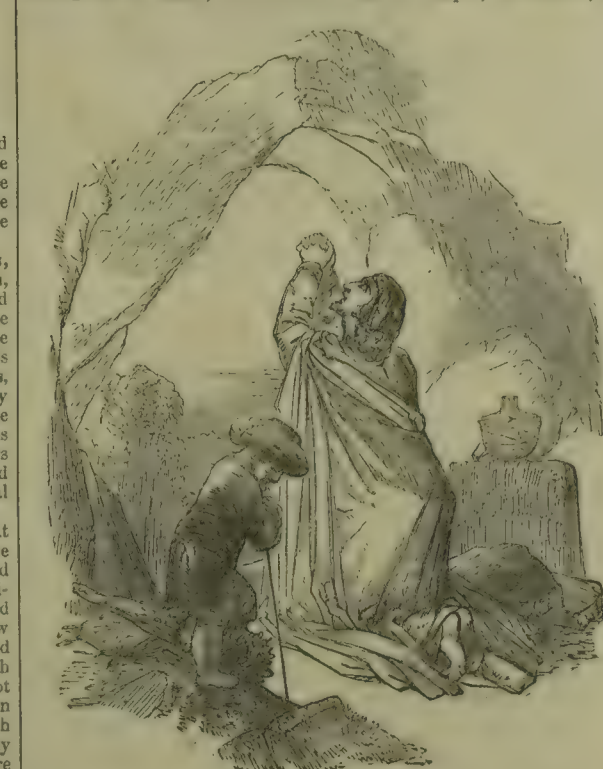
For many months Bakkuk remained in the cave, and was fed by the labour of the islanders, who—so willingly were they guided by the counsels of Zim—cheerfully worked for the savage; nay, sometimes stunted themselves, that Bakkuk might have his mighty fill. And still Zim taught his pupil, every week advancing; taught him the frame of the globe; its bones of rock and stone—its flesh of earth—its outward verdure. So taught him the beautiful mystery of a flower, that the Giant would look upon the simplest bud with all the awe and reverence that the savage brings to the foulest idol: taught him the fabric of the heavens, with the rising and the setting of the sun; taught him to know the stars as they came glittering forth; taught him to know the motion of the moon as she swam into the firmament.

And every lesson, we say, brought its added light, that, from the mind of the Giant, shone in his face, and gave to him the beauty of love and gentleness. And Bakkuk learned to know the wonders about him as only the shadows of a greater wonder—learned to listen to the beating of his heart only as an instrument whose every throb told of a nearer and a nearer world.

CHAPTER V.



OVE—love for his teacher was of daily growth in the heart of the Giant. And great was the joy of Zim when he beheld his patient, controlled by the grateful impulse, cast himself upon his knees, and heard him utter prayers for his preserver; heard the poor, enfranchised monster pour forth thanksgiving for the blessings of his redemption. With every touch of truth, of knowledge, Bakkuk had received a ray of light, a look of gentleness; and when, at length he stood before the assembled people—what a holiday was that time of triumph!—his face was beautiful in its mingled look of power and peace; and his every word, a word of gratitude—of love. He, who, with brute license, had raged throughout the island, now moved in it as in a temple; his wonder, his



affection raised and wrought upon by every sight and every sound. To him the smallest flower was a precious thing; for he had been taught to see in it a part of the great mystery that shines in the stars; to him the sea-shell gave the self-same music as the unfathomable deep; sweeter, softer, but the same. And with his mind thus taught and dignified, it was beautiful to mark the gentleness with which the Giant



But yesterday there was the power of an army in that huge carcass, and now it lay helpless, almost motionless, as a stone, save that now and then the flesh wrinkled with agony; the giant's chest roared like a roaring crater, and his teeth clashed and clanged together. That monster was bound helpless as a swathed infant in the bonds of pain.

"You see," said Zim, "his fevered body smitten with the night air and night dews."

bore himself towards the little people of the island. It seemed that he had lost all sense of his surpassing bulk and strength, in humility and thankfulness towards his benefactors.

After a time, Zim led the Giant to the spot where, in his ignorance, he had thrown down houses and temples. When Bakkuk saw the ruins he blushed; and then begged to be taught, that night and day he might labour to restore them.

"In good time," said Zim, and then led him to the forest.

"It was here," said the Dwarf, "here that you sought the means of madness." And then, to the questions of the Giant, Zim recounted the story of Bakkuk's frenzy.

"Now, then," said the Giant, "let me pay recompense. Give me this place: let me labour here."

"It is an evil place," said Zim; "all men shun it: a place whose shadows are as grieis—whose dews are as misery."

"Give it me," cried the Giant. "You shall teach, and I will work."

"Be it so," said Zim. "I can answer for the people; do what you will."

Next morning, at sunrise, the Giant went forth to work in the forest. Before the sun had set, he had plucked up every tree, piling them in many a heap. Then he set fire to the piles; and for days and days tended the flames, fanning them as they failed, and feeding them with new offerings. At length, that ill-boding forest lay in so much dust upon the earth—the ground scathed and mortified by fire. Great was the rejoicing of the islanders, when they beheld the sun fall upon the earth so late deformed and blotted by that fatal wood.

The Giant's next task was to till the land. That land, redeemed from evil, should be his first offering to his benefactors. Corn should grow there, and his heart would rejoice and melt at the harvest. And so, indeed, it happened. Bakkuk, instructed by Zim, laboured early and late; and—how quick the seasons passed!—many a broad acre was covered with golden corn; corn of larger, fuller growth, than heretofore had flourished in the island. The Giant's harvest-home was, indeed, a holiday, and its memory held in celebration for many an age.

"Better to teach than to kill," said Zim, quietly, to the ancient

doubter; as the Dwarf pointed to the large shocks of wheat sown, reaped, and piled by Bakkuk.

But there was no part of the island that did not bear some mark of the Giant's zeal and gratitude.

"We must have a star-tower," said Zim; "a mighty pile, from whose top we may the better survey the heavens."

And Bakkuk quarried the marble, and carried the blocks; and, with his mighty force, laid stone upon stone, the brain of little Zim teaching and directing him. And when the tower was completed, Zim ascended to the top, taking with him the old sceptic. And as the stars trembled close above their heads, raining down looks of peace and love, the doubter said—"Beautiful, beautiful stars! I could not have thought ye so glorious and so lovely."

And Zim replied, "You owe the knowledge to Bakkuk: without his help, this sight, in the fullness of its magnificence, had been denied you. Brother, I ask again, is it not better to teach than to kill?"

And thus the labours of the Giant filled the island with blessings; and the Giant was blessed in the reward of his labours—in the wages of respect and love he enjoyed of his masters. They had taught him the true dignity of life; and, whilst he ministered to their higher delights, they repaid him with gentleness and affection.

And at length, old, and very old, the Giant could no longer labour. His hair became as snow, and the light died in his eyes; and the old blind Giant was loved and cherished for the bygone days of his strength. He was, in his very helplessness, revered as the monument of departed vigour.

At length Bakkuk, the Giant, died. He died upon a hill, beneath the open sky, feeling, he said, though he saw them not, the stars upon his face.

And where Bakkuk was buried there grew a mighty banyan-tree—a tree in which the fancies of after-generations would see and trace the bones and sinews of the Giant; a tree that would give shelter and food to thousands. And, it is said, never did man seek the hospitality of its shade, or the nourishment of its fruit, that he did not bless the memory of the good Giant, that he did not think with love and tenderness upon the Doctor Dwarf.

BLACK-AND-ALL-BLACK.

A LEGEND OF THE PADEREEN MARE.

RELATED ON A CHRISTMAS EVE, BY AN OLD SENACHIE.

BY W. CARLETON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WEIR.

Poor Paddy Phats! I remember the little man like yesterday, and think I see him waddling along, making two parenthetical curves with his broad, flat feet, precisely after the manner of a duck, whose gait of going his very much resembled; and, for this reason, he was never known by any other name than that of "Duck-foot." Poor Paddy was a very worthy little fellow, exceedingly civil, obliging, and good-natured; full of fun and drollery, and a perfect miser in everything relating to truth. He insisted that truth was a commodity much too valuable for general use, and that any man who possessed it ought by all means to keep it to himself, and communicate as little of it, in his conversation and dealings with the world, as possible. "What," he would exclaim, "is tellin' truth to the boys you meet, both man and woman, but throwin' pearls before swine, and settin' them, besides, a bad example?" In accordance with this principle, he economised it to such a notorious degree, that not a single soul of his acquaintance for a moment dreamt of expecting it from him; and whenever any person had related an anecdote, or told a story that set all credibility at defiance, he was gratified by the compliment of being told that that was one of Paddy Phats's.

Paddy, in addition to this parsimonious use of truth, possessed also a snug

and comfortable relish for the good things of this life; and if there was one little delicacy in it which he loved better than another, it was a bit of mutton, in a quiet and unobtrusive way. It is true, he farmed no land, with the exception of a small garden, and kept no sheep; but, notwithstanding his disdain of agriculture and pasturage, he always contrived, somehow, to be able to treat himself—without anything like ostentation, we must admit—to a tidy little joint of mutton. We know that there was a good deal of speculation abroad, as to who the fortunate individual could have been who stood to him in the capacity of butcher. Speculation here, however, as well as in many other affairs of our life, continued woefully at fault, and Paddy's butcher remained anonymous to the last. This, indeed, was the more surprising, inasmuch as we can assure the reader that many earnest antiquarian researches were made for the discovery of that important secret. It was supposed that Paddy must have had some private and inscrutable crypts in his house or garden, the knowledge of which would have possessed much interest to those who were publicly engaged in the science of discovery at the time. We fear, however, that the cause of failure was altogether the fault of these antiquarians themselves; for, whenever they approached Paddy's house and garden, for the purpose of instituting these archaeological investigations, they were foolish enough to dress themselves in the garb of police officers, in order to impress him with a belief that they were sanctioned by Government authority—a fact which induced Paddy to guard his own secret with tenfold caution. And in this he succeeded. Many interesting osteological relics they certainly were fortunate enough to get by digging in his garden, and a good deal of shorn peltry, to which Paddy made them heartily welcome; but, as to the name of the butcher whom he patronised, it remains, like that of Junius, a profound secret down to the present day.



Paddy was also remarkable as a Senachie, or story-teller; and, when not employed in negotiating with his butcher, there could be no pleasanter companion in the chimney-corner nor in a wake-house, of a winter's night. Many a tale and anecdote, seasoned with his own peculiar unction, have we listened to in both places from his lips. It mattered not how great and startling was the fiction which Paddy heard in his intercourse with the world, he was always able at once, by the extraordinary force and prodigality of his invention, to make it appear as nothing. For instance, we remember once to have heard, one winter's evening, at our own happy hearth, a neighbour of ours, and of his also, stating that he recollected his father having in his possession a beautiful walking-stick, made of a stalk of heather! This thumper was received by the company present with shouts of laughter, the only exception being Paddy, who pretended never to doubt any fiction, no matter how extravagant.

"Oh! Tom," said we to Peter Shronyeen, for such was the name of the narrator, "don't think we can swallow that."

"Indeed, then," observed Paddy, "he's tellin' yez nothing but the truth." For be it known that Paddy was liberal enough to support all rivals who opposed him, and generally indorsed their lies in such a manner as to make them perfectly ridiculous. "It's truth," said Paddy; "I seen the stick he talks of. And by the same token, Tom," he added, "you forgot to tell them that your father (God be merciful to him!), whenever he happened to go a long journey, always carried his razor, shaving-box, and a change of linen in the head of it. I mention the linen, because this daicent man wore it *very fine* in his day, Tom, *especially during warm weather*" (by which he meant that Peter's father seldom wore any). "Talkin' of heather, however," he proceeded, "brings to my mind a discovery my father made when I was a mere chap. He planted two stalks of heather in our own garden, and in the course of about five and twenty years they were two of as purty trees as you could wish to see. My father—God forgive him, he often did foolish things—was buildin' an inside kiln at the time, and what did he do, but cuts them down in order to make simmer beams of them for the kiln! Simmer beams were two or more arge beams placed over the kiln-pot, and which were traversed in an opposite direction, or, to speak more plainly, crossed by a number of removable

ribs, which again were covered with straw; over which was spread the oats, in order to be dried by the heat of the fire from below. This description of kiln, which has now nearly if not altogether disappeared, has been replaced by that of sheet iron studded with holes; and again he went on: "That reminds me of what I'm goin' to mention. My grandfather (God be good to him!) or my great-grandfather (the heavens be his bed!) once planted a tree in a field of ours when we lived in the town of Sky. Well now, do you know that that tree grew to a great size. However, it took the drap" (i. e. received the rain through a hole in the bark) "just where the branches divided from the trunk, and in the course of time the body inside the bark rotted out of it, and left nothing to keep it up but the bark itself. It was as large a tree now as you'd wish to see. I remember myself, when I was a shot of a boy about eighteen or nineteen, we was breakin' a horse; and whenever there came a wet day I used to ride him inside the tree, and gallop him round, wavin' a long whip about my head all the time, but never could touch the bark. The time our house and outhouses were all burned, we lived in it till they were built again, an' had plenty of stablin' and other room for the cattle."

"And what became of the bark, Paddy?"

"The King hearin' of its great size, sent for it, and got three or four of the purtiest ships that ever crossed salt wather built out of it; and from that day to this, every ship built upon the same plan, in honour of the truth I'm tellin' you, was ordered to be called a *Bark*. That horse, indeed, that I broke in, it was the best horse we ever had, barrin' his twin brother; and they were so well matched, that no one was ever able to say which was the best at anything. The name of the one was Whiskey, and the other Brandy; and sure it was upon them that that fine merry tune was made, that's known by the name of 'Whiskey and Brandy' to this day. Now that I'm spakin' about them, I'll tell you a thing my father did wid them, that he won a trifle of money by! He laid a wager wid a neighbour of his—one Parra Fleenster—that he would plough more wid the same two horses than the other would with the best three couple he could procure within the bounds of the whole parish. Well, to make a long story short, they met—but I forgot to tell you that the choice of the ground was to be left to my father; and what kind of soil should he pitch upon, but the side of one of the roughest mountains in the whole country. It was all

full of stones and heathery hillocks; and as the season happened to be Midsummer, the horses dashed on at such a rate, and knocked so much fire out o' the stones, that by the time they had been about three-quarters of an hour at work, the whole mountain, which was as dry as powder, became one sheet of flame, and upwards of four hundred acres of it was burned and reclaimed afterwards, and my father got a handsome present from the landlord. Well and good; but that's not all of it. My father on his way home happened to suck down a drap of poteen at a shebeen-house, and his spirits got up in such a way, that by the time he reached the town of Aughnacloy, he took it into his head to propose another wager, that he would turn a furrow up the centre of the street. Now all the world knows that the main street of Aughnacloy is one of the widest and best paved, considerin' the size of the town, in the three kingdoms. Well, at all events, he came in from the Trough side; and when he got as far as Mill-street, he enters the plough, and touches up 'Whiskey and Brandy.'"

Here Paddy feigned a disposition to stop, for the roguish purpose of stimulating curiosity.

"Well, Paddy, and what happened then?"

"Augh!" said Paddy, with assumed indifference, "nothing to talk of. The horses dashed up the street, my father himself, of course, handlin' the plough; and at such a rate they went, and put their shoulders to it in such style, that the pavin' stones, every one of them as large as sixpenny loaves, flew off to the right and to the left, and shivered the windows to pieces on both sides as they went along. When he had got half the length of the street, the townspeople came out on seein' what was the occasion of it, and offered to make him up a sum of money if he'd go no farther. My father, who was as stiff as they were stout, said he should win his wager. They then offered to double the amount of the wager for him, which they did, and on that account he went no farther. The glaziers of Aughnacloy made him a present of a silver snuff-box, and hoped that he'd soon make another wager of the same kind."

"But, Paddy," we asked, "didn't you shoot a great salmon some years ago? Will you tell us about that?"

"No," replied Paddy, gravely, "I shot no great salmon."

"Well, some big fish or other, at any rate."

"I never shot any big fish, but I once did my endeavours to shoot a salmon; and I'll tell you how it came about:—I was out, one day, shootin'; and it so happened that I found myself run short of shot. I was walkin' up the side of the Blackwather, and it was one evenin' in the month of September, and, happenin' to look into the river, I seen what I thought a middlin'-sized fish. It was purty high up near the surface; and it struck me, that if I had any shot in my gun, I might have a chance of it—in regard that I had often before shot middlin' fair fish in size, say about 56 lb. or so. Well, I looked about me, and scratched my head; and what did I spy beside me but a fine thorn-bush, loaded wid beautiful large haws. I'll thry it, thought I; and, as the thought struck me, I pulled down a handful or two, and put them into my gun instead of shot. The salmon remained still in the same place, only a little nearer to the surface of the wather. At all events, I banged at it; but whether I hit it or not, was more than I could say at the time. At any rate, it was about eight or nine years afterwards that I was passin' along the same river, and seein' a beautiful whitethorn tree, wid a blackbird singin' on it, and a fine white churn-staff bleaching in its branches, I thought nothing of the matter, and was passin' on; when, to my great amazement, I found that the thorn three was coming along wid me; and what made the thing more remarkable, it was goin' against the stream too, as I was myself. Well, you see, I began to feel quare, and think it might be a fairy thorn, when, on lookin' close into the wather, what does I see but an immense fish, havin' a thorn tree in full blossom growin' out of his back! I then remembered the haws, and the shot I had made better than seven years before, and, as it was now near the bank, I jumps upon its back, and, seizin' upon the churn-staff, I broke the skull of it at the first whack. When measured, it was a purty good size, too, about sixteen feet long, and five wide: and little I thought, when I put the charge of haws into it, that ever they'd grow into a thorn tree out of its back. Indeed, that was as curious a shot as ever I made. But what was very odd, too, was that I got a nest of young blackbirds in the tree; and when I reared them, which I did, the devil a thing—God pardon me for swearin'—could keep them out o' the wather; they swam and dived like so many ducks, and no wonder, for, to tell you the truth, every one of them was webfooted!"

"Well, but Paddy," we would say, "won't you tell us about the race between Black-and-all-Black and the Paderen Mare?"

Paddy, in general, made no reply to this, but took a whiff of the pipe in silence, after which he usually commenced the legend, something in the following manner:—

"There was once a race-horse, and some said it was in consequence of his colour that he was called Black-and-all-Black, whilst others said it was owing to a worse cause than that. Be this as it may, the raven's wing wasn't smoother or blacker than his skin; for you had only to look at it, and you'd see the whole country round you the same as in a lookin'-glass, and that, I suppose, was what made the people say that he had quicksilver in his veins. This 'Black-and-all-Black' was the admiration of every one who ever seen him. It was said he was swifter than the wind, and that he could run on a dead level, as fast as the crow could fly. At all events, one thing was well known on all sides, which was that no horse ever had a chance with him in racin'; and, indeed, when you come to understand everythin', you won't wonder at that."

"Why so, Paddy? what was there so wonderful in that? The horse was souper than any other horse, and that wasn't extraordinary, sure?"

Paddy gave the speaker a look of calm and withering contempt, after which he puffed away the smoke from his dundee and gravely proceeded:—

"You see there was an old squire in the neighbourhood, a member of the Hellfire Club—the Lord guard us! and the same squire was so roguish and hellish, that no one ever made a bargain wid him that wasn't taken in. In spite of all his cheating, however, he was always poor; for, indeed, it's no lie to say that he went along upon the true Irish principle of livin' upon three times his income, for there's no man alive can match an Irishman at that. This squire, whose name was Gunpowder George, drank, and swore, and gambled, kept hunters and hounds, and other cattle that shall be nameless; and the general opinion was that he had a crust of sin upon his sowl a foot thick. That, however, 's neither here nor there. At any rate, one morning he found himself hard pressed for money—fairly run aground, and he took it into his head to sell himself to the devil—the Lord save and guard us from the dirty beast! and, accordingly, the bargain was struck; George signed the agreement wid three draps of his own blood, and everything went on well enough till the old boy began to make enquiries into his character, when he found it was a regular bite, and that George had taken him in as well as he did every one else that had dealings wid him. The old fellow was nettled, you may be sure, to find himself outdone, and thought he'd appeal to George's generosity to let him out of the bargain."

"What temptation came over me," says he to himself, 'to buy such a precious piece of goods at such a price, an article that I was sure of in any case at the long-run.'"

"Accordingly, he went to George, and began to spake him as fair as he could. 'George,' says he, 'I'll go down on my two knees to you if you'll only let me out o' this bargain.'"

"Are you there?" said George, laughing.

"Troth I am," says the other, "and it's a shamed face I carry in regard to this unfortunate transaction between us. Nobody will place dependence in me for the future when it's known that I am honestest than Gunpowder George. My name and character's gone for ever," says he.

"So you are there?" said George again, still laughing.

"I am," said the other; "and a purty figure I cut here."

"And the greater rogue's there," says George; "and it's a proud man I am to think that I have outdone you."

"George had a gun in his hand as he spoke, and just at the moment a beautiful white pigeon flew near where he was standing. He put the gun to his shoulder, covered the bird, and was about to fire, when he checked himself. 'Pass on, poor bird,' says he; 'for once in my life I'll spare the innocent.'"

"Satan got black in the face when he heard the words; for you see there was mercy and kindness to the harmless and inoffensive in them."

"George," says he, changing his mind, 'let the bargain stay as it is; it must stand good. I'll perform my part of it; and I'll take care that you shall perform yours.'"

"George laid his fore-finger along his nose, gave him a grin, and desired him, as the weather was could, to go and take air o' the fire."

"Now you see the reason I mention the bargain between these honest creatures is this: It was almost immediately afterwards that Black-and-all-Black made his appearance in that part of the country. There was great mystery about him; nobody knew where he came from; nobody ever saw where he went to; nor could anybody tell what became of him after the race was over: instead o' that, he seemed to vanish like the shadow of an April cloud when the sun suddenly bursts out in the sky. One thing, however, was known; wherever this wonderful horse was, there was Gunpowder George too, although he didn't pretend to be his owner. The sums he won upon him, however, were beyant all count, for no horse had any chance at all wid him. He was as black as night; his Jockey, too, was dressed in black; the saddle, bridle, stirrups, and stirrups were all black; and it was said by thousands, that when he was going at full flight the fire was seen to come out of his mouth, and he touched the ground so lightly that the sharpest ear could not hear the sound of his feet."

"Now it so happened, that, at the time I'm spakin' of, there was livin' in the same parish wid Gunpowder George—and this name he got because he was the greatest fire-eater and duellist that ever was in the country, barrin' Fighting Fitzgerald himself, that fought forty-four duels; and, by the same token, no person could become a member of the Hellfire Club that hadn't killed two men in a challenge. Well, there lived, as I was saying, a priest in the same parish wid George, named Father M'Sod, who owned such a racer that never had been beaten any more than Black-and-all-Black. This mare had no name at the time; but, whenever she ran, no doubt she left all those horses that ran against her little chance. She did not appear, however, until some time after Black-and-all-Black had the country to himself; and she was looked upon now as the only animal that had any chance against him. All the kingdom was loud for a trial of speed between them; and, as Gunpowder George met Father M'Sod, one day, he challenged the white mare to a trial wid Black-and-all-Black."

were both going in the same direction, that is, towards Father M'Sod's house when George asked his reverence to let him get a sight of his famous mare. The priest nodded towards the stable, and told the other he might go in if he liked. George, accordingly, went in; but sorra a white mare was there for him, nor anything but the priest's bay back that he always rode to the chapel, as well as to the christenings and stations of the parish. There was an empty stall, to be sure, but never a thing could he see but a white pigeon sittin' upon the top of the rack.

"Father M'Sod," says he, on joinin' his reverence in the house, "this wonderful mare isn't in the stable."

"The priest said nothing, only asked him to take a glass of wine, which the other agreed to, but—oh, this is truth—the priest, you see, was in the habit of making the sign of the blessed cross over everything he either et or drank, or gave to another; so, after signin' it over the glass of wine that he handed to the squire, you may judge of his surprise when he saw that if his neighbour was to get a million of money he couldn't bring it to his lips. The squire himself was surprised, and the priest, after lookin' at him, said, 'Unfortunate sinner, I see how it is. If God hasn't said it, you're likely to travel downwards yet. No doubt of it, you'll go to your destination by way of a slope, and you may take my word for it, it won't be an up-hill one. You'll find very little could weather in the country you'll go to; and for that reason, I'd advise you to leave your great-coat and flannels behind you, and to start as light and airy as possible. However, it's too bad that you should leave my house without tastin' something, at any rate; so there's the bottle,' says he, pushin' it over to him, 'and help yourself.'

"The other then helped himself to a glass or two of wine, but had no difficulty in doin' it now, for the sign of the cross had not gone over it, and then came out wid his challenge.

"Come, Father M'Sod," said he, "will you run your mare against Black-and-all-Black? I'll give you twenty to one in hundreds."

"Is Black-and-all-Black your own property?" asked the priest.

"No," says the squire, "but he'll be on the ground at the forthcoming races, and I'll back him against all odds. I'd bet my soul on him."

"Very well," said the priest back to him; "I'll take that bet."

"What do you mean?" asked the squire.

"I mean," replied the other, "that if you wager your soul upon him, I'll take up the wager."

"The squire gave a hearty-like laugh, but still any one might perceive that there was something hollow and dismal in it in spite of all he could do.

"What do you mean?" said he, "I don't understand you."

"I mane," says the priest, "that, if you will wager your soul that Black-and-all-Black will win, I'll take up the wager that the white mare beats him."

"But, said the other, 'I'm not free to make the wager, in regard that my soul, such as it is, isn't my own. I'm sold to another gentleman,' says he, with a quare wink at the priest, and in a wild strange laugh.

"I'm afraid it was a bad bargain on both sides," says Father M'Sod; "but, as the sun is now shinin' very brightly, if you'll walk out to the stable-yard, I'll tell you whether the bargain is a sure one or not."

"They accordingly went out; and, after taking a turn or two up and down the yard, the priest says to him, 'Unfortunate man! where's your shadow?'

"That's more than I can tell," says the other; "but I know I haven't had a shadow for some time past. I'm nothin' now but pure substance. My own opinion is, that it went out to take exercise one day, and give me the slip." This, you see," continued Paddy, "was the way the priest took to find out whether he had sold himself to the devil or not, for it's very well known that any one who signs such a bargain is obligated to give his shadow to the purchaser, by way of security.



"When the second bell was rung, the two jockeys went down to the scales to be weighed; Gunpowder George accompanin' Black-and-all-Black and his jockey, whilst Father M'Sod attended the mare and hers. The black jockey was exactly the weight—not a scruple either more or less; but it so happened, hat the other was about three ounces light.

"This won't do," said the squire; "three ounces is a great deal in a race like this. I have myself a pair of horses so aquil in speed and bottom, that the weight of the key of the stable is enough to make either of them beat the other. Thank you for nothing, Father M'Sod; make up the weight, sir."

"Father M'Sod put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out his beads, hung them about his jockey's neck, and lo and behold you they just made him the exact weight! The race was to be a four-mile one, the best of three heats. The squire had bet all he was worth in the world upon his favourite, barrin' one estate, and that he wished to keep for a rainy day. At length the two animals came to the start—got the word, and off they flew like the wind. By all accounts Black-and-all-Black's feet scarcely touch'd the ground. There he went coal black far ahead of the mare; and it was thought at first that he would double distance her wide ease.

"Am I doin' it purty?" said the horse to his rider."

"Why, Paddy, said one of his audience, do you mane to say that the horse spoke?"

"To be sure, I mane to say it," replied Paddy; "isn't it well known he did; sure the song tells you that."

"Am I doin' it purty?" asked the horse.

"Beautiful," said the jockey, "and better than that; you're goin' it all to pieces. The fire's in you, my blackbird. It'll be a double distance against her at the least."

"Something's wrong, for all that," replied the horse; "I feel the wind goin' out of me, and you're gettin' heavier and heavier at every stride I make."

"Be Gad, you're beginnin' to fight it shy, sure enough," replied the jockey. "Move on: by the powders of war she's creepin' up!"

"It's those padereens," said the horse; "they'll be the death and disgrace of me. However, here goes for a rush, at all events."

"More power," said his jockey, as he pushed him on.

"The black racer, however, showed great bottom; he increased his speed, came in a good way first, and the Padereen Mare barely saved her distance.

"The course was now in an uproar. All the backers of Black-and-all-Black were on the high horse wid delight. There was no end to the wagers they made and the odds they offered. The squire betted his last estate, his last acre, the coat on his back, the shoes to his feet, and the hat on his head.

"Come," said he, patting the horse on the neck; "if you don't win this, you leave me a ruined man, with neither soul nor body that I can call my own. Put your right foot foremost, my boy, and tell them you'll see them when you come back, but not till then."

"The friends of the Padereen Mare, on the other hand, weren't a bit cast down. They saw that, although the horse ran away from her at the beginning, she gained upon him at the close, and at any rate saved her distance. Father M'Sod had crowds comin' to consult him as to what they should do. His reverence, however, gave them a knowin' wink, and only said "Na bockish." Take all the bets you get." This gave them courage, and the betting was a miracle to see.

"Well, they started for the second heat, and off went Black-and-all-Black as if he had wings; and off went the beautiful Padereen neck for neck beside him. A vauk! There was no runnin' away from her now. It wasn't run she did, but fly. As for the horse, he outdid all his former doin's; but go as he would, there was the darlin' at his side. The day was dark—oh, this is truth!—and what do you think was seen? Why, then, I'll tell yez. As the horse flew along so that your eye could hardly keep up wid him, the people were amazed, astonished, and frightened to see that he left a train of deep red fire behind him, whilst the mare, on the other hand, left behind her a beautiful line of light. Oh, you needn't shake your heads; it's gospel I'm layin' down to yez. If I was a man in the habit of tellin' things that never happened, you might misdoubt me—but you all know that as I said, it's only gospel I dale in.

"At all events, devil a one of the horse but did his best—did wond'ers; how-somever there was that against him that he couldn't outdo. On their way back the winnin' post, the mare, to the admiration of all, shot before him wid the ood of a cannon-ball, leaving him hard set to save his distance; but save it he did, and, between ourselves, it was as much as he could do.

"And now may be the coorse didn't become mad in earnest. That bout was over, and, so far, they were even—the mare beatin' him about the same distance he bet her at first. This was the first time that ever Black-and-all-Black was overcome; and the beautiful mare was kissed and hugged by men, women, and childre, whilst the Protestants showed very long faces, and began to tremble for heir money.

"Come," he went on, "I'll bet five thousand pounds against all you're worth in the world, if you have the spirit."

"To make a long story short, the wager was drawn up on paper, signed by each, and witnessed by Father White's curate, who had just returned from a sick call.

"I suppose your mare has been out takin' her gallop," said the squire; "and, as it's likely she has returned, I'll have a peep into the stable again before I go."

"Do so," said the priest, "and I myself will go with you."

"On entering the stable, sure enough, there she was—a milk-white beauty that the world could not surpass. Not like Black-and-all-Black, her eye was mild and clear; there was a smell from her, too, like that of roses; her skin shone like ivory; and what was most wonderful, when the squire looked into it, he thought he saw one of the most beautiful countries that ever was seen or dreamt of by man. The people, he thought, were walkin' about in some happy land, where there appeared to be neither care nor sorrow, but where all were filled with pleasure and delight. It was covered with lovely groves and meadows, beautiful rivers ran through it, and multitudes of happy beings walkin' along their green banks. Altogether, the sight wrung his heart when he compared it wid the terrible place that was preparin' for himself. On rubbin' his eyes, however, it all vanished, and he saw nothing but the beautiful milk-white mare, as she stood gently and quietly before him. He then looked up to the top of the rack, after the white pigeon, but, whatever had become of it, he saw that it was no longer there.

"In the mane time, the races were comin' on; and it had gone abroad like wildfire over the whole country that the Padereen Mare (for so his reverence had christened her) was to run against Black-and-all-Black, that had beaten and distanced every horse that was ever put against him. Nothing, indeed, could aquil the state the country was in upon the subject. The Protestants all supported Black-and-all-Black, and we stuck like glory to the priest and the Padereen Mare. In troth, to tell yez the truth, the race and all the wagers depindin' on it took a religious turn; and it was said, that, if the mare had been a horse, his reverence would have called him 'The Cardinal,' for it appears, by all accounts, that some of the Cardinals have good bottom, and can go over a piece of rough ground with a very light foot, glory be to God! At all events, the bets and wagers were beyant count. All that part of the kingdom was in a blaze about it. The leadin' men on both sides, who were all well up to trap, were as active as lamp-lighters in makin' preparations for the great day that was to decide this wonderful race. The people could not sleep in their beds for it. Ould men raved upon it; young men, when they did sleep, dreamt of it instead of dreamin' about their sweethearts; and the girls were as bad and as mad on the other side; for, instead of dreamin' of their bachelors, as they ought to have done, they dreamt only of the great race between Black-and-all-Black and the Padereen Mare. The very childre cut long wattles for hobby-horses, and ran races against each other in the names of the two celebrated cattle I am talkin' of.

"At last the day came. Such crowds—such thousands upon thousands as flocked to the race-course, were never seen at a race-course before or since. Two or three races went off, but nobody troubled their heads about them.

"Where's Black-and-all-Black? Where's the Padereen Mare?" was the cry in every one's mouth. This race was to come off at two o'clock; and exactly as the hour arrived, the two animals made their appearance, although—and this is truth—there wasn't a soul there could tell where either of them came from. Nothing could be more beautiful than the appearance and condition of both. The Black fellow shone to that degree, that you could scarcely think he was substance at all. You imagined you could see through him. On the other hand, the mare was every bit as beautiful, but she was calmer and gentler; and yet not widout a sly cast of eye, that tould you she had a kick in her, if provoked.

could not, for a moment, think of doing any one thing in common with an idolator."

"Well, now," said the squire, very much down-hearted, "I must see what the priest will do. If he desarts me, I'm a gone man!"

"He found his reverence mixin' a comfortable tumbler of punch; and, after refusin' to either eat or drink—and he was warmly pressed to do both—he was beginnin' to tell him the whole story, when the priest stopped him, and said, 'You needn't go on—I know it all. You sould yourself to the Devil. It's a common case. He has a market here that's well attended. Sure, there's not a wealthy prodigate in the country that abuses his wealth, and the gifts that God has given him; that oppresses and casts out the shelterless poor to the open elements of heaven, and laves them there to starve and die—there's not, I say, a prodigate and oppressor of the kind, but has made the same bargain, and is as clearly the Devil's property as you are. Yet, at the same time, I'd as soon not meet him face to face, in regard of an antipathy I have against him; but let me at him from the altar, and if I don't give him pepper, I'm not drinkin' this. Here's to you! and I hope you'll settle your bets before you go."

"The squire thought he'd thry him a little farther; for the truth was, he saw, that, however well disposed both clergymen were to abuse the Devil at a distance, neither of them relished comin' to close grips wid him.

"I'll tell him," said he, "that Dr. Slumberwell will be there, and may be, it will give him courage. If it's any satisfaction to you to know that you will have support," he said, "I can tell you that Dr. Slumberwell will be there to assist you."

"What, sir," replied his Reverence, "do you expect that I'd associate myself with a heretic?"

"Wouldn't you join a heretic in strivin' to save my soul?" asked the poor squire, who feared that, between two stools, he was likely to come to the ground.

"No, sir," said he; "in doin' so I'd run a risk of losin' my own. Why, then, do you ask me to do what's unreasonable? I'll pray for you, I'll convert you, I'll make a good Catholic of you—only, for Heaven's sake, don't ask me to meet the Devil in the dark."

"God bless me," thought the squire, "these two men would burn one another in the name of God, and yet they are both of the same religion."

"The squire was so completely overcome with all he had gone through that day, that he forgot everythin' that happened to him for the remainder of it. He went to bed, I dare say, to take an hour or two's rest, to strengthen himself for his journey. When he awoke, he saw the white dove sittin' on a chest of drawers at the foot of his bed.

"Did I not see you this evenin'?" said he.

"You did," said the dove.

"May I ask you and what you are?" said the other.

"You may," replied the dove. "My name is Mercy. I was a favourite with your Protestant clergyman until wealth and luxury hardened his heart, and left no place for me in it. I have also abandoned the priest, who now thinks more of the aggrandisement of his Church than he does of the salvation of his flock. I am sadly in want of a place of rest; but, as I said to you before, so I repeat to you again—do not despair, but repent." It then vanished.

"Now, however, came the dreaded hour. A hollow blast of wind moaned through the whole house; the windows shook in their frames; an awful noise, like the sound of heavy carriage-wheels, was heard comin' to the door, where it stopped; then came a solemn knock; the door was opened—the foot was heard moun'tin' the stairs—approachin' the bed-room door—the handle was seized—it was turned, and in walked the Devil, to claim his bargain! He grinned wid sich delight that it would make your blood run cold, and was in the act of stoopin' to take away the squire, body and bones, when the unfortunate man gave a shout and a start—awoke—and, on looking about him, persaved that it was all only a dream—a heavy fit of the nightmare that he had been labourin' under for hours. This was upon Christmas Eve, as I said."

"Well, but Paddy, what became of Black-and-all-Black and the Padereen Mare?"

"No one knows that; neither o' them was ever seen in the country afterwards."

"But what were they at all?"

"Well, I'll tell you that. Black-and-all-Black was the Protestant Church, and the Padereen Mare the Roman Catholic."

"And the squire, Paddy?"

"The squire repented, and became one of the best, the most pious, and the most charitable men that ever was in the country; only that, to the day of his death, he could never bear the sight of a parson that thought more of himself than his religion, or of a priest that thought more of his religion than his flock. Every Christmas he gave a comfortable dinner to a number of poor people; and I hope that every one who hears me, and can afford it, will imitate his example, and show mercy and kindness to those that are friendless and without food."

HUNTING THE WREN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MAHONY.

We hunted the Wren for Robbin the Bobbin,
We hunted the Wren for Jack of the Can,
We hunted the Wren for Robbin the Bobbin,
We hunted the Wren for every one.

SUCH is the rude chant of the Manx lads, after having chased the poor Wren, "the most diminutive of birds," on New Year's Day; when the juvenile hunters, unreflectingly following a barbarous custom, have their unfortunate victim borne before them, affixed, with its wings extended, to the top of a long pole. Having made the circuit from house to house, and collected all the money they can, they lay the Wren on a bier, and carry it in procession to the parish churchyard, where, with a whimsical kind of solemnity, they make a grave, bury it, and sing dirges over it in the Manx language, which they call her knell. The obsequies being performed, the company, outside the churchyard wall, form a circle, and dance to music especially provided for the occasion.

A tradition lies at the root of this ceremony. Once on a time, a fairy of uncommon beauty by the sweetness of her voice fascinated the men of the Isle of Man to follow her footsteps, till by degrees she led them into the sea, where they perished. At length, a knight-errant resolved on countervailing the charms of the Syren; but, on attempting the task, and almost in the moment of success, the subtle minx took the form of a Wren, and escaped him. The evil-disposed fairy thus evaded instant destruction; but was, nevertheless, subjected to a spell, by which she was condemned, on every succeeding New Year's Day, to re-animate the same form, with the definitive sentence that she must ultimately perish by human hand.

Elsewhere, Christmas Day and St. Stephen's Day are dedicated to this barbarous hunting. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," records that, at the last battle fought in the north of Ireland, between the Protestants and the Papists, in Glinsuly, in the county of Donegal, "near the same place, a party of the Protestants had been surprised, sleeping, by the Popish Irish, were it not for several Wrens, that just awakened them by dancing and pecking on the drums as the enemy were approaching. For this reason the wild Irish mortally hate these birds to this day, calling them the 'Devil's servants,' and killing them wherever they can catch them. They teach their children to thrust them full of thorns; you'll see sometimes, on holidays, a whole parish running like madmen, from hedge to hedge, a 'Wren-hunting.'

Alas, poor Wren! of what guilt wert thou the doer, in the state of pre-existence, that thy race should thus have become the victims of a various superstition? For we read, that not only in the Isle of Man and in Ireland, but in France likewise, this little bird is, in like manner, superstitiously sacrificed. Once, however, as its name imports, it had been participant of better fortune. By the Druids it was esteemed the King of Birds, and of the augurs of old it was held to be the favourite. These distinctions, however, were fatal to its continued happiness. The superstitious respect shewn to it gave offence, it is said, "to our first Christian missionaries, and, by their commands, he is still hunted and killed by the peasants on Christmas Day; and on the following (St. Stephen's Day) he is carried about, hung by the leg in the centre of two hoops"—(such is the account given by Colonel Vallancey, in his "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis")—"crossing each other at right angles; and a procession made in every village, of men, women, and children, singing an Irish catch, importing him to be the King of all Birds."

By some authorities, the antipathy of the Irish to the Wren is connected with the invasion of the Danes, respecting whom a similar tale is told us by Aubrey of the Protestants.

Disputes among the learned have arisen touching the proper day of the Hunt—whether St. Stephen's or Christmas Day? The latter is that on which the Hunt now takes place, whilst the doggerel rhymes anent the custom mention "good St. Stephen's Day" as that of merriment. Young and old join in the sport, as illustrated in the accompanying Sketch.

To the sport, the ceremony of the "Wren-bush" succeeds, whereon, as above stated, the feathered sacrifice is borne in funeral state from door to door. The bush is composed of holly and ivy, which deck, on Christmas Eve, the kitchen, the parlour, and the hall, and from which portions are contributed by rich and poor. "Bedecked with ribbons gay," the royal bird was, of old, borne aloft by selected attendants, and paraded in a processional group as picturesque as it was fantastical—hobby horses, fiery dragons, and rampant serpents, whisking terribly their tails about, having been amongst the accessories of the scene, to the intense enjoyment of the assembled crowd. But of these ancient honours the ceremony is now

* Paddy was quite correct. The victory gained by the famous Padereen Mare over Black-and-all-Black was celebrated in a song which was once very popular in Ireland. In that production, as in Homer, both the horse and the mare were represented, not only as speaking to their respective jockies, but as holding a hot polemical controversy during the race, in which, by the way, the horse was certainly beaten. We may observe that in Ireland the people have a strong and a surprisingly ready tendency to allegorise, and to give any legend at all susceptible of it a polemical hue. We remember being present at a race where a horse called "Dan O'Connell" ran against another named "Peace-maker;" but the people on that occasion did not look upon "Dan" as a mere common horse, but immediately allegorised him into the representative of a principle, an embodiment of their religious and political feelings.

"HUNTING THE WREN," AT CHRISTMAS.



ORIGIN OF HUNTING THE WREN.—THE BIRD AWAKING THE DANES.

shorn. It has dwindled down, we are told by a Correspondent, to "a gay affair;" but amongst the celebrators may yet be seen examples of the costumes of the last century, such as linger yet among the people. The still unextinguished wit, too, of the peasantry, with the usual incidents of Irish fun, frolic, dancing, and love-making, enliven the occasion.

"I can never forget," says our informant, "a visit from the 'Bush Boys' to the house of a dear relation. Upon making our appearance in the yard, we found such a group! such a clatter!—all seemed to have had but one thought—pure fun and merriment. All, from the crowing cock, the chuckling turkey (whose day had not yet arrived), the squalling pig, the hurraing and unfortunate multitude, up to the dancing squireen with his creaking whip, and the girls and children, created such an uproar as can only be imagined, not described. Meanwhile, the laughter-exciting Drolleen held forth his old stocking to receive the largess, and sang the following ditty:—

The Wren, the Wren,
The King of all birds
St. Stephen's day,
He was caught in the fir,
And, although he is little,
His family's great,
So arise, landlady,
And give us a treat.

And if you fill it
Of the small,
It will not do
For our boys at all;

"The recollection of the cordial welcome with which the 'Wren boys, ay, and girls too,' were greeted in the farmer's yard or at the landlord's porch, where the 'drop just to drown melancholy' was given by the landlady, or some young damsel of the house, with a kindness of spirit that drew around them for the coming year the warm affections of their

But if you fill
It of the best,
We hope n heaven
Your soul may rest!

Oh, Mr. — is a worthy man,
And to his house
We have brought
Our Wren:
Sing holly, sing vy,
Sing ivy, sing holly—
And he'll give us a drop,
Just to drown melancholy.

HUNTING THE WREN AT CHRISTMAS.

dependants, is still dear to many a heart. Of these the great mass of the crowd was constituted, who then and there sincerely offered up the fervent orison for the health and prosperity of the donors."

The office of the Drolleen on these occasions was a post of ambition and required divers qualifications. He must be the wittiest and readiest of the group, quick at repartee, armed at all points; for by the amount of his fun was regulated that of the *largesse*. The receipts were, of course, spent in the evening in a seasonable jollification, not omitting dance and song, and the sparkling eye of the merry colleens who had joined in the day's sport, willing to encourage the boys with an opportunity for "a bit of coortin'." This latter is carried on until Shrovetide, when the willing fair ones learn which of them must visit the bleak and dreary cliffs of Skellig on the old maid's penance, and which may seek the cosy little parlour of Father Tom, with its bright and cheerful fire, its boole and benediction, and its kindly wishes for the future. Many such a merry Christmas! many such a happy New Year!



PROCESSION OF THE WREN BUSH AND WREN BOYS.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.



SMILE, OLD WINTER.

POETRY BY C. MACKAY, LL.D.

A Christmas Ballad.

MUSIC BY BLEWITT,
AUTHOR OF "HOME AND FRIENDS," &c. &c.

Andante moderato. *8^{ve}*

f *pp* *lento* *ped.* *f* *a tempo* *lento* *pp*

Said Win - ter, and he strove to frown, "Why do you love me, young and old? The drift - ing

snows my fore - head crown, My heart is hard, my blood is cold." "Ah, no!" said both; "we love, we love you

well, For fresh de - lights, de - lights re - mem - ber'd long; Your voice is mer - ry, mer - ry as a bell, And all your

ac - cents sound like song, And all your ac - cents sound like song.

dolce *f* *colla voce* *pp* *lento* *f*

Sprightly, but not quick.

So smile, old Win-ter, smile a-gain, You but pre-tend our foe to be; You-warm and cheer the hearts of men; We love you for your jol-li-ty, We love you, love, We love you for your

Repeat in Chorus.

jol-li-ty.

à la Waltz.

ff

Da capo & 2d and 3d Verses.

Said Winter to the maid I love,—
“What makes thee prize me, maiden fair?
I strip the verdure from the grove,
And hush the music of the air.”
Sweet was her smile, as she replied,—
“Oh, Winter wild, though this be true,

SECOND VERSE.

You come with Christmas at your side—
You give affection work to do:
The suffering and the poor you seek,
With kindly words and offerings free,
And dry the tears on sorrow's cheek,—
We love you for your charity.”

THIRD VERSE.

The Summer on their path shall sing,
And Autumn bless them with its store.
So be ye happy on the earth,
Whate'er your name or station be,
Who mingle with your Christmas mirth
Your bounteous Christmas charity.”

•• The words in italics must be repeated in singing.

EDITH THE SWAN-NECKED.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

[After the Battle of Hastings, the body of King Harold was sought by two monks of Waltham, an abbey which he had founded. Not being able to find the remains of their benefactor, they applied to Edith, surnamed the “Swan-necked,” who had been the mistress of Harold before he came to the throne. She accompanied them to the field, and, with the keen eye of affection, recognised the body of him whom she had loved.—See *Thierry's History of the Conquest.*]

Christmas has its merry tales,
And Christmas has its sad;
But there be some fine sorrows
That make the true heart glad.

Ancient Manuscript.

The battle's rage is past and over;
Silent lies the field of blood:
Save that alone the vultures hover
Where the hearth-defenders stood,
Nought is there of life or motion—
Not a sigh, and scarce a breath;
While slumber, as a slumbering ocean,
The last-born in the Land of Death!

The night-clouds wave like waving palls,
In sweeping folds the banner falls;
With unclosed eye, and lips departed,
Lowly lie the eagle-hearted!
From the white hairs of warriors old
The cloven casque hath backward roll'd,
And many a cheek in youth's first spring
Lies in the night air withering.
As mast and spar on some rude shore
Where angry waves contend no more—
So, scatter'd o'er that lonely field,
Lie the tall spear and shatter'd shield;
And Saxon swords in broken row,
So late returning blow for blow,
Rest powerless by the alien bow!
So late, yet blood hath ceased to flow,
For closed is now the day of woe.
Each light is quench'd, each spirit fled;
Yet o'er those slumberers' darken'd bed
No mass is sunn'd, no prayer is said,
Nor loving hand the dead has spread:
Not yet the kindred tears are shed,
Nor yet the living mourn the dead.

Two monks alone that field are pacing,
Like eager spoilers of the dead;
But oh! not theirs the hands defacing
The slumbering forms around them spread.

They, where her best and bravest met,
Beheld the star of England set;
And while in deep and utter woe
They mourn'd their benefactor low,
Yet only ask'd from 'midst his foes
To bear him to the grave's repose,
And see the earth around him close!

In vain their toil: the field was wide,
And many a corpse lay side by side,
Disfigured all, or blood-besteep'd,
Or in one pile together heap'd.
In vain they sought the red plain through,
Amid the battle's baleful dew;
Still darker gloom'd the lowering skies,
And veil'd him from their searching eyes.

Sad, weak, despairing, and dismay'd
They wander'd to a woodland dell,
Where dwelt, beside a hermit's cell,
One who alone their search might aid,
For she had loved that sleeper well!

'Twas night, in night's most dreary hour;
A hush like death was in the dell,
And not a struggling moonbeam fell
Across the hermit's lonely cell
And long forsaken bower.

The walls with dews of years were damp;
The hermit's solitary lamp
Through latticed window shone no more;
The beams with moss were crusted o'er;
The rushes moulder'd on the floor.
Within the cell, half veil'd in dust,
The wicker cage, deserted, clung;
And from a nail all red with rust
The holy beads in order hung;
But cold was now the hand that strung!
Far from the light of living day
The saint's meek step had pass'd away;
And she whose foot alone might press
That threshold's dark desertness,
With stifled heart, nor sees nor heeds
The creeping moss, the gathering weeds.
Before a cross of crumbling stone
The Saxon woman knelt alone;
A being in her second youth—
A child of sin, but full of truth!

With hair unbound, and floating veil
Down-hanging from her drooping head;
With cheek and brow as marble pale,
And arms across her bosom spread;
Like to a form of sculptured woe,
So knelt she in her meekness low!
Like to a lily of that vale,
Once even as pure, and once as frail:
And though a fatal fond belief
In human truth had stain'd its leaf,
Now purified in holiest eyes,
By breath of penitential sighs,
And through the long remorseful years
Wash'd by the precious dew of tears.

No tedious tale their lips unfold,
A few brief words and all is told;
And she hath risen and pass'd them by,
With a strange gladness in her eye,
And with a look which seem'd to say
“Death waiteth for me by the way;
For one who sleeps my prayer is said,
And I go with him to the dead!”

A change had fallen o'er the field of repose,
As the night of the battle drew near to its close;
And many were there who never before
Had gazed on the clay where the soul dwelt no more:
Some in the crush of their agony bow'd,
Some weeping in silence, some mourning aloud;
The partner of years, and the bride of a day,
The serf from his labour, the child from its play,
The sire and the grandsire, the matron and mother,
The playmate of childhood, the sister and brother—
All mournfully bent o'er their cherished clay.

And where is she whose truth must burn
Brightest in sorrow's darken'd urn?
Like some lone pillar of the waste—
A column by the clouds embraced—
Apart in her stricken hour they found her
With the shades of death already around her.
They saw by her eye that her moments were number'd,
And a corpse at her feet in its royalty slumber'd.

It need not a seer to say
That there, before her face, he lay,
The earthly-born, by death perfected,
Thus found by love, thus love protected!
While tearless all, and soul-subdued,
And like a dove by her slaughter'd brood,
The love-lorn in her anguish stood:
With dull or inattentive ear,
That heeded not, or could not hear
The voice of wailing wild and loud;
Her eye upturn'd to the rolling cloud,

Time, place, and presence, all forgot;
Withlip that moved, but utter'd not,
And forward step that yet delay'd,
But knew not where nor why it stay'd.
Had one beheld them where they perish'd
Who both with equal love had cherish'd,
I know not which had most been wept,
The living corpse or him that slept!
As when a cloud its gloom disparts,
So night had sunk on both their hearts.

And suddenly, like night, she fell
Upon that life-deserted breast;
And made the heart she loved so well,
The pillow of her rest.
Like night she fell! but never more,
Like the young morn, on earth to rise—
A joyful world to wander o'er,
Or cast the dew-mist from her eyes:
Yet both shall know, though life be gone
A resurrection like the Dawn,
When, from the grave of buried night,
She cometh forth, a Soul of Light!

PROLOGUE, BY BARRY CORNWALL,

To “Recollections of Old Christmas,” a Masque, by T. Crofton Croker, F.S.A.; to be performed on Tuesday next (Christmas Eve), at Grimston Park, near Tadcaster, the seat of Lord Londesborough:—

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
And listen to stories old.
And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree.
O the laurel! the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels—and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of holly for Christmas time!

O the holly, the bright green holly!
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!
Sometimes—in our grave house
Observe this happeneth not;
But at times, the evergreen laurel boughs,
And the holly are all forgot!
And then! what then? why the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the laurel! and brave is the holly!
But the mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done under the mistletoe!

THE EMIGRANTS' HOME.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

Is Earth thy Home, where thou would'st stay
Where thou for ever would'st abide;
Though of that Country far away,
Bright rumours come with every tide?

Let calm reflection make thee bold,
The perils of the deep to brave;
Think of the Emigrants, untold
In number, who have cross'd the wave.

Friends stood upon the shore in grief,
And watch'd the bark dissolve and fade;
And whom it bore, in their belief,
Were lost to sight in endless shade.

What think ye in that bark, meanwhile,
Chanced with the adventurous spirits there?
Hope, joy, and triumph, jest and smile,
Laughter and mirth their voyage cheer.

They scorn the pauper left behind,
His scanty diet pining o'er;
And feel themselves for sway design'd,
Once landed on that other shore.

The fathers of auture race,
Progenitors of realms unborn,
Whose memories shall hold a place
Made radiant with the beams of morn.

Now that far country reach'd have they,
Have now subdued, now rule it o'er;
And every harvest bless the day
Whereon they left their native shore.

Prepare thee, Soul, to quit this spot,
Where life is sorrow, doubt, and pain:
There is a land where these are not,
A land where Peace and Plenty reign.

And, after all, is Earth thy Home?
Thy place of Exile, rather, where
Thou wert convey'd, ere thought could come,
To make thy young remembrance clear.

Oh! there in these are traces still,
Which of that other country tell—
That angel-land where came no ill,
Where thou art destined yet to dwell.

Yon azure depth thou yet shalt sail,
And, lark-like, sing at heaven's gate;
The bark that shall through air prevail,
Even now thy pleasure doth await.

The Ship of Souls will thrid the space
'Twixt earth and heaven with sudden flight:
Dread not the darkness to embrace,
That leads thee to the Land of Light!

CHRISTMAS EVE IN DEVONSHIRE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKDALE.

CHRISTMAS is a season when the heart of man is evidently enlarged by sympathies of hospitality towards his fellow-creatures, in providing good cheer for himself and those whom Fortune has less favoured. Nowhere is this more substantially realised than amongst the farmers of Devon, who also preserve forms and ceremonies which the march of intellect has swept from other places. Ourselves wishing to see some of the sports in which our forefathers revelled, stepped over on Christmas Eve to Farmer B's. Passing the village, we were surprised at the silence prevailing; but an old woman cleared the mystery, by saying, “All the folk be up at the farm:” and, approaching this, the loud laugh and cheering light streaming through the chequered glass—making more dark the dull cold night without—told of a warm reception within. Entering the kitchen, amidst steam reeking from huge rounds of beef, joints of pork, heaps of turnips and potatoes, with puddings of monster rotundity, we discovered the burly host dealing out with unsparing hand to gladden the hearts of his lusty labourers. And truly, each seemed possessed of an appetite equal to the occasion—and, we trust, with powers of digestion such as we dyspeptics know of but by hearsay. Cider also flowed abundantly; and we felt that this meal to the man who receives but 6s. or 7s. a week as wages, must have proved a feast on which he could dwell with a satisfying delight. We could not but consider that the scene before us disproved the landlords' assertion so frequently made, and responded to by the gallant yeomen, “that the farmers are in a starving condition;” nor could we see that our host's provisions enjoyed protection, for all seemed to make free-trade with them.

“Bring in the fagot!”

“Behold him here!”

Fagots, like most other things, are by many in these parts termed of the masculine distinction.

“Clear the way!”

Now the ashen mass of 3 cwt. is raised on the dogs of the hearth, and in a few minutes the blaze from the scissing, crackling sticks,

heightened the ruddy hue of the rustic guests. Song succeeded song and when one presented more stupidity than another, shouts of laughter and bravos applauded to the skies. Now and then a fine voice broke upon the ear, leading us to regret that it was possessed by those whose souls had never been attuned to harmony. Many of their tunes were of the old English ballad class, and charmed us, not only as beings of the past, but having beauty in melody. Our hostess singing the song of "Barbara Allen," awakened the memory to emotions of the past; for we had listened to this song on a similar festivity, now thirty years ago. Then rapid, rolling flood—O Time! where hast thou borne those lips that sang, those ears that listened, those hearts that warmed with ours, leaving us alone to live again the associate scene?

Hark! what shout is that on which confusion seizes, all—men, women, and children, rushing pell-mell, scrambling to the highest bench—"The mummings are coming, hurrah! The mummings are coming, hurrah!" And then entered six or seven youths fantastically bedecked with ribbons, and gay, antiquated garments, ransacked from the bureaux of the grand-dames; here and there, a new bright silken bow, worn as a favour from their own dear Marys. Space being cleared, the play representing the unconquerable of Old England partially attracted the attention of the noisy audience. A warrior, lip corked à la moustache, personating the ambitious Napoleon, is brought to encounter St. George, who, after a fierce encounter, lays the vaunting Gallic dead upon the earth, the walls echoing the boisterous applause that greets his downfall. However, by the interposition of old Father Christmas, he is restored, to partake again of the season's blessings.

Near this point our Sketch is taken. At the right are seated those whose hunger craves relief, which the farmer's wife is labouring to accord. Facing are they who, with their senses quickened by the juice of apple, shout at the valiant heroes. Inclining against the chimney, behold the farmer watching to supply the wants of any of his friends. Beneath are placed a group of children, whose minds are wondering at so strange a sight. The old sheep-dog, from custom, appears a complacent observer; whilst the younger one barks at the quaint intruders. Above the door the fiddlers three add discord to the din; and from confusion worse confounded we gladly made a retreat.

BOW BELLS.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound.—POPE.

A vast amount of antiquarian pleasantries and amusing research have been expended upon the history and practice of Bell-ringing. It was once a favourite pastime with grave and learned men, though there are few of us who care to recollect our forefathers as bell-ringers. Still, Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who was lord of the manor of Lavenham, in Suffolk, and one of the most accomplished antiquaries of his time, was fond of bell-ringing; as was Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; as was also the great Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. Time, however, rings as many changes as bells themselves: our high functionaries no longer seek recreation from their official cares in bell-ringing; and Sir John Jervis and Lord John Russell are not very likely to ascend into the belfry of Bow, to shake off the unusual weight of the Common Pleas, or the weightier cares of Downing-street, by ringing a Christmas peal.

We must not be tempted to stray among the poets for their love of bells, else it may be as difficult to stop as the peal itself. Nor do we feel disposed to meddle with the *questio vexata*—when bells ought to be rung. Certainly, they are sometimes rung on very strange occasions, as when a gentleman, become very unpopular, has been most unjustly defeated in a lawsuit; and when the Beer Shop Bill was passed. We agree with a writer in the "Parish Choir," that there can be no harm in ringing the bells in honour of any important public event, or the arrival of any distinguished personage, or of any other event at which a Christian may lawfully rejoice; whilst to ring them for any party triumph, or for any malicious purpose, is abominable. "Let me," says this intelligent correspondent, "express my regret at that lamentable want of Christian feeling in the public and amongst parochial authorities, of which the prevalent abuses in the ringing of church bells afford an example. The weddings of the rich are graced by their mercenary sounds, whilst those of their poorer brethren are unheeded; and any political triumph or secular anniversary is greeted with merriment, whilst the leading events of the Christian year are passed over, unhonoured." From this kindly indignation must, however, be excepted CHRISTMAS, when, although much of the custom of profuse hospitality has passed away, this is yet universally recognised as a season when every Christian should show his gratitude to the Almighty, for the inestimable benefits procured to us by the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour, by an ample display of goodwill towards our fellow-men. And we do not know how this feeling can be better quickened than by a joyous peal of Bells, "the poor man's only music," "the mosaic of the air." Dr. Burney, the great authority on matters musical, has pointed out the innumerable rich and strange melodic passages that flit across one's ear in listening to a good peal of bells, which the writer in the "Parish Choir" cleverly compares to a musical kaleidoscope.

The writer just quoted, "John Clapper," remarks that any one who walks from the City of London westward at night (say on Christmas Eve) cannot fail to notice how vastly more soft and silvery are the tones of the City bells than of the more modern ones. The peal named at the head of this paper are a harmonious exemplification of this fact; and their history is of curious celebrity.

"The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, or Bow Church," in the words of old Stow, "for divers accidents happening there, hath been made more famous than any other parish church of the whole City or suburbs." If not originally a Roman temple, as was once believed, it was one of the earliest churches built by our Norman conquerors. It has been destroyed by storm and by fire; was at one time garrisoned and besieged, and was afterwards the scene of an assassination. Our present business is, however, specially with Bow Bells, of which the citizens of London have ever been proud; and it was from their extreme fondness for them in old times, that a genuine Cockney has ever been supposed to be born within the sound of Bow Bells. According to Fynes Moryson, "the Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow Bells, are in reproach called Cockneys and eaters of buttered toasts." Beaumont and Fletcher speak of "Bow Bell suckers," i.e. as Mr. Dyce properly explains it, "children born within the sound of Bow Bells." Anthony Clod, a countryman, addressing *Gettings*, a citizen, in Shirley's "Contention for Honour and Riches," says, "Thou liest, and I am none of thy countryman: I was born out of the sound of yo'r pancake bell," i.e. the Apprentices' Shrove Tuesday Bell, when pancakes were in request, as they still are, and the London apprentices held a riotous holiday.—(Cunningham's "Handbook of London.")

"In the year 1649 (says Stow), it was ordained by a Common Council that the Bow Bells should be nightly rung at nine of the clock. Shortly after, John Donne, mercer, by his testament, dated 1472, gave to the parson and churchwardens two tenements in Hosier-lane (now Bow-lane) to the maintenance of Bow Bell, the same to be rung as aforesaid, and other things to be observed, as by the will appeareth. This Bell being usually rung somewhat late, as seemed to the young men, 'prentices, and others in Cheap, they made and set up a rhyme against the clerk as followeth:—

Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knockes.

As well as the clerk's reply—

Children of Cheap, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will.

William Copeland, churchwarden, either gave a new bell for this purpose, or caused the old one to be re-cast in 1515—Weever says the former."

This ringing of Bow Bell, observed to the present day, is a vestige of the Norman curfew. It is also observed at Charter House; St. George the Martyr, in Southwark; and in a few other parishes of the metropolis. At the same time that the order was given, in 1649, for the ringing of Bow Bells, lights were to be exhibited in the steeple during the night, to direct the traveller towards London.

The Bells, Steeple, and Church all shared the common fate in the Great Fire of 1666. The tower is shown in the View of London, 1543 (in the Sutherland Collection, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford); it is somewhat lofty, has a central

lantern or bell-turret, and a pinnacle at each corner. The church was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren; and on the steeple being finished, in 1679, part of £400 paid by the City to the united parishes for the site of Allhallows Church and churchyard, on which to build the present Honey-lane Market, was appropriated to a set of bells; Dame Dyonis Wilkinson having given £2000 towards erecting and beautifying the steeple. The belfry was prepared for twelve bells, but only eight were placed: these got sadly out of order, and after various repairs it was reported, in 1739, that the Great Bell was cracked; however, the peal was made good at the expense of £290.

In 1758, a petition was presented to the vestry from several respectable citizens, setting forth that on all public occasions the Bells of Bow are particularly employed, that the tenor bell is the completest in Europe, but the other seven are very much inferior, and by no means suitable to the said tenor. "Your petitioners, therefore, request that they may be allowed, at their own expense, to re-cast the seven smaller bells, and to add two trebles." This the parishes permitted, after an examination of the steeple by Dance and Chambers, the two ablest architects of the day, who reported that "such additional weight, nor any weight that can be put upon the steeple, will have any greater effect than the number of bells now placed there." Accordingly, the set of ten bells was completed by subscription, and was first rung June 4, 1762, the anniversary of the birth of King George III.

The weight of the Bells is as follows:—

		cwt.	q.	lb.			cwt.	q.	lb.
1st	..	8	1	7	6th	..	17	0	11
2nd	..	9	2	0	7th	..	20	2	26
3rd	..	10	1	4	8th	..	24	2	5
4th	..	12	0	7	9th	..	34	2	5
5th	..	12	0	24	10th	..	53	0	22

In 1820, the steeple was repaired, at a great expense, under the able direction of Mr. George Gwilt. The belfry was then surrounded with strong iron braces, both internally, and also in the masonry itself; the ashlar, or external face, being cut through to admit the same, and space being left to admit of the expansion of the metal: the weight of these braces is about six tons. At the above time it was said, or sung—

They've cut a yard off Bow Church steeple,

which was believed to be considerably lower than before the repairs: the fact, however, is, that, from some slight difference in the new work, the spire is four inches higher; the whole height from the bottom of the old Church being 239 ft. 6 in.

In the year 1822, some fear was expressed that the use of the bells would endanger the steeple; but, at a vestry, it was decided, by a large majority, to ring them for a trial; and as, from a subsequent examination of the steeple, there did not appear to be any cause for alarm, the amateurs of bell-ringing, and the Cockneys at large, have often since been gratified by the sound of Bow Bells.

The present set is much heavier, and more powerful in tone, than the first peal of Bells. It requires two men to ring the largest (the tenor, 53 cwt., key C), in consequence of its not being properly hung about two years since, on account of an accident having befallen it.

The ringers belong to a society called the "College Youths," founded in 1637, by Lord Bereton, Chief Justice Hale, Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Dacre, joined by several of the City Aldermen. The Society takes its name from the College of St. Spirit and Mary, founded by Sir Richard Whittington, on College-hill, Upper Thames-street, which was burnt down in the Great Fire. Its church had a peal of six bells; but the present church (St. Michael's), at the same place, has no bells. A book recording the names of the founders and members of "the College Youths," from 1637 to 1724, was lost about that time, and only recovered ten years since. It was found in the possession of a Bristol bookseller, who, having purchased it at a sale of a private library in Gloucestershire, advertised it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, when it was repurchased by the members for six guineas. Each member subscribes 1d. a week for the expenses of keeping up the register, hand-bells, &c.; the certificate costs 6d.; admission fee, 2s. 6d. All the members (who are competent) can ring if they choose. There are about 200 members in the society, residing in different parts of the country, and fifty in London; they ring principally at St. Saviour's, Southwark (twelve bells); but they formerly rung at St. Martin's for sixty years. They generally ring the peal for pleasure; but, on Christmas Day, and other holidays, they are paid two guineas among the eleven. They ring once a month for practice and to gratify the neighbourhood. On Christmas Eve they ring at nine; New Year's Eve, from half-past eleven to half-past twelve. At St. Saviour's, on Christmas Eve, they ring at twelve. Another society, called the "Cumberland Society," rang for a few years at Bow Church. There is a peal called the "Whittington Peal," which can only be rung on twelve bells; and the College Youths are anxious to have two bells added to the present number, as the peal is considered incomplete.

The accompanying illustration shows the Bow Church Belfry, during a peal; and we agree with John Clapper, that "an awful thing it is to be in the bell-chamber, and witness the actual ringing of a set of Bells: what with the ponderous masses of metal swinging round and back again, the wheels in perpetual motion, the stunning sound, as the clappers fall, mixed with a constant hurrying humming sound, and the shaking of the tower itself, you might well be excused for feeling a little nervous."

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

BY JOHN HERAUD.

THE Bells will soon ring. Open the window, that we may hear the earliest sound of St. Paul's, or of the old bells of Bow. The hand of the dial-plate is on the stroke of Twelve, then will the merry peal begin. It will continue till the same hand is on the stroke of One, and then cease. The Old Year will have been thus tolled out, and the New Year tolled in.

Open the window. How suggestive is the Silence in the Air, like those quiet places in the best poems and dramas, which, with a few words, thrill and awe the thoughtful student! Such is the influence of Repose in all great works of art. Of all such works, Nature is the greatest; but then her Artist is Divine. This aerial Silence is the isthmus that connects two periods of Time—the Present is ever the bridge between the Past and the Future. The Dying Old Year a second will transfigure into the New-born, wherewith the universe now teems in expectation.

Time, however, is older at the moment of the New Year's nativity than it was at that of the Old Year's demise. Time is older than the year by nearly six thousand of such annual revolutions as that which has just accomplished its destiny. The Years are his Children, he being of all the common Parent—they for ever new, and he for ever old.

Well may the moment of transition be celebrated by Silence; distinguished from the vanished and the adventing, it stands for the present—ever an express image of the Eternal. And now, it has itself vanished, and, with its precursor, merged into the abyss of indistinction.

But there is Silence no more. As the Morning Stars sang together at Time's beginning, so now sing, or ring, both solemnly and merrily, the Bells at the New Year's. The initiate has been taken—the voice of a Principle is heard in their harmonious chime—their chorus is the manifold utterance of an Idea, the concert of many Thoughts. The Past has had its History, so will have the Future; and such history has been, and will be, the evolution of a Truth.

How significant have been the teachings of the year just passed away! Like the moment already referred to, it, also, was a period of transition—a path leading from Anarchy to Order. But what Order? There have been those who have "made a desolation, and called it Peace." Ere now, "Order" has "reigned at Warsaw." Non-resistance to oppressive tyranny has been enlorged as the most desirable state of social comfort. But this, we trust, is neither the kind nor condition of Order contemplated in the Future. No! we look forward with Hope, not with Dread. We have left behind us the Plain of Terrors, and journey with glad heart toward the Land of Promise.

Yes, the Old Year syllabled in its days and hours a Principle. It has had a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; and thus, categorically, has enounced the Idea, which was once a Mystery, and is now a Revelation. The weeks and months were a series of Thoughts—the moments, in their rapid succession, appeared as a cluster of Sensations. With the Old Year expired a Power that had exhausted all its forces.

The Year of Transition, with its suppressed treacheries and ambitions, with its one instinct of Peace and Order; with its fears, but not with its hopes, has descended to the shades, become a shade itself, and may henceforth haunt the world only as a ghost. Its Napoleonisms and its Changarnierisms have perished. No shadows even remain of them; themselves never having been substances, but figments—vague desires of mistaken self-interest, demoniac equivocations, chaotic illusions,

"Pinnacled dim in the intense inane."

The world, like that part of it called France, now "desires Repose above all things." Yet "wars and rumours of war" are and become more and more, pre-

valent. Prophetic heralds of a new Power—foretellings by an expiring potentate touching his successor—the coming pre-uttered in the present and the passing—ye were, indeed, rife in the latter days of 1850, and your echoes are heard in this first hour of 1851. Phantom armies then traversed "the Fatherland" of Europe. Antagonistic principles drew themselves up in martial array; and the year closes, declaring the antagonism, but leaving the decision to its successors. Papal bulls, also, having the same meaning, reached England, fulminating Hibernianisms; and Guy Fawkes in our Protestant country made their "Pilgrim's Progress" through our streets in double state and of more than double size—the Bunyan effigies of Worldly Wiseman. To sum up all, Germany and Rome, as of old, are once more opposed. What then? And wherefore, O benevolent Diocesan! who startest at the spectre of an Archbishop of Westminster, and wouldst drive away the "horrible shadow" of Papal usurpation, risen from its burial-place with "twenty mortal murders on its crown"—wherefore, O respectable Prelate, dost thou charge thy clerisy with the unseasonable admonition that the criticism of the Teuton are more to be dreaded than the histrionisms of the Italian? O worthy Episcopus, fearest thou Philosophy more than thou hastest Superstition? Verily, I know that by such an absurd incubus many clerical minds, otherwise enlightened, have been hag-ridden. The true Churchman, meanwhile, sees but one object of dread—Superstition! For such negations as infidelity and atheism a more positive teaching is a facile and appropriate panacea. Be thus warned, O ye flames of the capital, by one of the Diaconate, lest ye be found wanting in the day of trouble.

"Something too much of this." And yet, whatever subordinate political or ecclesiastical signification events may have, the antagonism now suggested, let the word of a thoughtful man be taken for it, is the chief and fatal one. France, Russia, and Austria, so far as they are identified in interest, mean this element of it; and Prussia, Germany, and England, so far as they are identified in interest, mean that: Each has its Shibboleth; neither will pronounce the other's. Protestantism signifies Philosophy—Papalism, Superstition. These are the two watchwords, under these banners must the belligerents take the field, and to one of these must victory pertain. No well-beloved and charitable metropolitan will be permitted to trim an even balance between these two; but one, it is destined by "the Watchers," shall kick the beam.

Listen! Yes; such are the sayings of the Bells, as they ring from all our church steeples, faithful to the churches that support them.

Ring out, ye bells! a merry peal for the year 1851, with its Industrial Exhibition, the child of Philosophy and Science, and the grandchild of Art, progenitor of both. The world, under the sway of Superstition, has lived in fear of Love and Beauty. But Philosophy solicits both; and the great aim of the future, to make life ornamental, is at last intelligibly enounced. Wherefore a Crystal Palace rises; as if by magic, in the midst of an enchanted Circle, and in the National Pleasure-ground sets wide its gates for the reception of the Congress of Peoples. At this solemnity a Prince presides, the Consort of England's Queen; even she at whom Pío Nono from the Vatican launches his idle thunders; but who, from her Temple of glass, needing no defence, serenely appeals to Truth, whose invisible axis protects the sacred edifice with its rich contents, and the multitudes that defile through its long, extensive galleries, contemplating in its gathered treasures the accumulation of ages of invention, the history of social progress in many lands.

Life should be ornamental. The beggarly elements of asceticism are not at all in harmony with the truly pious soul. Activity and production are the laws of well-being. The most poetic minds are those that do most; the worthiest are the most poetic. The hero is a poet. To be the Husband of a Wife, and the Father of a Child, is to be one of the best of poets, and of heroes. Such was the first poet and the first man. The celibate is indolent and barren save of evil, loves no woman that is virtuous, owns no issue that is lawful, does no work that is profitable. His talent is concealed in a napkin, and his heart lies stillborn in his bosom, alike its cradle and its coffin.

Some vital dynamic sages have stated that the animals are abortive men. Such an imperfect example of the perfect human is that man, be he priest or not, to whom, by his religious creed, Love and Beauty are prohibited. Without both these, what were the Soul, with her sentiment of Immortality, with her sense of Immutability and her self-satisfaction with her own unchanging Form? Both, ay, both she recognizes in her own sublime subsistence, and also creates for her perception in the world of fancy and of fact. Deprived of desire, and banished from its object, she lives no more in existence, but simply lends vitality to death, and slumbers a carrion corpse in the mausoleum of the universe. Embalmed or not, sacred or profane, the corpse is but a corpse, and the mausoleum not a temple for the living, but a tomb for the dead.

And the Old Year is dead; and this bright cope of Heaven, "fretted with golden fires," has lighted forth the obsequies of the departing Phantom, as shade by shade it melted into distance. And, behold! a little Child, having "on his baby brow the top and round of sovereignty," ascends as it were from the Sea of Space, and in the Orient precedes the Sun, like an infant Aurora, impatient to dispel the darkness. It is the New-born Year, attended by Beauty and Love. Ere long the Night that has so long veiled the nations shall dissolve before the breath of the Morning and the glory of the Day. Call the Cherub that now appears by the name of Hope; baptize it with the dews of the dawn, and enrobe it with the radiance of the day-spring, which from on high anon revisits the awakened earth, preluding the year of promise.

And, lo! the Bells have ceased pealing, as the steeple-clocks boom out the hour of One. They have celebrated both Death and Birth—the departure of the Old, and the arrival of the New. And now again there is Silence in the Air; and, through it, the Stars and Planets shed benignant influence and consolation. So still, yet move they in harmonious dance; so hushed, yet "ever singing as they shine." That music to man, "grossly hemmed in" by the "muddy vesture of decay," is now inaudible; those "unexpressed notes" even the emperish spirit of a Plato may only apprehend; or if, as sometimes we wildly believe, they have power to touch our senses—then, in the language of Milton, "Ring out, ye crystal spheres!"

Nay, let us instruct our joy to be proud, and credit that in this auspicious hour a choir of Celestials might descend to welcome the New-born. Methinks, they do already. Such Hope reanimates the enthusiastic bosom, that, with its warmth, the Past and the Future are interfused. Not only hath Time run back, and "fetched the age of gold," but we have dreamed of the Millennium, when—

"Truth and Justice
Will down return to men,
Orbed in the rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall."

"But wisest Fate says, No." Teeming with Promise, the New Year lies yet but "in smiling infancy," though, it is confessed, with more of "Heaven about it" than the majority of its predecessors. Let us remember that the Law of Progress supposes contest and suffering, because of old antagonisms in new shapes, of defunct superstitions galvanically revived, and of authority perverted, both in Church and State. There will still be "philosophies falsely so called," and "religions falsely so called;" and the latter will still oppose the true philosophy, as the former will the true religion. But, in both cases, the issue concerns the honour of Truth; and Truth, in vindication of her sacred character, will put forth her greatness and prevail.

Of the "full and perfect bliss" that we all expect, my present faith maintains that the present Hour is the hallowed beginning. But the bright-eyed oracles above, if not dumb, are yet beyond our mortal hearing; and Astrology has long ceased to deceive the scientific. Truly, this Stillness itself is ominous of Error's fall. Better, it seems to say, absolute Silence than a lying Utterance; for, how is it that Falsehood, both in word and act, has become enthroned among the Principalities and Powers? Is it not that Conjecture has substituted Knowledge, and Language preceded Experience? Thanks to Philosophy, the days of Credulity are numbered; and popular Delusions, belying their name, hold now rather of the few than of the many. The sullen Moloch of the Past has become fugitive, and

"Left in shadows dread,
His burning idol all of blackest hue
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue."

Ay, in vain. The "War of Principles," foretold by a British statesman, has commenced; but even at this first hour of the New Year, the prophet-soul may appropriate the victory and adjudge the laurel. The two triple powers now antagonised are unequally matched. Divided France believes not in the Pontiff whom she has restored; Austria nurtures revolution in her bosom; and Russia, besides being schismatic, is no longer secure from the influence of European opinion: whereas England, having survived Chartism, and pledged to self-regeneration, were equal to the emergency, even though Germany with its learning, and Prussia with its education, should prove deficient in the hour of trial. To me this New Year with its triumphs of industries, with its appeals to peace, with

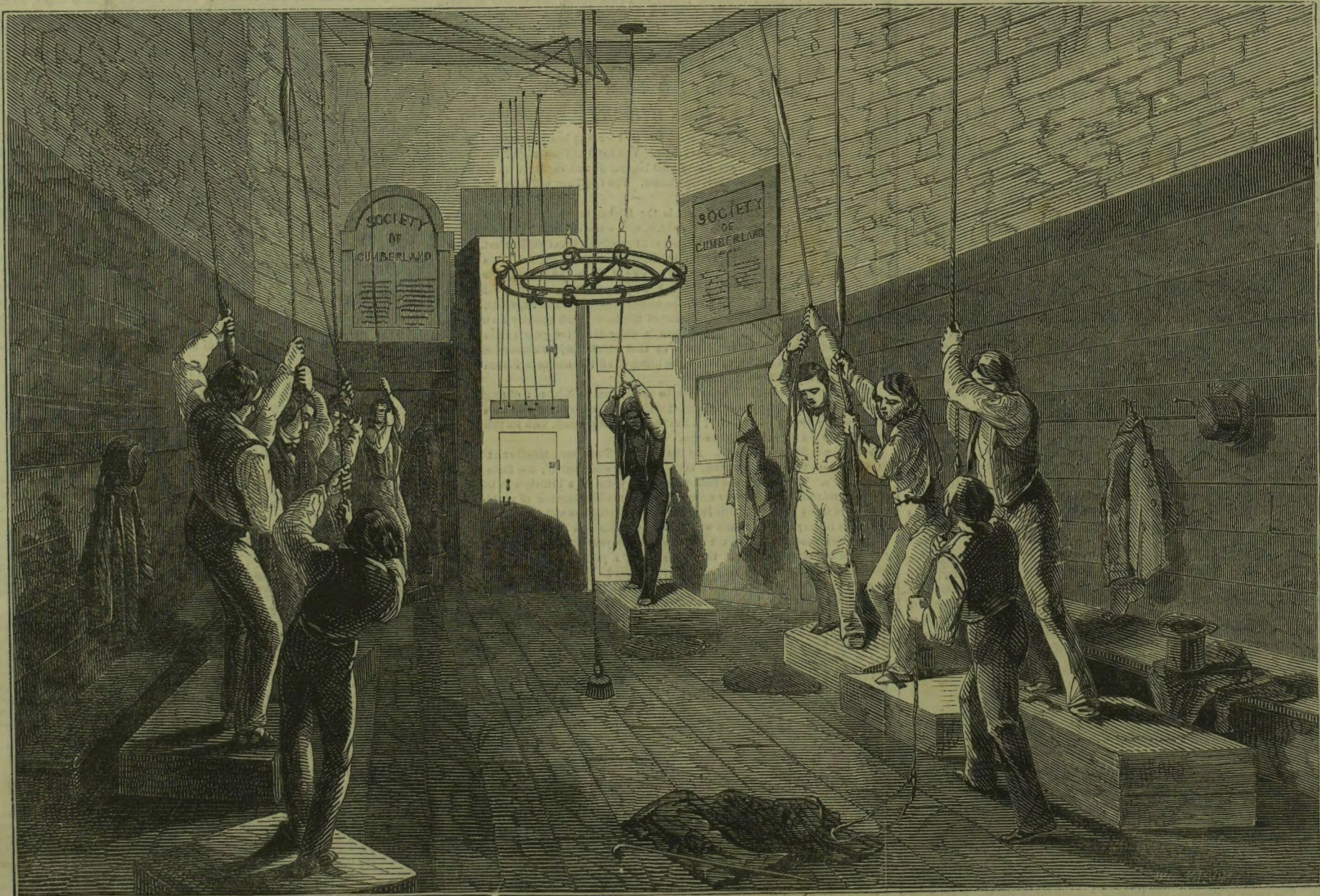


CHRISTMAS EVE IN DEVONSHIRE.—THE MUMMERS COMING IN.—(SEE PAGE 498.)

its scorn of Papal Aggression, with its cosmopolitism of sentiment, and its youthful vigour, shows, in the first hour of its existence, like an infant Alcides strangling the huge Typhon, even in his cradle.

And now the Dawn appears. We have outwatched the stars, and even
 "The yellow-skirted fayes
 Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze."

Wherefore hail we the rising sun, saying "Hail! hail!" bare-headed, humble-hearted; while to his Maker we breathe the prayer of hope, that the "New Year" may be "happy!"



THE BOW-BELL PEAL ON CHRISTMAS EVE.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)